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THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT REVISED

BY

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KING JOHN.

KING JOHN

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623 —Though some critics have fancied that they could discover certain “notes of time” in this play, there are, in fact, none — we only know that it was written before 1598, as it is enumerated among works by Shakespeare in Meares’s *Palladis Tamia*, &c, which was published during that year (see the *Memoir of Shakespeare*) —*King John* is founded on an older play, in Two Parts, entitled *The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the discoverie of King Richard Cordelions base sonne* (vulgarly named, *The Bastard Fauconbridge*) • also the death of King Iohn at Savinestead Abbey, &c, —first printed in 1591, afterwards in 1611, and 1622:—the earliest edition is without an author’s name but the publisher of the second edition put on the title-page the name “W Sh,” which in the third edition became “*W Shakespeare.*” By whom it was really written is a vain inquiry more than one poet would seem to have been concerned in its composition (See it, reprinted by Steevens, among *Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare*, &c, 1766, and by Nichols among *Six Old Plays, on which Shakespeare founded*, &c, 1779)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN

PRINCE HENRY, his son, afterwards King Henry III

ARTHUR, duke of Bretagne, son to Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne,
the elder brother to King John

WILLIAM MARESHALL, earl of Pembroke

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, earl of Essex, chief-justiciary of England

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, earl of Salisbury

ROBERT BIGOT, earl of Norfolk

HUBERT DE BURGH, chamberlain to the King

ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Falconbridge

PHILIP FALCONBRIDGE, his half-brother, bastard son to King Richard the First

JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Falconbridge

PETER of Pomfret, a prophet

PHILIP, king of France

LOUIS, the Dauphin.

Archduke of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.

MELUN, a French lord

CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

ELINOR, widow of King Henry II. and mother to King John.

CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur

BLANCH, daughter to Alphonso, king of Castile, and niece to King John

LADY FALCONBRIDGE, mother to the Bastard and Robert Falconbridge.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers,
and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

KING JOHN

ACT I

SCENE I *Northampton A room of state in the palace*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY,
and others, with CHATILLON

K John Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here

Elin A strange beginning,—borrow'd majesty!

K John Silence, good mother, hear the embassy

Chat Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,—
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign

K John What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld

K John Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment so answer France

Chat Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy

K John Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France,

For ere thou canst report I will be there,
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard
 So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
 And sullen presage of your own decay —
 An honourable conduct let him have —
 Pembroke, look to it — Farewell, Chatillon

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke*]

Eli What now, my son! have I not ever said
 How that ambitious Constance would not cease
 Till she had kindled France and all the world
 Upon the right and party of her son?
 This might have been prevented and made whole
 With very easy arguments of love,
 Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
 With fearful bloody issue arbitrate

K John Our strong possession and our right for us

Eli [*aside to K. John*] Your strong possession much more
 than your right,

O! else it must go wrong with you and me
 So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
 Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex

Essex My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
 Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
 That e'er I heard shall I produce the men?

K John Let them approach — [*Exit Sheriff*]
 Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay
 This expedition's charge

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP his
 bastard brother*

What men are you?

Bast Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
 Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
 As I suppose, to Robert Falconbridge, —
 A soldier, by the honour giving hand
 Of Our de lion knighted in the field

K John. What art thou?

Rob The son and heir to that same Falconbridge

K. John Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems

Bast Most certain of one mother, mighty king,—
That is well known, and, as I think, one father
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother —
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may

Eli Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence

**Bast* I, madam? no, I have no reason for it,—
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from far five hundred pound a year
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

K. John A good blunt fellow — Why, being younger
born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast I know not why, except to get the land
But once he slander'd me with bastardy
But wher I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head,
But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent⁽¹⁾ us
here!

Eli He hath a trick of Cœur de lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard — Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast Because he hath a half face, like my father,
With that half face⁽²⁾ would he have all my land
A half fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob My gracious hege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother

Rob And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time
Th' advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's,
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak,—
But truth is truth large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,—
As I have heard my father speak himself,—
When this same lusty gentleman was got
Upon his death bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his,
And if⁽³⁾ he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time
Then, good my hege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will

K John Surah, your brother is legitimate,—
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazards⁽⁴⁾ of all husbands
That marry wives Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world,
In sooth, he might then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. this concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir must have your father's land

Rob Shall, then, my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think

Fl Whether hadst thou rather be a Falconbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur de lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his,⁽⁶⁾ like him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three fathings goes!"
And; to his shape, were he to all this land,—
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face,
I⁽⁶⁾ would not be Sir Nob in any case

Eliz I like thee well wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France

Bast Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis den —
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death

Eliz Nay, I would have you go before me thither

Bast Our country manneers give our betters way

K. John What is thy name?

Bast Philip, my liege,—so is my name begun,—
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son

K. John From henceforth bear his name whose form thou
bear'st

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great,—
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet⁽⁶⁾

Bast Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand
My father gave me honour, yours gave land —
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

Eliz The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandam, Richard, call me so

Bast Madam, by chance, but not by truth what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch,
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have us have, however men do catch,

Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot

K John Go, Falconbridge now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire —
Come, madam,—and come, Richard, we must speed
For Fiance, for Fiance for it is more than need

Bast Brother, adieu good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got in the way of honesty

[Exeunt all except the Bastard]

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady —
“Good den, Sir Richard” — “God a mercy, fellow,” —
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter,
For new made honour doth forget men's names, —
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion Now your traveller, —
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize
My pick'd man of countries — “My dear sir,”
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
“I shall beseech you” — that is question now,
And then comes answer like an Abcee book —
“O sir,” says answer, “at your best command,
At your employment, at your service, sir”
“No, sir,” says question, “I, sweet sir, at yours”
And so, ere answer knows what question would, —
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po, —
It draws toward supper in conclusion so
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack⁽⁸⁾ of observation, —
And⁽⁹⁾ so am I, whether I smack or no,
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth
 Which though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn,
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising —
 But who comes in such haste in riding robes?
 What woman post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady FALCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY

O me! 'tis my mother — How now, good lady!
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
 Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
 Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
 Sir Robert's son — why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
 He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou

Bast James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur Good leave, good Philip

Bast Philip? — sparrow! — James,
 There's toys abroad — anon I'll tell thee more [*Exit Gurney*]
 Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son,
 Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
 Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast
 Sir Robert could do well marry, to confess,
 Could he⁽¹⁰⁾ get me? Sir Robert could not do it, —
 We know his handiwork — therefore, good mother,
 To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
 Sir Robert never help to make this leg

Lady F Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
 That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
 What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast Knight, knight, good mother, — Basiliusco like
 What! I am dubb'd, I have it on my shoulder
 But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son,
 I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land,
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone
 Then, good my mother, let me know my father, —

Some proper man, I hope who was it, mother?

Lady F Hast thou denied thyself a Falconbridge?

Bast As faithfully as I deny the devil

Lady F King Richard Cœur de lion was thy father

By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed —
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge! —
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,⁽¹⁾

Which was so strongly urged, past my defence

Bast Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father
Some sins do bear then privilege on earth,
And so doth yours, your fault was not your folly
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's — Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dyes but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin,
' And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin
Who says it was, he lies, I say 'twas not

[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *France Before the walls of Angiers*

Enter, on one side, PHILIP, King of France, LOUIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Forces on the other, the Archduke of Austria and Forces

K Phil^{us} Before Angiers well met, brave Austria —
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,

Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither

Art. God shall forgive you Cœur de lion's death
 The rather that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing them right under your wings of war
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love ⁽¹³⁾
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke

K. Phi. ⁽¹⁴⁾ A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love,—
 That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white fac'd shore
 Whose foot spins back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,—
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,—
 Even till that utmost corner of the west
 Salute thee for her king till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
 To make a more requital to your love

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
 In such a just and charitable war

K. Phi. Well, then, to work our cannon shall be bent
 Against the brows of this resisting town—
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages,
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy

Const Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed ⁽¹⁵⁾

K Phi A wonder, lady,—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd

Enter CHATILLON

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee, Chatillon, speak

Chat Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stun them up against a mightier task
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I,
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident
With him along is come the mother queen,
An Ate, ⁽¹⁶⁾ stinging him to blood and strife,
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd
And all th' unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery volunteers,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom
The interruption of their churlish drums *[Drums within]*
Cuts off more circumstance they are at hand,
To parley or to fight, therefore prepare

K Phi How much unlook'd for is this expedition

Aust By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion
Let them be welcome, then, we are prepar'd

*Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, Lords, and
Forces*

K John Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
While we, God's wrathful agent, do collect
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven

K Phi Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love, and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat
This toil of ours should be a work of thine,
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast underwrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face,—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son, England was Geoffrey's right,
And his is Geoffrey's ⁽¹⁷⁾ in the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K John From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,
To draw my answer from ⁽¹⁸⁾ thy articles?

K Phi From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast ⁽¹⁹⁾ of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy
Under whose variant I impeach thy wrong,

And by whose help I mean to chastise it

K John Alack, thou dost usurp authority

K Phi Excuse,—it is to beat usurping down

Eli Who is it thou dost call usurper, Fiance?

Const Let me make answer,—thy usurping son

Eli Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,

That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const My bed was ever to thy son as true

As thine was to thy husband, and this boy

Like in feature to his father Geoffrey

Than thou and John in manners,—being as like

As rain to water, or devil to his dam

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think

His father never was so true begot

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother

Eli There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father

Const There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee

Asst Peace!

Bast Hear the cries

Aust What the devil art thou?

Bast One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard

I'll smoke your skin coat, an I catch you right,

Sirrah, look to't, i' faith, I will, i' faith

Blanch O, well did he become that lion's robe

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast It lies as sightly on the back of him

As great Alcides shows⁽⁶⁾ upon an ass —

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack

Aust What cracker is this same that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?—

King Philip, determine what we shall do straight

K Phi Women and fools, break off your conference —⁽²¹⁾

King John, this is the very sum of all,—

England and Ireland, Anjou,⁽²²⁾ Touraine, Maine,

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K John My life as soon —I do defy thee, France —
 Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,
 And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
 Than e'er the coward hand of France can win
 Submit thee, boy

Elh Come to thy grandam, child

Const Do, child, go to it' grandam, child,⁽²³⁾
 Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
 Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig
 There's a good grandam

Arth Good my mother, peace!

I would that I were low laid in my grave
 I am not worth this coil that's made for me

Elh His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps

Const Now shame upon you, when she does or no!
 His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
 Draw those heaven moving pearls from his poor eyes,
 Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee,
 Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
 To do him justice, and revenge on you

Elh Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
 Call not me slanderer, thou and thine usurp
 The dominations, royalties, and rights
 Of this oppressed boy this is⁽²⁴⁾ thy eld'st son's son,
 Infortunate in nothing but in thee
 Thy sins are visited in this poor child,
 The canon of the law is laid on him,
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin conceiving womb

K John Bedlam, have done

Const I have but this to say,—

That he's⁽²⁵⁾ not only plagued for her sin,
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague
 On this removed issue, plagu'd for hei,
 And with her plagu'd,⁽²⁶⁾ her sin his injury,
 Her injury the beadle to her sin,
 All punish'd in the person of this child,
 And all for hei, a plague upon her!⁽²⁷⁾

Elh Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son

Const Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will,
A woman's will, a canker'd grandam's will!

K Phi Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill tuned repetitions —
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's

Trumpet sounds Enter Citizens upon the walls

First Cit Who is it that hath wain'd us to the walls?

K Phi 'Tis France, for England

K John England, for itself —

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects, —

K Phi You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle, —

K John For our advantage, therefore hear us first
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamage
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confront your city's eyes,⁽²⁸⁾ your winking gates,
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance⁽²⁹⁾
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king, —
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks, —
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle,
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,

They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a fathless error in your ears
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forworn in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls

K. Phi When I have said, make answer to us both
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys
For this down trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes Be pleasèd, then,
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince
And then our aims, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up,
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven,
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,⁽³⁰⁾
'Tis not the rondure⁽³¹⁾ of your old fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit In brief, we are the king of England's subjects
For him, and in his right, we hold this town

K John Acknowledge, then, the king, and let me in
First Cit That can we not, but he that proves the king,
 To him will we prove loyal till that time
 Have we iamm'd up our gates against the world

K John Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
 And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast Bastards, and else

K John To verify our title with their lives

K Phi As many and as well born bloods as those,—

Bast Some bastards too

K Phi Stand in his face, to contradict his claim

First Cit Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
 We for the worthiest hold the right from both

K John Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
 That to their everlasting residence,
 Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
 In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K Phi Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast Saint George, that swinge'd the dragon, and e'er
 since

Sits on his horse's back at mine hostess' door,
 Teach us some fence!—[*To Austria*] Sirrah, were I at home,
 At your den, sirrah, with your honess,
 I'd set an ox head to your lion's hide,
 And make a monster of you

Aust Peace! no more

Bast O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

K John Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth
 In best appointment all our regiments

Bast Speed, then, to take advantage of the field

K Phi It shall be so,—[*To Louis*] and at the other hill
 Command the rest to stand—God and our right!

[*Exeunt, severally, the English and French Kings, &c*]

*After excursions, enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to
 the gates*

F Her You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
 And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
 Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made

Much work for tears in many an English mother,
 Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground
 Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth,
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French,
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
 Athur of Bretagne England's king and yours

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets

E Her Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood,
 There stuck no plume in any English crest
 That is removed by a staff of France,
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd forth,
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes
 Open your gates, and give the victors way

First Cit Heralds,⁽³²⁾ from off our towers we might be
 hold,

From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies, whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows,
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power
 Both are alike, and both alike we like
 One must prove greatest while they weigh so even,
 We hold our town for neither, yet for both

*Re-enter, on one side, King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard,
 Lords, and Forces, on the other, King PHILIP, LOUIS, Austria,
 and Forces*

K John France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
 Say, shall the current of our right run on?⁽³³⁾

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'eriswell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
 Unless thou let his silver waters⁽²⁴⁾ keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean

K Phi England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
 In this hot trial, more than we of Fiance,
 Rather, lost more and by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
 Before we will lay down our just borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these aims we bear,
 Or add a royal number to the dead,
 Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings

Bast Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
 O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel,
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs,
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
 In undetermin'd differences of kings —
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
 Cry "havoc," kings! back to the stained field,
 You equal potent, fiery kindled spirits!⁽²⁵⁾
 Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace, till then, blows, blood, and death!

K John Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K Phi Speak, citizens, for England, who's your king?

First Cit The king of England, when we know the
 king

K Phi Know him in us, that here hold up his right

K John In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here,
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you

First Cit A greater power than we⁽²⁶⁾ denies all this,
 And till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates,
 King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolv'd,
 Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd!⁽²⁷⁾

Bast By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you,
 kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a theatre whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death
 Your royal presences be rul'd by me —
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,
 Till their soul-fearing clamours have bawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
 Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air
 That doth dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again,
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point,
 Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one-side her happy minion,
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
 Smacks it not something of the policy?

K John Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it well — France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast An if thou hast the mettle of a king, —
 Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town, —
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls,
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why, then, defy each other, and, pell mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell

K Phi Let it be so — Say, where will you assault?

K John We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom

Aust I from the north

K Phi Our thunders⁽³⁸⁾ from the south
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town

Bast [*aside*] O prudent discipline ! From north to south,—

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth
I'll stin them to it —Come, away, away !

First Cit Hear us, great kings vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fan fac'd league,
Win you this city without stroke or wound,
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings

K John Speak on, with favour, we are bent to hear

First Cit That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England ⁽³⁹⁾—look upon the years
Of Louis the Dauphin and that lovely maid
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch ?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, both,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete,—
If not complete, O, ⁽⁴⁰⁾ say he is not she,
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, ⁽⁴¹⁾ that she is not he
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she, ⁽⁴²⁾
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in,
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast closed gates, for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,

Lions more⁽⁴³⁾ confident, mountains and iocls
 More free from motion, no, not Death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city

Bast Here's a stay,⁽⁴⁴⁾
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
 Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs!
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
 He speaks plain cannon,—fire and smoke and bounce,
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue
 Our ears are cudgell'd, not a word of his
 But buffets better than a fist of France
 Zounds, I was never so bethump'd with words
 Since I first call'd my brother's father dad

Elk [*aside to K. John*] Son, list to this conjunction, make
 this match,
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit
 I see a yielding in the looks of France,
 Mark how they whisper urge them while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition,
 Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

First Cit Why answer not the⁽⁴⁵⁾ double majesties
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi Speak England first, that hath been forward first
 To speak unto this city what say you?

K. John If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
 Can in this book of beauty read "I love,"
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen
 For Anjou,⁽⁴⁶⁾ and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
 And all that we upon this side the sea—
 Except this city now by us besieg'd—

Find liable to our crown and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
 In titles, honours, and promotions.

As she in beauty, education, blood
 Holds hand with any princess of the world

K Phi What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face

Lou I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye,
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a son, and makes your son a shadow
 I do protest I never lov'd myself,
 Till now infixed I beheld myself
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye

[*Whispers with Blanch*]

Bast [*aside*] Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
 And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espay

Himself love's traitor —this is pity now,
 That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
 In such a love so vile a lout as he

Blanch My uncle's will in this respect is mine
 If he see aught in you that makes him like,
 That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will,
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,
 I will enforce it easily to my love
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
 That I can find should merit any hate

K John What say these young ones?—What say you,
 my niece?

Blanch That she is bound in honour still to do
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say

K John Speak then, Prince Dauphin, can you love this
 lady?

Lou Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,
 For I do love her most unfeignedly

K John Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin —
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands

K Phi It likes us well — Young princes, close your
hands

Aust And your lips too, for I am well assur'd
That I did so when I was first assur'd ⁽⁴⁷⁾

K Phi Now, citizens of Angiers, open your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made,
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd —
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows

Lou She's sad and passionate at your highness' tent

K Phi And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure —
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow ⁽⁴⁸⁾ lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage

K John We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of — Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity — I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp

[*Exeunt all except the Bastard* *The Citizens
return from the walls*]

Bast Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed with a part,
And Fiance,—whose amour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier,—rounded in the ear
With that same purpose changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word "maid," cheats the poor maid of that,
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile diawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim,⁽⁴⁹⁾
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile concluded peace —
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, There is no sin but to be rich,
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, There is no vice but beggary
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord,—for I will worship thee !

[Exit

ACT III

SCENE I *France The French King's tent**Enter CONSTANCE, APTHUR, and SALISBURY*

Const Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !
False blood to false blood join'd ! gone to be friends !
Shall Louis have Blanch ? and Blanch those provinces ?
It is not so , thou hast misspoke, misheard ,
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again
It cannot be , thou dost but say 'tis so
I trust I may not trust thee , for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ,
I have a king's oath to the contrary
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears ,
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ,
A woman, naturally born to fears ,
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
Then speak again,—not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true

Sal As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true

Const O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and die !—

Louis marry Blanch ! O boy, then where art thou ?
 France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?—
 Fellow, be gone I cannot brook thy sight,
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man

Sal What other harm have I, good lady, done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const Which harm within itself so heinous is,
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it

Arth I do beseech you, madam, be content

Const If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
 Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
 Full of displeasing blot^s and sightless⁽⁶⁰⁾ stains,
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
 Patch'd with foul moles and eye offending marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content,
 For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown
 But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
 Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great
 Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lies boast
 And with the half-blown rose but Fortune, O,
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd from France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs
 France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,—
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John !—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone which I alone
 Am bound to underbear

Sal Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the kings

Const Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go with thee
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout ⁽⁶¹⁾
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble, for my griefs so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth

Can hold it up here I and sorrow⁽⁵⁰⁾ sit,
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it
[Seats herself on the ground]

Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LOUIS, BLANCH, ELINOR *the*
 Bastard, Austria, and Attendants

K Phi 'Tis true, fair daughter, and this blessed day
 Ever in France shall be kept festival
 To solemnize this day the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,
 Tuning with splendour of his precious eye
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold
 The yearly course that brings this day about
 Shall never see it but a holiday

Const A wicked day, and not a holy day!— *[Rising]*
 What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
 That it in golden letters should be set
 Among the high tides in the calendar?
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury
 Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
 Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd
 But on this day let seamen fear no wreck,
 No bargains break that are not this day made
 This day, all things begun come to ill end,—
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K Phi By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
 Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
 Proves valueless you are forsworn, forsworn,
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,⁽⁵³⁾
 And our oppression hath made up this league —
 Aim, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
 A widow cries, be husband to me, heavens!

Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day⁽⁵⁴⁾ in peace, but, ere sunset,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
 Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust Lady Constance, peace!

Const War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war
 O Limoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
 Thou little valiant, great in villany!
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
 Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety! thou art perjuri'd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness! What a fool art⁽⁵⁵⁾ thou,
 A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party! Thou cold blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
 Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs

Aust O that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs

Aust Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life

Bast And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs

K John We like not this, thou dost forget thyself

K Phi Here comes the holy legate of the Pope

Enter PANDULPH, attended

Pand Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
 To thee, King John, my holy errand is
 I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
 And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
 Do in his name religiously demand,
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
 So wilfully dost spurn, and, force perforce,
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
 This, in our foresaid holy father's name,

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee

K John What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?⁽⁵⁶⁾
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions,
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So, under Him, that great supremacy
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority

K Phi Brother of England, you blaspheme in this

K John Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes

Pand Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate
And blessèd shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life

Const O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile !
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses, for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right

Pand There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse

Const And for mine too when law can do no right,
 Let it be lawful that law bai no wrong
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
 For he that holds his kingdom holds the law
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
 Let go the hand of that arch heretic,
 And raise the power of France upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome

Elz Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand

Const Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,
 And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul

Aust King Philip, listen to the cardinal

Bast And hang a calf's skin on his recreant limbs

Aust Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
 Because—

Bast Your breeches best may carry them

K John Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lou Bethink you, father, for the difference

Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

Or the light loss of England for a friend

Forgo the easier

Blanch That's the curse of Rome

Const O Louis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
 In likeness of a new uptrimmed bride⁽⁵⁷⁾

Blanch The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
 But from her need

Const O, if thou grant my need,
 Which only lives but by the death of faith,
 That need must needs infer this principle,—
 That faith would live again by death of need
 O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up,
 Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K John The king is mov'd, and answers not to this

Const O, be remov'd from him, and answer well!

Aust Do so, King Philip, hang no more in doubt

Bast Hang nothing but a calf's skin, most sweet lout

K Phi I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

K Ph Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows,
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a blot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sn,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and⁽⁶⁸⁾ then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends

Pand All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,—
A mother's curse,—on her revolting son
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion⁽⁶⁹⁾ by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K Ph I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith

Pand So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,

And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue O let thy vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,—

That is, to be the champion of our church!

What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss

Is not amiss when it is truly done,

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done, not doing it ⁽⁶⁰⁾

The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again, though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire

Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd

It is religion that doth make vows kept,

But thou hast sworn against religion

By which ⁽⁶¹⁾ thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath the truth thou art unsure

To swear, swears only not to be forsworn, ⁽⁶²⁾

Else what a mockery should it be to swear!

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn,

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear

Therefore thy later vow ⁽⁶³⁾ against thy first

Is in thyself rebellion to thyself,

And better conquest never canst thou make

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions

Upon which better part our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them, but if not, then know

The peril of our curses light ⁽⁶⁴⁾ on thee,

So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,

But in despair die under their black weight

Aust Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast

Will't not be?

Will not a calf's skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lou Father, to arms!

Blanch Upon thy wedding day?
 Against the blood that thou hast married?
 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
 Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,—
 Clamorous of hell,—be measures to our pomp?
 O husband, hear me!—ay, alack, how new
 Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine uncle

Const O, upon my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
 Forethought by heaven!

Blanch Now shall I see thy love what motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
 His honour—O, thine honour, Louis, thine honour!

Lou I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on

Pand I will denounce a curse upon his head

K Phi Thou shalt not need—England, I'll fall from
 thee

Const O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K John France, thou shalt rue this hour within this
 hour

Bast Old Time the clock setter, that bald sexton Time,
 Is it as he will? well, then, France shall rue

Blanch The sun's o'ercast with blood fair day, adieu!
 Which is the side that I must go withal?
 I am with both each army hath a hand,
 And in their rage I having hold of both,
 They whirl asunder and dismember me
 Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win,
 Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose,
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine,
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive
 Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose,
 Assured loss before the match be play'd

Lou Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies ⁽⁶⁵⁾

Blanch There where my fortune lives, there my life dies

K John Cousin, go draw our puissance together

[*Exit Bastard*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay 't, ⁽⁶⁶⁾ nothing but blood,—

The blood, and dearest valu'd blood of France ⁽⁶⁷⁾

K Phi Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy

K John No more than he that threatens —To arms let's hie!

[*Exeunt, severally, the English and French Kings, &c*

SCENE II *The same Plains near Angiers*

Alarums, excursions Enter the Bastard, with Austria's head

Bast Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some airy devil hovers in the sky, ⁽⁶⁸⁾

And pours down mischief —Austria's head lie there,

While Philip breathes

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT

K John Hubert, keep thou this boy ⁽⁶⁹⁾—Philip, ⁽⁷⁰⁾ make
up

My mother is assailed in our tent,

And ta'en, I fear

Bast My lord, I rescu'd her,

Her highness is in safety, fear you not

But on, my liege, for very little pains

Will bring this labour to an happy end

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same Another part of the plains*

*Alarums, excursions, retreat Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR,
the Bastard, HUBERT, and Loids*

K John [*to Elinor*] So shall it be, your grace shall stay
behind,

So strongly guarded ⁽⁷¹⁾—[*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was

Arthur O, this will make my mother die with grief!

K John [*to the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England,
Haste before

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots, set at liberty
Imprison'd angels ⁽⁷²⁾ the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now ⁽⁷³⁾ be fed upon
Use our commission in his utmost force

Bast Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on
I leave your highness—Grandam, I will pray—
If ever I remember to be holy—
For your fair safety, so, I kiss your hand

Eli Farewell, gentle cousin

K John

Coz, farewell

[*Exit Bastard*]

Eli Come hither, little kinsman, hark, a word

[*Takes Arthur aside*]

K John Come hither, Hubert O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much, within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished
Give me thy hand I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time ⁽⁷⁴⁾
By heaven, Hubert, I'm almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee

Hub I am much bounden to your majesty

K John Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet
But thou shalt have, and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good
I had a thing to say,—but let it go
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gauds
To give me audience —if the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night,⁽⁷⁶⁾
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,
Or if that sultry spout, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy thick,
Which else runs tickling⁽⁷⁶⁾ up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And stain their cheeks to idle merriment,—
A passion hateful to my purposes,
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using concert alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,
Then, in despite of brooded⁽⁷⁷⁾ watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts
But, ah, I will not!—yet I love thee well,
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well

Hub So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I'd do't

K John Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me —dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper

Hub And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty

K John Death

Hub My lord?

K John A grave

Hub He shall not live

K John Enough

I could be merry now Hubert, I love thee,
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee
Remember —Madam, fare you well
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty

Elz My blessing go with thee!

K John For England, cousin, go
Hubert shall be your man, t' attend⁽⁷⁸⁾ on you
With all true duty — On toward Calais, ho ! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The same The French King's tent*

Enter King PHILIP, LOUIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants

K Phi So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convented⁽⁷⁹⁾ sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship

Pand Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go well

K Phi What can go well, when we have run so ill ?
Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?
Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France ?

Lou What he hath won, that hath he fortified
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a course,⁽⁸⁰⁾
Doth want example who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this ?

K Phi Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame —
Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul,
Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath

Enter CONSTANCE

I prithee, lady, go away with me

Const Lo, now ! now see the issue of your peace !

K Phi Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle Constance

Const No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death — O amiable lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,

And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows ,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms ,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust ,
And be a caution monster like thyself
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,
O come to me !

K Phil O ban affliction, peace !

Const No, no, I will not, having breath to cry —
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
Then with a passion would I shake the world ,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation

Pand Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow

Const Thou art not holy⁽⁸¹⁾ to belie me so ,
I am not mad this hair I tear is mine ,
My name is Constance , I was Geoffrey's wife ,
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost
I am not mad,—I would to heaven I were !
For then 'tis like I should forget myself
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ,
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he
I am not mad, too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity

K Phil Bind up those tresses —O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Even to that drop ten thousand wry friends⁽⁸²⁾
Do glue themselves in sociable grief ,
Take true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity

Const To England, if you will ⁽⁸³⁾

K Phr

Bind up your hands

Const Yes, that I will, and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,

“O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hands their liberty!

But now I envy at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner —

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven

If that be true, I shall see my boy again,⁽⁸⁴⁾

For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,

There was not such a gracious creature born

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,

And he will look as hollow as a ghost,

As dim and meagre as an ague-fit,⁽⁸⁵⁾

And so he'll die, and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him — therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more

Pand You hold too heinous a respect of grief

Const He talks to me that never had a son

K Phr You are as fond of grief as of your child

Const Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,

Then have I reason to be fond of grief

Fare you well — had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do —

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Disheveling her hair*

When there is such disorder in my wit

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[*Exit*

K Phr I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her

[*Exit*

Lou There's nothing in this world can make me joy
Life is as tedious as a twice told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man,
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness ⁽³⁶⁾

Pand Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest, evils that take leave,
On then departure most of all show evil
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lou All days of glory, joy, and happiness

Pand If you had won it, certainly you had
No, no, when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lou As heartily as he is glad he hath him

Pand Your mind is all as youthful as your blood
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit,
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne, and therefore mark
John hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be,
That, while warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain one ⁽³⁷⁾ hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest
A sceptre snatch'd with an unuly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd,
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but so

Lou But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did

Lou And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did

Pand How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots, the times conspire with you,

For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue
This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it,
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape⁽⁸⁸⁾ of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John

Lou May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment

Pand O sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies, and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John
Methinks I see this huiy all on foot
And O what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Falconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king —'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence
For England go —I will whet on the king

Lou Strong reasons make strong⁽⁸⁹⁾ actions let us go
If you say ay, the king will not say no [Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I *Northampton* ⁽⁹⁰⁾ *A room in the castle**Enter HUBERT and two Attendants*

Hub Heat me these irons hot, and look you ⁽⁹¹⁾ stand
 Within the arras when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy which you shall find with me
 Fast to the chain be heedful hence, and watch

First Attend I hope your warrant will bear out the deed

Hub Uncleanly scruples! fear not you look to 't

[Exit Attendants]

Young lad, come forth, I have to say with you

Enter ARTHUR

Arth Good morrow, Hubert

Hub Good morrow, little prince

Arth As little prince, having so great a title
 To be more prince, as may be — You are sad

Hub Indeed, I have been merrier

Arth Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness By my christendom,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be merry ⁽⁹²⁾ as the day is long,
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me
 He is afraid of me, and I of him

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not, and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert

Hub *[aside]* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead

Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch

Arth Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to day

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you
I warrant I love you more than you do me

Hub [*aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom —
Read here, young Arthuri

[*Showing a paper*]

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning spiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears —

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub Young boy, I must

Arth

And will you?

Hub

And I will

Arth Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,—
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
And I did never ask it you again,
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your grief?"
Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lien still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you,
But you at your sick service had a prince
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning —do, an if you will
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must —Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

Hub

I've sworn to do it,

And with hot irons must I burn them out

Arth Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the water of mine innocence, ⁽³²⁾

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eyes
Aie you more stubborn hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him,—no tongue but Hubert's
Hub Come forth! [Stamps]

Re enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c

Do as I bid you do
Arth O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men

Hub Give me the non, I say, and bind him here

Arth Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert!—drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb,
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to

Hub Go, stand within, let me alone with him

Fust Attend I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed
[Exeunt Attendants]

Arth Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart —
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours

Hub Come, boy, prepare yourself

Arth Is there no remedy?

Hub None, but to lose your eyes

Arth O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible

Hub Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue

Arth Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes

Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert,
O! Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes O spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!—
Lo by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me

Hub I can heat it, boy

Arth No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes see else yourself,
There is no malice in this burning coal,
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head

Hub But with my breath I can revive it, boy

Arth And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tame him on
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny then office only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and non extend,
Creatures of note for mercy lacking uses

Hub Well, see to live, I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very non to burn them out

Arth O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised

Hub Peace, no more Adieu
Your uncle must not know but you are dead,
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee

Arth O heaven! I thank you, Hubert

Hub Silence, no more go closely in with me
Much danger do I undergo for thee [Exit

SCENE II *The same A room of state in the palace*

Enter King JOHN, crowned, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords
The King takes his state

K John Here once again we sit, once again⁽⁹⁴⁾ crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes

Pem This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt,
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd for change or better state

Sal Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess

Pem But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable

Sal In this, the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured,
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe

Pem When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,—
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd

Sal To this effect, before you were new crown'd,

We breath'd our counsel but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear 't, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will

K John Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong,
And more, more strong, when⁽⁹⁵⁾ lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests

Pem Then I—as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them⁽⁹⁶⁾
Bend their best studies—heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why should your fears—which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong—then move you⁽⁹⁷⁾ to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask, his liberty,
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you⁽⁹⁸⁾ depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty

K John Let it be so I do commit his youth
To your direction

Enter HUBERT, whom King JOHN takes aside

Hubert, what news with you?

Pem This is the man should do the bloody deed,
He show'd his variant to a friend of mine
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye, that close aspect of his

Does show the mood of a much troubled breast
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do

Sal The colour of the king doth come and go
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds twixt two dreadful battles set ⁽⁹⁹⁾
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break

Pem And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death

K John We cannot hold mortality's strong hand
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,
 The surt which you demand is gone and dead
 He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to night

Sal Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure

Pem Indeed, we heard how near his death he was
 Before the child himself felt he was sick
 This must be answer'd either here or hence

K John Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
 Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
 Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal It is apparent foul play, and 'tis shame
 That greatness should so grossly offer it
 So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell

Pem Stay yet, Lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee,
 And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
 His little kingdom of a forced grave
 That blood which ow'd the breath of all this isle,
 Three foot of it doth hold —bad world the while!
 This must not be thus borne this will break out
 To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt *[Exeunt Lords]*

K John They burn in indignation I repent
 There is no sure foundation set on blood,
 No certain life achiev'd by others' death —

Enter a Messenger

A fearful eye thou hast where is that blood
 That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
 So foul a sky clears not without a storm
 Pour down thy weather —how goes all in France?

Mess From France to England —Never such a power

For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them,
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd

K John O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's ear,⁽¹⁰⁰⁾
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust, the first of April died
Your noble mother and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before, but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard,—if true or false I know not

K John Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead!
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct come⁽¹⁰¹⁾ those powers of France
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Mess Under the Dauphin

K John Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings

Enter the Bastard and PETER of Pomfret

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full

Bast But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head

K John Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will

Bast How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,

Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear
 And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
 With many hundreds treading on his heels,
 To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rhymes,
 That, ere the next Ascension day at noon,
 Your highness should deliver up your crown

K John Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so

K John Hubert, away with him, imprison him
 And on that day at noon, whereon he says
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd
 Deliver him to safety, and return,
 For I must use thee

[*Exit Hubert with Peter*]

O my gentle cousin,
 Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast The French, my lord, men's mouths are full of it
 Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury
 With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
 And others more, going to seek the grave
 Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to night
 On your suggestion

K John Gentle kinsman, go,
 And thrust thyself into their companies
 I have a way to win their loves again,
 Bring them before me

Bast I will seek them out

K John Nay, but make haste, the better foot before
 O let me have no subject enemies,
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
 Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
 And fly like thought from them to me again

Bast The spirit of the time shall teach me speed

K John Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman

[*Exit Bastard*]

Go after him, for he perhaps shall need
 Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
 And be thou he

Mess

With all my heart, my liege

[*Exit*]

K John My mother dead !

Re enter HUBERT

Hub My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night,
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion

K John Five moons !

Hub Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear,
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers,—which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death

K John Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him

Hub No had, my lord ⁽¹⁰²⁾ why, did you not provoke
me ?

K John It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect

Hub Here is your hand and seal for what I did

K John O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation !
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
 Make ill deeds done ! Hadst not thou been by, ⁽¹⁰³⁾
 A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
 Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
 This murder had not come into my mind
 But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince

Hub My lord,—

K John Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
 When I spake darkly what I purposed,
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 And ⁽¹⁰⁴⁾ bid me tell my tale in express words,
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin, ⁽¹⁰⁵⁾
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name —
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reign
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death

Hub Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you
 Young Arthur is alive this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
 And you have slander'd nature in my form,—

Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child

K John Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste!
I conjure thee but slowly, run more fast

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *The same Before the castle*

Enter, on the walls, ARTHUR, disguised as a ship boy

Arth The wall is high, and yet will I leap down —
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not! —
There's few or none do know me if they did,
This ship boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away
As good to die and go, as die and stay [Leaps down
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones —
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT

Sal Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bay
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time

Pem Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal The Count Melun, a noble lord of France,
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love⁽¹⁰⁶⁾
Is much more general than these lines import

Big To morrow morning let us meet him, then

Sal Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet

Enter the Bastard

Bast Once more to day well met, distemper'd lords !
The king by me requests your presence straight

Sal The king hath dispossess'd himself of us
We will not line his thin bestuned cloak
With our pure honours,⁽¹⁰⁷⁾ nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks
Return and tell him so we know the worst

Bast Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best

Sal Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now

Bast But there is little reason in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now

Pem Sir, sin, impatience hath his privilege

Bast 'Tis true,—to hurt his master, no man⁽¹⁰⁸⁾ else

Sal This is the prison —what is he lies here ?

[*Seeing Arthur*

Pem O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed

Sal Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge

Big Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave

Sal Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld,⁽¹⁰⁹⁾
Or have you read or heard ? or could you think ?

Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see ? could thought, without this object,
Form such another ? This is the very top,⁽¹¹⁰⁾

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall ey'd wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse

Pem All murders past do stand excus'd in this
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sins of time,⁽¹¹¹⁾

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle

Bast It is a damn'd and a bloody work,

The graceless action of a heavy hand,—
If that it be the work of any hand

Sal If that it be the work of any hand !—
We had a kind of light what would ensue
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ,
The practice and the purpose of the king —
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head,⁽¹¹²⁾
By giving it the worship of revenge

Pcm }
Big } Our souls religiously confirm thy words

Enter HUBERT

Hub Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you
Arthur doth live , the king hath sent for you

Sal O, he is bold, and blushes not at death —
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub I am no villain

Sal Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword*]

Bast Your sword is bright, sir , put it up again

Sal Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin

Hub Stand back, Lord Salisbury,—stand back, I say ,
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ,
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility

Big Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

Hub Not for my life but yet I dare defend
My innocent self against an emperor ⁽¹¹³⁾

Sal Thou art a murderer

Hub Do not prove me so ,
Yet I am none whose tongue so'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks, who speaks not truly, lies

Pem Cut him to pieces

Bast Keep the peace, I say

Sal Stand by, or I shall gall you, Falconbridge

Bast Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury

If thou but flown on me, or stain thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead Put up thy sword betime,

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting iron,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell

Big What wilt thou do, renowned Falconbridge?

Second a villain and a murderer?

Hub Lord Bigot, I am none

Big Who kill'd this prince?

Hub 'Tis not an hour since I left him well

I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss

Sal Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villany is not without such rheum,

And he, long traded in it, makes it seem

Like rivers of remorse and innocency

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor

Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter house,

For I am stifled with this smell of sin

Big Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem There, tell the king, he may inquire us out

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Bast Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,

Art thou damn'd, Hubert

Hub Do but hear me, sir —

Bast Ha! I'll tell thee what,

Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black,

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child

Hub Upon my soul,—

Bast If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despatch,

And if thou want'st a coid, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will seive to strangle thee, a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on, or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up
I do suspect thee very grievously

Hub If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well

Bast Go, bear him in thine arms —
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world —
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven, and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
Th' unowed interest of proud-swelling state
Now for the bare pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line, and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wisted pomp
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture⁽¹¹⁴⁾ can
Hold out this tempest — Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed I'll to the king
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land

[*E ceunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *Northampton* ⁽¹¹⁾ *A room in the palace**Enter* KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown*, and Attendants

K John Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory

*Pand*Take 't again ⁽¹¹⁶⁾[*Giving King John the crown*]

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority

K John Now keep your holy word go meet the French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified
Then pause not, for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues

Pand It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms

[*Exit*]

K John Is this Ascension day? Did not the prophet
Say, that before Ascension day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary

Enter the Bastard

Bast All Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out

But Dover Castle London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends

K John Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast They found him dead, and cast into the streets
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away

K John That villain Hubert told me he did live

Bast So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought,
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatener, and outface the blow
Of bragging horror so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours⁽¹¹⁷⁾ from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution
Away, and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field
Show boldness and aspiring confidence
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O let it not be said!—Forage,⁽¹¹⁸⁾ and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh
K John The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin

Bast O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair play offers,⁽¹¹⁹⁾ and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,

A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
 And flesh his spuit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms
 Perchance the cardinal cannot make you peace,
 Or if he do, let it at least be said

They saw we had a purpose of defence

A John Have thou the ordering of this present time

Bast Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe [Exeunt

SCENE II *Near St Edmund's Bury The French camp*

*Enter, in arms, LOUIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and
 Soldiers*

Lou My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance
 Return the precedent to these lords again,
 That, having our fair order written down,
 Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable

Sal Upon our sides it never shall be broken
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
 A voluntary zeal and unuig'd⁽¹²⁰⁾ faith
 To your proceedings, yet, believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
 And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound
 By making many O, it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker! O, and there
 Where honourable rescue and defence
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That, for the health and physie of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confusèd wrong —

And is t not pity, O my grieved friends,
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this,
 Wherein we step after a stranger march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spur⁽¹¹⁾ of this enforced cause,—
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here ?
 What, here ?—O nation, that thou couldst remove !
 That Neptune's aims, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple⁽¹²⁾ thee unto a pagan shore,
 Where these two Christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so unneighbourly !

Lou. A noble temper dost thou show in this,
 And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
 Do make an earthquake of nobility
 O what a noble combat hast thou^(13a) fought
 Between compulsion and a brave respect !
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation,
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd,
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full of warm blood,^(13b) of mirth, of gossiping
 Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity
 As Louis himself —so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine —

And even there, methinks, an angel spake
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
 And on our actions set the name of right
 With holy breath

Enter PANDULPH, attended

Pand Hail, noble Prince of France !
 The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd
 Himself to Rome, his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 The great metropolis and see of Rome
 Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmful than in show

Lou Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back.
 I am too high born to be propertied,
 To be a secondary at control,
 Or useful serving man, and instrument,
 To any sovereign state throughout the world
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
 Between this chaste'd kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire,
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart,
 And come ye now to tell me John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine,
 And, now it is half conquer'd, must I back
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? Is't not I
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,

And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business and maintain this war ?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roi ' as I have bank'd their towns ?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown ?
 And shall I now give over the yielded set ?
 No, on my soul, ⁽¹²⁵⁾ it never shall be said

Pand You look but on the outside of this work

Lou Outside or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death — [*Trumpet sounds*
 What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

Enter the Bastard, attended

Bast According to the fan play of the world,
 Let me have audience, I am sent to speak —
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him,
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue

Pand The Dauphin is too wilful opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties, ⁽¹³¹⁾
 He flintily says he'll not lay down his arms

Bast By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
 The youth says well — Now hear our English king,
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me
 He is prepar'd, and reason too he should
 This rash and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
 This unbrann'd sauciness and boyish troop, ⁽¹³⁷⁾
 The king doth smile at and is well prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish war, these ⁽¹³⁹⁾ pigmy aims,
 From out the circle of his territories
 That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,

To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ,
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks ,
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ,
 To hug with swine , to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons , and to thrill and shake
 Even at the cying of your nation's crow, ⁽¹²⁹⁾
 Thinking his ⁽¹³⁰⁾ voice an armed Englishman ,—
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
 No know ⁽¹³¹⁾ the gallant monarch is in arms ,
 And, like an eagle o'er his airy, towers,
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest —
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame ,
 For your own ladies and pale visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums,—
 Then thumbles into armed gauntlets chang'd, ⁽¹³²⁾
 Then needls ⁽¹³³⁾ to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination

Lou There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace ,
 We giant thou canst outscold us fare thee well ,
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabble!

Pand Give me leave to speak

Bast No, I will speak

Lou We will attend to neither —

Strike up the drums , and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest and our being here

Bast Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ,
 And so shall you, being beaten do but start
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ,
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 And mock the deep mouth'd thunder for at hand—
 Not trusting to this halting legate here,
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need—
 Is wailike John , and in his forehead sits

A bale iibb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French

Lou Strike up our drums, to find this danger out

Bast And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *The same A field of battle*

Alarums Enter King JOHN and HUBERT

K John How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert

Hub Badly, I fear How fares your majesty?

K John This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me,—O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger

Mess My lord, your valiant kinsman, Falconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go

K John Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there

Mess Be of good comfort, for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are^{a34} wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands
This news was brought to Richard but even now
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves

K John Ay me, this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news!—
Set on toward Swinstead to my litter straight,
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *The same Another part of the same*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BIGOT

Sal I did not think the king so stor'd with friends

Pem Up once again, put spirit in the French
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal That misbegotten devil, Falconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day

Pem They say King John sore sick hath left the field

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers

Mel Lead me to the revolts of England here

Sal When we were happy we had other names

Pem It is the Count Melun

Sal Wounded to death

Mel Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold,
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,⁽¹³⁵⁾
And welcome home again discarded faith
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet,
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means⁽¹³⁶⁾ to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury,
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love

Sal May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I, then, be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Louis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Louis by your assistance win the day
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—

Awakes my conscience to confess all this
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires

Sal We do believe thee —and beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight,
 And, like a bated and returned flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John —
 My aim shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
 For I do see the cruel pang* of death
 Right in thine eye ⁽¹³⁷⁾—Away, my friends! New flight,
 And happy newness, that intends old night
[*Exeunt, leading off Melun*

SCENE V *The same The French camp*

Enter LOUIS and his Train

Lou The sun of heaven methought was loth to set,
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
 When th' English measur'd backward their own ground⁽¹³⁸⁾
 In faint retire O, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night,
 And wound our tattering colours clearly up,⁽¹³⁹⁾
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger

Mess Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lou Here —what news?

Mess The Count Melun is slain, the English lords,
 By his persuasion, are again fall'n off,

And you supply, which you have wish'd so long
Aie cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands

Lou Ah, foul shiewd news!—beshiew thy very heart!—
I did not think to be so sad to night
As this hath made me —Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord

Lou Well, keep good quarter and good care to night
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fan adventure of to-morrow [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *An open place near Sunnstead Abbey*

Enter, severally, the Bastard and HUBERT

Hub Who's there? speak, ho' speak quickly, or I shoot

Bast A friend —What art thou?

Hub Of the part of England

Bast Whither dost thou go?

Hub What's that to thee?

Bast Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Hubert I think?⁽⁴⁴⁰⁾

Hub Thou hast a perfect thought
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well
Who art thou?

Bast Who thou wilt an if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets

Hub Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless⁽⁴⁴¹⁾ night
Have done me shame —brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear

Bast Come, come, sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out

Bast Brief, then, and what's the news?

Hub O, my sweet sin, news fitting to the night,—
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible

Bast Show me the very wound of this ill news
I am no woman, I'll not swoon⁽¹⁴²⁾ at it

Hub The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this

Bast How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub A monk, I tell you, a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out the king
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover

Bast Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub Why, know you not the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company?
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty

Bast Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,—
These Lincoln washes have devoured them,
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd
Away, before I conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *The orchard of Sunnstead Abbey*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOR

P Hen It is too late the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure⁽¹⁴³⁾ brain—
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling house—
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality

Enter PEMBROKE

Pem His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,

It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him

P Hen Let him be brought into the orchard here —
Doth he still iage? [*Exit Bigot*]

Pem He is more patient
Than when you left him, even now he sung

P Hen O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In then continuance will not feel themselves
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible, ⁽¹⁴⁴⁾ and 's siege is now
Against the mind, ⁽¹⁴⁵⁾ the which he picks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves 'Tis strange that death should sing —
I am the cygnet ⁽¹⁴⁶⁾ to this pale faine swin,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest

Sal Be of good comfort, pince, for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude

Re enters BIGOT, with Attendants carrying King JOHN in a chair

K John Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow room,
It would not out at windows nor at doors
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up

P Hen How faies your majesty?

K John Poison'd,—ill fare,—dead, forsook, cast off
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold —I do not ask you much, ⁽¹⁴⁷⁾
I beg cold comfort, and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that

P Hen O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you !

K John The salt in them is hot —
Within me is a hell, and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood

Enter the Bastard

Bast O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty !

K John O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair
My heart hath one poor sting to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,
And model⁽¹⁴⁸⁾ of confounded royalty

Bast The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven he knows⁽¹⁴⁹⁾ how we shall answer him,
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood

[King John dies]

Sal You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear —
My hege ! my lord !—but now a king,—now thus

P Hen Even so must I run on, and even so stop
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay ?

Bast Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still —
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers ? show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought,
The Dauphin rages at our very heels

Sal It seems you know not, then, so much as we
 The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
 Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
 And brings from him such offers of our peace
 As we with honour and respect may take,
 With purpose presently to leave this war

Bast He will the rather do it when he sees
 Ourselves well sinewed to our defence

Sal Nay, it is in a manner done already,
 For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
 To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrel
 To the disposing of the cardinal
 With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
 If you think meet, this afternoon will post
 To consummate this business happily

Bast Let it be so —and you, my noble prince,
 With other princes that may best be spar'd,
 Shall wait upon your father's funeral ⁽¹⁵⁰⁾

P Hen At Worcester must his body be interr'd
 For so he will'd it

Bast Thither shall it, then
 And happily may your sweet self put on
 The lineal state and glory of the land
 To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
 I do bequeath my faithful services
 And true subjection everlastingly

Sal And the like tender of our love we make,
 To rest without a spot for evermore

P Hen I have a kind soul that would give you ⁽¹⁵¹⁾
 thanks,

And knows not how to do it but with tears

Bast O let us pay the time but needful woe,
 Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs —
 This ⁽¹⁵²⁾ England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself
 Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them naught shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true

[*Exeunt*

P 7 (1) *unt*

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 117) would read *sent*

P 7 (2) *With that half jace*

Theobald's correction — The folio has *With half that jace*

P 8 (3) *Ind if*

Here Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 103) would read *An if* — a Hanmer does

P 8 (4) *hazards*

Qy *hazard* ?

P 9 (5) *Sir Robert his* '

e Sir Roberts — The folio has '*Sir Roberts his* ' which several of the earlier editors retain inserting with the fourth folio the apostrophe in the word Roberts — Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 117) would read *Sir Robert's his* ' — *δεσπότης* — Mr W N Lettsom (note, *ibid*) believes the reading '*Sir Roberts his* ' (a double genitive) to be the right one

P 9 (6) *"I*

The folio has *It* — Corrected in the second folio

P 9 (7) *'but arise more great,—*

Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet'

The folio has '*but rise more great,*' &c

P 10 (8) *"smack*

The folio has *"smoake*

P 10 (9) *And*

Mr W N Lettsom proposes *"E'en*

P 11 (10) *he* '

Not in the folio

P 12 (11) *Thou art the issue of my dear offence*

The folio has *That art the* &c (The words *thou* and *that* —being often written ^uy and ^ty —were not unfrequently confounded) —Corrected in the fourth folio

P 12 (12)

K Phi

The folio has 'Lewis —The late M^r W W Williams (in *The Parthenon* for August 16 1862 p 506) observes This speech is given [in the folio] to Louis although the line *At our importance hither is he* [*i.e.* Austria] come is alone sufficient to show to whom it should belong [to King Philip] Again after a few words from Arthur to the Duke Louis patronisingly commends him as

A noble *boy* ' who would not do thee right ?

Yet we know that these young princes were about the same age and had been educated together This blind adherence to the prefixes of the folio (elsewhere admittedly most inaccurate) appears to have arisen from Shakespeare having crowded into this drama the events of several years In the later acts Louis plays a conspicuous part and heads the invasion of England but at the period in question he was a mere youth and was evidently so considered by the dramatist If we read the whole of this scene carefully, we can hardly fail to perceive that Louis is not intended to speak until called upon to express his sentiments with regard to marrying the Lady Blanch When King John proposes the marriage to King Philip, the latter addresses his son by

'What say'st thou *boy* ' look in the lady's face

and King John afterwards asks, 'What say the *e young* ones? How consistently with real or dramatic decorum, could a beardless boy a cockered silken wanton as Louis is described by Philip Falconbridge be *the first* to welcome the Duke of Austria before Angiers and thus in the presence of his father the King of France? The first speech given to King Philip in the received text commences with 'Well then, to work ' &c, and implies that he had previously spoken With a few unimportant exceptions Shakespeare invariably makes his monarchs and great personages open and conclude the dialogue, whenever they appear This further exception in 'King John' would be a strange and most suspicious instance of the reverse I may add too that in the old play— *The Troublesome Raigne of King John of England*—upon which Shakespeare founded his drama, the corresponding speech is assigned, and with undeniable propriety to King Philip

P 13 (13) ' *But with a heart full of unstrained love* '

M^r Collier & M^s Corrector reads — unstrained love —against which very plausible alteration Mr Knight (*Spec of the Stratford Shakspeare* p 2) has adduced from *Pericles* act 1 sc 1 *my unspotted fine of love* Compare too a passage towards the close of the present play p 76,

'And the like tender of our love we make
To rest *without a spot* for evermore

P 13 (14)

K Phi

The folio has Lewis '

P 14 (15)

so indirectly shed

Mr Collier & Ms Corrector reads *So indiscreetly shed* on which an anonymous critic writes as follows Indirectly is Shakespeare's word The Ms Corrector suggests 'indiscreetly—a most unhappy substitution, which we are surprised that the generally judicious Mr Singer should approve of Indiscreetly means imprudently inconsiderately 'Indirectly means wrongfully iniquitously as may be learnt from these lines in *King Henry V* where the French king is denounced as a usurper and is told that Henry

bids you then resign

Your crown and kingdom, *indirectly* held

From him the native and true challenger

It was certainly the purpose of Constance to condemn the rash shedding of blood as something worse than indiscreet—as criminal and unjust—and this she did by employing the term *indirectly* in the Shakespearean sense of that word *Blackwood's Magazine* for Sept 1853 p 304 —According to Mr Giant White *so indirectly* means so from the purpose, so extravagantly and therefore wantonly —Mr W N Lettson says 'Read '*indiscreetly*' with Collier & Corrector Staunton would have it that '*indirectly* may mean '*wrongfully* ' but *wrongfully* would make much worse sense here than *indiscreetly* ' '

P 14 (16)

Ate

The folio has 'Ace

P 15 (17)

'And his is Geoffrey's

is whatever was Geoffrey's is now *his* (*Arthur's*) —So Mason —The folio has '*And this is Geoffrey's* —the transcriber or compositor having by mistake repeated the '*this* ' which stands immediately above

P 15 (18)

'from'

Altered by Hammer to *to* —"rightly perhaps, as '*from*' may have been caught from the preceding line

P 15 (19)

'breast'

The folio has "beast "

P 16 (20)

'shows'

The folio has "*shoes*" —Corrected by Theobald —"The Var argument [in defence of the old reading] amounts to this —Some inferior writers have made an allusion with propriety, therefore we are warranted in believing that one infinitely their superior made the same allusion ridiculously." W N Lettson

P 16 (21)

Aust What cracker is this same that deaf our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?—

King Philip determine what we shall do straight

K Phi Women and fools break off your conference —

The folio has

'Aust What cracker is this same that deafes our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King Lewis, determine what we shall doe strait

Lew Women & fooles breake off your conſcience

and Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 4) after remarking that in our poet *Lewis* [*Louis*] is always a monosyllable declares that Mr Knight has here 'properly restored the reading of the folio — the punctuation altered to 'King — Lewis — determine &c But since Walker wrote Mr Knight has agreed with other more recent editors that the word *King* is the prefix to the third line and with that distribution of the speeches I allowed the passage to stand in my former edition

Aust What cracker is this same that deafs our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K Phi Louis determine what we shall do straight

Lou Women and fools break off your conference —

But I now feel convinced that the alteration (Theobald's) which I have adopted in my present edition is the right one If the line

King Philip, determine what we shall do straight'

be objected to as having a redundant syllable it must be remembered that our early dramatists do not always adhere strictly to the laws of metre when proper names are introduced see note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI* And compare the form of address which Austria uses to the same monarch in the next act, p 34

'King Philip listen to the cardinal

Do so King Philip hang no more in doubt

P 16 (22)

Anjou,

The folio has 'Angiers

P 17 (23) "Do, child go to it grandam child" &c

Capell printed 'Do go child go go to its grandame child" &c — Mr W N Lettsom suggests *Do child go child go to it grandam child* &c and I fully agree with him when he says (note on Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 118) that 'Constance here is evidently mimicking the imperfect babble of the nursery

P 17 (24)

this is

An interpolation? — Dr Guest takes a very different view of the metre here see his *Hist of English Rhythms* vol 1 pp 87, 261

P 17 (25) *hes*

M¹ W N Lettsom would read ' she s

P 17 (26) *plagu d*

Roderick s correction —The folio has *plague*

P 17 (27) *And all for her a plague upon her* '

M¹ W N Lettsom (note on Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol III p 119) conjectures *And all for her and by her a plague upon her* '

P 18 (28) *All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confront your city s eyes*

The folio has ' *Comfort yours Citties eyes* ' —Corrected by Rowe

P 18 (29) *' ordinance*

To be pronounced here (as spelt in the folio) " ordinance

P 19 (30) ' *But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,*

The bad English (*proffer d offer*) the cacophony and the two syllable ending so uncommon in this play prove that *offer* is a corruption originating in *proffer'd* Read I think ' *love* Compare 1 *Henry VI* iv 2

' *But if you frown upon this proffer d peace* ' &c

and just below

' *If you forsake the offer of our love*

Walker s *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 290

P 19 (31) *' roudure '*

Here the spelling of the folio is "rounder" but in our author's 21st *Sonnet* we have

" and all things are

That heaven s air in this huge *roudure* hems "

(Fr *roudeur*)

P 21 (32) "First Cit *Heralds* " &c

To this and to the subsequent speeches of the same person the folio prefixes ' *Hubert* '—which Mr Knight chooses to retain Possibly, as M¹ Collier remarks *ad l* the actor of the part of Hubert also personated the Citizen and thus may have led to the insertion of his name in the Ms That the doubling of parts was formerly not unusual, we have evidence in the early eds of various old plays

P 21 (33) *Say shall the current of our right run on ?*

So the second folio —The first has — rome on " (a misprint I presume for runne, which is the spelling of the folio in act iii sc 4 act v sc 1, — or perhaps for ionne, since the Ms might have had that spelling) —Compare a later passage of this play p 71

' And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John

P 22 (34) *waters*

So Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —The folio has water

P 22 (35) *' You equal potent fiery kindled prints '*

The folio has You equall Potents &c —I adopt the reading of Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 28) from whom Mr Collier's Ms Corrector only differs in giving ' fire kyndled —Mr W N Lettsom proposes fire enkindled '

P 22 (36) *' we*

Theobald at Waibuton's suggestion, printed ye ' which Hamer and Capell also preferred

P 22 (37) *' King d of our fears until our fears resolv'd
Be by some certain king purg d and depos d '*

The folio has ' Kings of our feare &c —I adopt Tyrwhitt's reading compare *Henry V* act ii sc 4, "For my good hege she [*i e* England] is so idly *king d*," &c The citizens as Mason remarks "must suppose their fears to be kings before they could depose them "

P 23 (38) *' thunders '*

Capell's conjecture.—The folio has Thunder

P 24 (39) *' That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanch,
Is neece to England '*

The folio has "Is neere to England —but since we find at p 14 ' With her her neece, the Lady Blanch of Spaine ' at p 25 "Give with our neece a dowry large enough ' &c and at p 26, "What say you my neece?" —in which passages the spelling of the folio is "neece"—I make no doubt that Mr Collier's Ms Corrector is right in regarding the "neere" of the present passage as a misprint for "neece"—Mr Knight patronizes the old reading "there is," he says a dramatic propriety in making a humble citizen speak indefinitely of the relationship *Spec of the Stratford Shakspeare*, p 4 On the contrary I think it quite natural that the Citizen should speak with precision on so important an affair as the proposed alliance and describe the lady as 'daughter of Spaine and neece to England (Lest some over-subtle critic should object to this very slight alteration, on the ground that the folio gives "neece" with a capital letter and neere" without one I may

observe that, as a matter of course the compositor would not use a capital letter for a word which he erroneously supposed to be an adjective)

P 24 (40) *If not complete O* ’

So Hanmer —The folio has *If not compleat* of (In the *Errata* to Somerville's *Chase* 1735 4to we find Book I line 204 instead of *Of Breasts* read *O Breasts*)

P 24 (41) *not*

Mr Swynfen Jarvis and Mr W N Lettsom independently conjecture but (The two words are very frequently confounded by early printers)

P 24 (42) *as she*

The folio has as *shee*

P 25 (43) *more*

Here, and in the next line this word was altered to ‘so’ by Pope

P 25 (44) *stay* ’

‘I cannot but think that every reader wishes for some other word in the place of ‘*stay*’ which though it may signify *an hindrance* or *man that hinders* is yet very improper to introduce the next line ’ JOHNSON ‘*Stay* is perhaps the last word that could have come from Shakespeare Steevens and Malone defend it by the customary argument —A crowd of ordinary writers have used ‘*stay*’ properly therefore Shakespeare must have used it improperly ” W N LETTSOM Johnson proposed *flaw* which Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol II p 294) says is indisputably right ‘*flaw*’— *stay* is like the error in *Romeo and Juliet* II 1, fol p 59, col 1 — Prouant, but Loue and *day* for ‘Pronounce but Loue and *doue* ’—Mr Spedding conjectures ‘*storm* ’

P 25 (45) *the* ’

Mr W N Lettsom conjectures ‘*ye* ’

P 25 (46) *Angou,*

The folio has ‘*Angieis* ’

P 27 (47) “ *for I am well assur’d*
That I did so when I was first assur’d ”

The second ‘*assur’d*’ means—affianced, contracted and the repetition of the word is I think, in Shakespeare’s occasional manner But Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol I p 273) says “It is impossible that this repetition of the same word in a different sense—there being no quibble intended, or anything else to justify it—can have proceeded from Shakespeare Read ‘when I was first *affied*, & *e betrothed*’

P 27 (48) widow

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads widow d

P 28 (49) am

So Mason and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —The folio has ayd ,

P 30 (50) and sightless

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes ' unsightly

P 30 (51) *I will instruct my sorrows to be proud
For grief is proud and makes his owner stout ,*

So Haumer —The folio has " — and makes his owner stoope

P 31 (52) ' sorrow

The folio has ' sorowes ' —which cannot be right here, though the plural may stand in the second line of this speech

P 31 (53) " *Is cold in amity and painted peace,*

Hammer altered *cold* ' to *cool d*, Capell to "*clad*" Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads " — and faint in *peace*

P 32 (54) ' day

The folio has ' daies ,

P 32 (55) ' an "

Mr W N Lettison suggests " wert ,

P 33 (56) ' *What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king "*

The folio has

*What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can tast the free breath of a sacred King ?*

P 34 (57) ' *the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new uptrimm'd bride ,*

The folio has " — a new *untrimm'd Bride* " — In support of the correction '*uptrimm'd*' (which was proposed by me before it had been announced as the reading of Mr Collier's Ms Corrector — see *Notes and Queries* vol vi p 6) compare the following line from another play of Shakespeare, where a bride is spoken of

" Go waken Juliet go, and trim her up ,

Romeo and Juliet, act iv sc 4

So too Marlowe

But by her glass disdainful pride she learns
 Not she herself but first trimm'd up disceins
Ovid's Elegies,—Works p 335 ed Dyce 1859

P 35 (58)

and

Seems observes Mr W N Lettsom to have intruded from the line next below

P 35 (59)

A chaf'd lion

So Theobald —The folio has '*A cased Lion*'—which could only mean '*a lion stripped of his skin flayed*' so in *All's well that ends well* We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him act iii sc 6 and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*

then have you *cas'd*

And hung up i the warren

Act v sc 1 —

The alteration '*A chased lion*' &c is obviously wrong nor is '*A caged lion*' &c much better for, as Mr Knight ad l remarks 'the paw of a confined lion is often held with impunity' —The right reading is undoubtedly

A chaf'd lion &c In the following passage of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* where the 4to of 1620 has '*Chaf'd*' the other eds have '*Chast*' and (let it be particularly observed) '*Cast*'

'And what there is of vengeance in *a lion*

Chaf'd among dogs on rob'd of his dear young' &c

Act v sc 3

Moreover, in our author's *Henry V* we find

"so looks the *chaf'd* lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,' &c

Act iii sc 2

and in Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*,

— he frets like a *chaf'd* lion

Act i sc 3

P 36 (60) '*For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss*

Is not amiss when it is truly done

And being not done where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it'

In the second line Hammer printed '*Is most amiss*, &c Warburton reads '*Is yet amiss*, &c Johnson conjectures "*Is it not amiss*" &c and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes '*Is but amiss*,' &c,—an alteration which also occurred to Mr W N Lettsom

'Pandolph having conjured the king to perform his first vow to heaven, —to be champion of the church,—tells him that what he has since sworn is sworn against himself, and therefore may not be performed by him for that, says he, which you have sworn to do amiss is not amiss (i.e. becomes right) when it is done truly (that is, as he explains it, not done at all), and being

not done where it would be a *sin* to do it the *truth* is *most done* when you do it not So in *Love's Labour's lost*

'It is religion to be thus forsworn '

RITSON —

Again in *Cymbeline*

'she is fool'd

With a most false effect and I the truer

So to be false with her '

By placing the second couplet of this sentence before the first the passage will appear perfectly clear Where doing tends to all where an intended act is criminal the *truth* is *most done* by *not doing* the act The criminal act therefore, which thou hast sworn to do *is not amiss* will not be imputed to you as a crime if it be done *truly* in the sense I have now applied to *truth* that is if you do *not* do it MALONE — The corruptions of the text introduced by Hanmer Warburton and Johnson absolutely invert their author's meaning and stultify his whole argument if Shakespeare may be his own interpreter The adverb *amiss* in the first line expresses Pandulph's construction of the deed which K Philip had sworn to do but no part of K Philip's purpose in swearing to do it the deed the latter had sworn to do was in his estimation at the time of swearing just and right and the last two lines are Shakespeare's own exposition of the meaning attached by himself to the words *truly done* in the second line, when applied to a deed which, according to Pandulph's construction it was *amiss* to do so that Hanmer, Warburton and Johnson make Shakespeare say that a wrong deed is done *amiss* when it is not done at all!!" &c ARROWSMITH (in *The Editor of Notes and Queries*, &c p 7)

P 36 (61)

"By which "

Johnson's conjecture and so Capell (who also added 'by' to this line) — The folio has 'By what — Hanmer reads "By that

P 36 (62)

Against an oath the truth thou art unsure

To swear swears only not to be forsworn, ' &c

Capell gives this very obscure passage thus

"*Against an oath, the truth thou art unsure*

Who swears, swears only not to be forsworn ' &c

P 36 (63)

"vow"

The folio has "vowes "

P 36 (64)

"*The peril of our curses light*"

See note 116 on *Love's Labour's lost*

P 38 (65)

"lives "

Capell prints "lives " — on account of 'lives ' in the next line

P 38 (66) *allay t*
 Capell's conjecture and so too M¹ W N Lettsom — The folio has *allay* "

P 38 (67) *The blood and dearest valu d blood of France*
 Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 292) would read *The best and dearest valu d &c*

P 38 (68) *Some airy devil hovers in the slay*
 Theobald by M¹ Warburton's direction substituted *Some fey devil &c* an alteration which M¹ Collier's M^s Conjector also makes but see the quotations in the *Var Shakespeare* (from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Nash's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication*) to support the old reading and compare 'those spirits that hover in the ayre' Johnson's *Seven Champions of Christendom*, Part First sig B 4, ed 4to, n d

P 38 (69) *Hubert keep thou this boy*
 So Tyrwhitt — The folio omits *thou* — Pope printed 'There Hubert keep this boy' — In Guest's *Hist of English Rhythms*, vol 1 p 238 this line is cited from the old copy as right and as resembling in metre certain lines of *Anglo Saxon poetry* '

P 38 (70) *Philip* '
 Here the king who had knighted him by the name of Sir *Richard*, calls him by his former name STEEVENS This impropriety (such as it is) did not escape the notice of some of the earlier editors hence the alteration here of "*Philip*" to "*Richard*" by Theobald and to *cousin* by Hammer

P 38 (71) *So*
So strongly guarded "
 'The second *So*,' says M¹ W N Lettsom, 'should be *More* '

P 39 (72) *'set at liberty*
Imprison'd angels "
 The folio has
"imprisoned angels
Set at libertie "—

Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol III p 119) made the necessary transposition

P 39 (73) *"now"*
 Theobald gave Warburton's highly probable conjecture, *war* "

P 39 (74) *time*
 So Pope — The folio has "*tune*" (The words are often confounded by our early printers)

P 40 (75)

if the midnight bell

*Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night*

The folio has *Sound on into the drowzie race of night* But here (as in many other passages) on is merely (as Theobald first saw) the old spelling of *one* and that *race* is a misprint for *ear* (which used almost always to have the final *e*—as in the folio in the next scene. Vering the dull *ear* of a *drowzie* man) I had felt confident long before Mr Collier *ad*! suggested the latter reading—which it now appears was also that of his Ms Corrector—Here *'into* is equivalent to *unto* (see note 9 on *The Tempest* and note 50 on *All's well that ends well*)

1864 I must add a word or two on the supposed contradiction of the *midnight* bell sounding *one*—Notwithstanding the judicious notes of Theobald and Steevens on this passage Mr Collier attempts to defend *sound on* by talking about the “twelve times repeated strokes &c and the prolonged vibration of the last blow on the bell &c and the remark with which he concludes his note exhibits him at his ‘old trick of misrepresentation and concealment ‘It is almost dull to find the Rev Mr Dyce contending that the midnight bell means the bell at one in the morning and calling three witnesses to the fact who none of them support him by their evidence &c In my *Four Notes* &c to which he alludes, I observed that

in such a passage [as the *midnight* bell sounding *one*] a poet may be forgiven for not expressing himself according to the exact matter of fact when even prose writers from the earliest times to the present occasionally employ very inaccurate language in speaking of the hours of darkness p 88 and I gave three examples of that *inaccuracy of language*—all three quite to the purpose and the first of them, which I now subjoin (*and which Mr Collier of course, ignores*) serving to confirm the reading *one* It happened that *between twelve and one a clocke at midnight* there blew a mighty storme of winde against the house’ &c *The Famous History of Doctor Faustus*, sig K 3 ed 1648 (a tract which originally appeared towards the close of the preceding century)

P 40 (76)

*‘tuckling’*Mr Collier s Ms Corrector reads *tingling*”

P 40 (77)

‘brooded’

Pope substituted ‘*broad eyed*’—Here ‘*brooded*’ is considered as equivalent to ‘*brooding*’ and Mr Stannton cites from Massinger’s *City Madam*, act iii sc 3, the expression *brooding eye*”

P 41 (78)

go
‘attend’

In this line ‘*go*’ was most probably repeated by mistake from the preceding speech—The folio has *attend* corrected in the third folio (*to attend*)

P 41 (79)

‘convented’

So Mason (*Comments* &c 1807 p 558) and Mr Collier s Ms Corrector—

The folio has 'convicted'—a word which (though it formerly meant 'vanquished overpowered') is here utterly improper—Mr. Giant White rather strangely asserts that the *manifest allusion* to the fate of the Spanish Armada which was convicted or conquered quite as much by tempests as by its English enemy sustains the old text

P 41 (80) *couse*

So Hanmer (Theobald's conjecture)—The folio has *cause*—Mr. Staunton who here adopts *couse* observes By *couse* is no doubt meant the *carrière* of a horse or a *charge*, in a passage of arms

P 42 (81) *'not holy*

So the fourth folio—The earlier eds have *holy*

P 42 (82) *friends*

The folio has *fiends*

P 42 (83) *To England if you will*

Neither the French King nor Pandolph has said a word of England since the entry of Constance. Perhaps therefore in despair she means to address the absent King John 'Take my son to England if you will' now that he is in your power, I have no prospect of seeing him again. It is therefore, of no consequence to me where he is. MALONE 'Does she not rather apostrophize her hair as she madly tears it from its bonds?' STANTON

P 43 (84) *If that be true, I shall see my boy again*

The metre requires ——— *I'll* see, or else—which I rather prefer—'*shall* see' Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 237—Pope omitted *true*

P 43 (85) *'ague fit*

The folio has '*Agues fitte*' (Mr. W. N. Lettsom compares '*This ague fit* of fear is overblown' *King Richard II* act iii sc 2)

P 44 (86) *the sweet world's taste*

That it yields naught but shame and bitterness

The folio has "*the sweet words taste* &c—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c vol i p 281) conjectures "*but gall and bitterness*" remarking that 'something is wanting that shall class with *bitterness*'

P 44 (87) *"one"*

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector—The folio has '*an*' but compare the next line

P 45 (88) *"scape"*

The folio has "*scope*"—Corrected by Pope

P 45 (89)

" *strong*

The folio has ' *strange* '—Corrected in the second folio

P 46 (90)

' Northampton

Such has been the usual locality assigned to this scene but on no authority though it will answer the purpose as well as any other The fact is says Malone that Arthur was first confined at Falaise and afterwards at Pouen where he was put to death The old stage direction is merely, Enter Hubert and Executioners and all that is clear seems to be that in Shakespeare as well as in the old King John the scene is transferred to England. COLLIER—Mr Halliwell marks the scene Dover ' while Mr Grant White fixes it at Canterbury —each of them assigning sundry good reasons ' for his choice of a locality —The Cambridge Editors give (with Mr Staunton) A room in a castle —here as in some other parts of the play not attempting (and wisely perhaps) to determine the exact place of action

P 46 (91)

you

The folio has ' *thou*

P 46 (92)

' *be merry* '

The folio has " *be as merry* '

P 47 (93)

" *his fiery indignation**Even in the water of mine innocence*

The folio has

*this fierce indignation,**Even in the matter of mine innocence '*

The correction in the second line I owe to the late Mr W W Williams see *The Parthenon* for August 16th, 1862, p 506 Compare, in scene in of the present act, p 60,

"Trust not those cunning *waters* of his *eyes*
For villany is not without such rheum
And he long traded in it makes it seem
Like *ivers* of remorse and *innocency* '

Compare, too, in Wilkins's novel, *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1608, ' While her eyes were the glasses that carried *the water of her mishap*, p 66, reprint

In the 7th line of this speech the folio has ' *mine eye*, and again in Hubert's third speech, p 49 it has *thine eye*, '—which the context proves to be wrong

P 50 (94)

' *again* "

The folio has *against* "—Corrected in the third folio

P 51. (95)

" *when* "

So Tyrwhitt —The folio has " *then*, "

P 51 (96)

them

Is it possible that Shakespeare should have written so ungrammatically? 'they, surely' Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 279 —Pope printed they

P 51 (97)

*If what in rest you have in right you hold**Why should your fears**then move you*

So Pope and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —The folio has

*Why then your feares**should moue you* "—

Steevens conjectured *If what in wrest you have* &c —Mr W N Lettsom says Read *Why then no fears* &c and put a full stop or a colon after *exercise* where in the folio there is a comma not a note of interrogation —Mr Staunton proposes *If what in rest you have not right you hold* &c adhering to the old copy in the rest of the sentence

P 51 (98)

'you'

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes *yous* "

P 52 (99)

'set'

Was altered by Theobald to "sent" which Mr Grant White adopts, observing that 'the king's colour *coming* and *going*, could not be compared to any thing *set*' —Mr W R Arrowsmith (in *The Editor of Notes and Queries* &c p 6) observes "The Shakespeare scholar need not be told that the participle '*set*' agrees not with heralds' but with battles, or that '*battles set*' is a common phrase for '*armies in array*' " I cannot but differ from Mr Arrowsmith I no more believe that here "*set*" agrees with '*battles*' than I believe that '*set*' agrees with '*battles*' in the following line of *King Henry V* act iv sc 3,

"The French are bravely in their *battles set*"

P 53 (100)

'car,'

This reading (which the context plainly requires) is, in fact, that of the folio, where, however the word, at first sight looks like '*care*' the initial letter having been printed from a battered type See Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 4 —In the present line Mr W N Lettsom would alter "*is*" to '*was*'

P 53 (101)

'come'

The folio has "*came*" —Corrected by Hammer

P 55 (102)

*"I had mighty cause**To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him**Hub No had, my lord "*

The folio has *I had a mighty cause*, &c.—I subjoin, from *Notes and Queries* (vol vii p 521 First Series) the three first of the various parallel passages by which Mr Arrowsmith has proved beyond all possibility of doubt that *No had* is the genuine reading

Fort Oh had I such a hat then were I braue
Wheres he that made it?

Sold Dead and the whole world
Yeelds not a workman that can frame the like

Fort No does ' *Dekker's Old Fortunatus* 1600, sig D 2

John I am an elde fellowe of fifty wynter and more
And yet in all my lyfe I knewe not this before

Parson No dyd why sayest thou so? upon thyselfe tlfou lyst
Thou haste euer known the saciamente to be the body of Christ

John Bon and Mast Person

'*Chedsey* Christ said, Take, eat this is my body and not Take ye eat ye

Phylpot No did master doctor? Be not these the words of Christ
Accipite manducate? And do not these words in the plural number, signify, Take ye eat ye and not Take thou eat thou, as you would suppose?' *Foxe's Acts and Monuments* vol vii p 637 Catleys ed

P 56 (103) *How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds*
Make ill deeds done ' *Hadst not thou been by*

The folio has '*Make deeds ill done*'—The transposition '*ill deeds*—made by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector and Mr Knight, and proposed by Capell—is obviously necessary not so much because as Mr Knight says the old reading 'might apply to good deeds unskilfully performed,' as because in such passages the order of the words which are emphatically repeated is rarely if ever, changed—Here '*Make*' is usually altered to *Makes* but we have already had in this play an example of similar phraseology see note 64—Capell thought that he had restored the metre when he altered '*Hadst* to "*Hadest*"—Pope's emendation was "*for hadst not thou been by*—Mr W N Lettsom proposes '*Hadst thou not then been by*

P 56 (104) *And*

So Malone—The folio has *As* which Steevens, Mason and Mr Collier defend.—Pope and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector read "*Or* "

P 56 (105) *sign*

Altered by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector to '*sign*—The Old Corrector's '*sign*' is not English Collier and Mommsen both applaud it yet the one explains it, and the other translates it as if the conjecture had been *signs*' not *sign* '*Signs* is probably Shakespeare's word W N LETTSOM

P 57 (106) "*Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love*"

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads '*Whose private missive of the*' &c, &c, as explained by Mr Collier,—Whose private written communication, &c but

the old text appears to be right and *private*" may mean the *oral communication* with which the Dauphin had intrusted Melun see Mr Singer's *Shakespeare Vindicated*, p 92 and Pope's note *ad l*—1864 Mr Staunton (Addenda and Corrigenda to his *Shakespeare*) explains it *secret dispatch*

P 58 (107) 'We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours,

Here Mr Collier's Ms Corrector ingeniously alters *thin bestained* to '*sun bestained*' in recommending which new lection to the public Mr Collier makes a remark calculated to deceive those who are not familiar with the typographical peculiarities of the early editions The folios, he says place a hyphen between *thin* and *bestained* as if to lead us to the discovery of the error But though it be true that the folio has *thin-bestained* it is equally certain that the Ms Corrector's alteration does not receive the slightest support from the words being so hyphenated for the folio exhibits numerous passages in which most absurdly the hyphen is employed e g, elsewhere in the present play,

who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this? Act iii sc 4
'The misplac'd John should entertaine an house' &c
Ibid

A cockled silken wanton braue our fields &c
Act v sc 1

in *The Tempest*

I will reud an Oake
And peg thee in his knotty entrails &c
Act i sc 2
'Hei, and her blind Boyes scandal'd company' &c
Act iv sc 1
'This Ayrie charme is for &c Act v sc 1

in *The Comedy of Errors* (a whole line hyphenated with the exception of the first syllable!),

A needy hollow ey'd sharpe looking wretch
Act v sc 1

in *The Winter's Tale*

'the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth" Act ii sc 1
"whom you know
Of stuff'd-sufficiency" *Ibid*
"which in their pideness shales
With great creating Nature" Act iv sc 3

in *Henry IV, Part First*

"And hid his craspe head in the hollow banke," &c
Act i sc 3

"none of these mad *Mustachio purple hu d Maltwormes*," &c

Act II sc 1

in *Julius Cæsar*

Low crooked cutsties and base Spanell fawning

Act III sc 1

P 58 (108)

man

So some copies of the folio — Other copies have 'mans

P 58 (109)

Have you beheld

So the third folio — The earlier folios have *you haue beheld*

P 58 (110)

This is the very top

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 85) says that perhaps, on account of the extra syllable, we ought to print ' *This the very top* — 'This' being the contracted form of 'This is' which the folio gives in *Measure for Measure*, act V sc 1 — Pope's alteration was *Tis the very top*

P 58 (111)

' sins of time

The folio has "sinne of times" — Corrected by Pope

P 59 (112)

" head

So Farmer (not as frequently stated, Pope) conjectured, and so, too Mr Collier & Mr Corrector reads — The folio has *hand*

P 59 (113)

' Not for my life but yet I dare defend

My innocent self against an emperor

The folio has ' *My innocent life against* ' &c, — the word *life* having been repeated by mistake from the line above — This error is, I believe, now for the first time corrected I wish the reader to compare the following passage of *Macbeth*, act III sc 1

' Know

That it was he in the times past which held you

So under fortune which you thought had been

Our innocent self '

P 61 (114)

' cincture '

So Pope — The folio has "center "

P 62 (115)

' Northampton '

Here Mr Halliwell places the scene at "Bristol, Mr Giant White at "Canterbury" See note 90

P 62 (116) *Take t again, &c*

So M₁ W N Lettsom — The folio has 'Take againe, &c (but no comma after Pope)

P 63 (117) *'behaviours*

See note 42 on *All s well that ends well*

P 63 (118) *'Forage*

2 e says Johnson 'Range abroad and according to Mr Staunton (Addenda and Corrigenda to his *Shakespeare*) Johnson is right Florio after explaining *Foragio* to mean *fodder* &c says it had anciently the sense of *Fuora* which is *out, abroad, forth, &c* — M₁ Collier s M₂ Corrector substitutes *Courage* — I doubt the old reading

P 63 (119) *'offers'*

So M₁ Collier s M₂ Corrector — The folio has 'oiders'

P 64 (120) *'and unung'd'*

The folio has "and an vn urg'd"

P 65 (121) *"spur"*

So I conjectured in a note on this line in my former edition and I now find that Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 122) quotes the passage with the reading *spun* 'as if it were the usual one — The folio has *spot* (which Mason says probably means *stain* or *disgrace*") — M₁ Collier s M₂ Corrector gives *thought* '

P 65 (122) *'grapple*

Pope s correction — The folio has 'cripple

P 65 (123) *thou'*

Added in the fourth folio

P 65 (124) *'Full of warm blood'*

The folio has 'Full warm of blood — Corrected by Heath

P 67 (125) *'No, on my soul,''*

The folio has 'No no, on my soule'

P 67 (126) *entreaties'*

"The double ending in this play grates on my ear Read surely, 'entreats' (*entreats*) the mistake was easy The word is frequent' Walker s *Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 1

P 67 (127) '*This unwar d saucynesse and boyish troop*'

The folio has *This vn heard sawcynesse and boyish Troopes* —The first of these errors was corrected by Theobald the second has been rectified by the independent conjectures of Capell Mr W N Lettsom, and Mr Swynfen Jelvis

P 67 (128) '*these*

The folio has *this*'

P 68 (129) *Even at the crying of your nation s crow*

If the alteration of Mr Collier s Ms Corrector *Even at the crowing of your nation s cock* be as Mr Knight terms it a decided improvement (*Spec of the Stratford Shakspeare* p 13) it is not obtained without considerable violence to the text —Malone refers this to 'the caw of the French crow' —a sense which the words may very well bear Douce on the other hand says that the allusion is to 'the crowing of a cock —*gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman but would Shakespeare (or any other writer) employ such an expression as *the crying of the crow* [of a cock]'?

P 68 (130) *his*

The folio has *this*

P 68 (131) *No know*

Mr W N Lettsom would prefer '*No no*

P 68 (132) *chang d,*"

The folio has '*change*'

P 68 (133) "*neelds*"

The folio has '*Needl's*' —See note 59 on *A Midsummer Night s Dream*

P 69 (134) "*Are*

Supply' is here, and in a subsequent passage in scene v p 72 used as a noun of multitude" MALONE "But" observes Mr W N Lettsom, Malone quite overlooks '*was*' in the preceding line, which is incompatible with the plural '*Are*' and the words '*three nights ago*' which demand the aorist Capell alters '*Are*' to '*Was*' I suspect that a line has been lost here"

P 70 (135) "*Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,*"

Was altered by Theobald to "*Untread the rude way of rebellion*" (with which compare p 71 "*We will untread the steps of damnd fight*"), and so Mr Collier s Ms Corrector, except that he gives '*road way*' —"The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage corrupted" JOHNSON —"He [Shakespeare] was evidently thinking of the '*eye of a needle*'" UNDO (says

Melun to the English nobles) what you have done desert the rebellious project in which you have engaged In *Coriolanus* we have a kindred expression They would not *thread the gates* Our author is not always careful that the epithet which he applies to a figurative term should answer on both sides *Rude* is applicable to *rebellion* but not to *eye* He means in fact the eye of rude rebellion MALONE —Compare too in *King Richard II* act v sc 5

It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye

P 70 (136) *Seek out King John and fall before his feet*
For if the French be lords of this loud day
He means

He means —The Frenchman i.e. Louis means &c See Melun's next speech If Louis do win the day— MALONE — Palpably wrong Did Shakespeare write *For if that France be lord &c* or is a line lost? i.g.

Seek out King John and fall before his feet
[Confide not in the plighted faith of Louis]
For if &c

Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 236 —The Cambridge Editors conjecture

For if the French be lord of this proud day &c

and observe In support of the reading which we propose lord for lords we would refer to *Hen I* iv 4 where the French is used in the singular the French might have a good prey of us if he knew of it.

P 71 (137) ' *For I do see the cruel pang of death*
Bright in thine eye

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads *Bright in thine eye* —and while Mr Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated* p 94) pronounces the alteration to be plausible but not necessary Mr Knight (*Spec of the Stratford Shakspeare* p 14) thinks that it 'ought to be introduced in every edition' For my own part, I am convinced that it is utterly wrong and in confirmation of my opinion I could cite the authority of an eminent living physician Mr Collier tells us that 'Bright' is to be understood in reference to the remarkable brilliancy of the eyes of many persons just before death ' but if that brightening of the eye ever occurs it is only when comparative tranquillity precedes dissolution,—not during 'the pang' of death and most assuredly it is never to be witnessed in those persons who like Melun, are dying of wounds—of exhaustion from loss of blood,—in which case the eye immediately before death becomes glazed and lustreless —1864 Why should I conceal from the reader that the eminent physician mentioned above is my respected friend Dr Elliottson?

P 71 (138)

' *When th English measur'd backward their own ground*

The folio has "*When English measure backward* &c —Corrected partly by Rowe in his sec ed., partly by Pope

P 71 (139) *And wound our tattering colours clearly up*

The folio has '—our totting colours &c —where 'totting' is nothing more than the old spelling of *tattering* —Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads —our totted colours &c and Pope printed —our tattered colours &c but as Malone remarks the active and passive participles are employed by Shakespeare very indiscriminately (Mr Singer *Shakespeare Vindicated* p 94 insists that here totting is the poet's word and signifies *wavering* shaking' But compare a passage of *Henry IV First Part* act iv sc 2 which stands thus in the folio that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd prodigalls &c and see Ford's *Wols* ii 372 —where on the line Thou_h I die in totters Gifford (who is obliged to retain that spelling for the sake of the rhyme) observes *ie tatter*. So the word was *usually written by our old dramatists*) —Capell (in his *Notes*) proposes *cheerly* instead of *clearly* and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes *closely* "Qy *cleanly*' (i.e. entirely wholly)?—1864 I now find that the Cambridge Editors also conjecture '*cleanly*, in the sense of *neatly*'

P 72 (140)

Hub *What's that to thee?*

Bast

Why may not I demand

Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine?

Hubert I think?

The folio has

Hub *What's that to thee?*

Why may not I demand of thine affairs

As well as thou of mine?

Bast *Hubert I thinke*

Here I adopt, as absolutely necessary a portion of the new distribution of the speeches at the commencement of this scene which was recommended to me by Mr W W Lloyd

P 72 (141)

'*eyeless*'

So Theobald (Warburton concurring in the emendation") and Mr Collier's Ms. Corrector —The folio has "endles"

P 73 (142)

"*swoon*"

Here the folio has "swoound" See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale*

P 73 (143)

pure'

So my copy of the folio —But Mr Giant White says that the original has '*pore*' and he accordingly prints *poor*"

P 74 (144)

'*insensible*'

So Hamner —The folio has *inuisible*' (a decided error)

P 74 (145) *mund*

The folio has *winde*

P 74 (146) *cygnet*

The folio has *Symet*

P 74 (147) *I do not ask you much*

Altered by Pope to *I ask not much*

P 75 (148) *model*

I may notice that here (as also in *All's well that ends well* act iv sc 3) the folio has *module* but in all other passages it has *model*. Malone observes *Module* and *model* were in our author's time only different modes of spelling the same word. (In the *Dictionary* of my learned friend Dr Richardson the spelling *module* is not recognized.)

P 75 (149)^f *heaven he knows*

Read *God he knows* as [in *The*] *Comedy of Errors* v 1

the chain

Which, God he knows I saw not

Walker's *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 216

P 76 (150) *"and you my noble prince*

With other princes that may best be spared,

Shall wait upon your father's funeral"

[Here '*princes*' is] scarcely right for, although Salisbury, Biot &c are called *princes* below,—

'Now these here (England's) princes are come home again

and so *King Henry V* iv 1 near the beginning,

'Brothers both

Commend me to the princes in our camp,'

the lords of England as they are called just below—yet in the present passage the case is different. Walker's *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 293—The Cambridge Editors conjecture that the error may be in the word *prince*

P 76 (151) *'you*

A modern addition

P 76 (152) *'Thus*

Altered by Hammer to *'Thus*

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

KING RICHARD II

THE date of its composition is quite uncertain. Malone assigns it to 1598 which seems too early. On August 29th 1597 'The Tiedye of Richard the Seconde' was entered in the Stationers Registers by Andrew Wise and published by him in quarto during the same year. In the third quarto 1608, were first printed *new additions of the Parliament Scene and the deposing of King Richard*—An older play on (or at least embracing) the deposing of King Richard the Second (*exoletam tragicædram de tragica abdicatione Regis Richardi Secundi* Camden's *Annales* vol. iii p. 867 ed. Hearne) was acted at the Globe in 1601 on the afternoon before Essex's surrection in the presence of Sir Gilly Merrick and other of his partisans.

neither was it [the play of deposing King Richard the Second] casual but a play bespoken by Merrick. And not so onely but when it was told him by one of the players that the play was olde, and they should have losse in playing it because fewe would come to it, there was fourtie shillings extraordinarie given to play it and so thereupon playd it was '*A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earle of Essex and his Complices &c*, 1601 sig. K 2. According to another authority the piece was called *Henry the Fourth* and Sir Gilly Merrick gave the '40 shillings to Philips [Augustine Phillips] the player to play this besides whatsoever he could get. *Trial of Sir Christopher Blunt, &c* — *State Trials*, i. 1445, ed. 1809. With reference to this point,' observes Mr Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* we have recently been put in possession of a piece of singular and authentic evidence. It is no other than a copy of the original deposition* of Augustine Phillips, the actor before Lord Chief Justice Popham, Mr Justice Anderson and Sergeant Fennei signed by the examinant and by the rest containing the particulars of an interview between certain friends of the Earl of Essex and the leaders of the company at the Globe when the latter were applied to to substitute Richard the Second for another play and when they were promised forty shillings additional for so doing. It is in these terms and they are on every account curious.

The exam of Augustyne Phyllyppes, Servant unto the
L Chamberleyne, and one of his players taken the xviijth of
Februarij, 1600[1], upon hys othe

'He sayeth that on Fryday last was sennyght, or Thursday St Charles Pryce, or Jostlyne Pryce and the L Montegle, with some thre more spake to some of the players, in the presens of thys exam^t to have the plays of the deposing and kylling of Kyng Rychard the Second to be played the Saturday next promysing to geve them xl^s more then then ordinary to play yt, when this exam^t and hys fellowes were determyned to have played some other

* Mr Collier (for what reason I know not) conceals the fact that this deposition is preserved in the State Paper Office.

play holdyng that play of Kyng Rychaud to be so old and so long out of yous [use] that they should have small or no company at yt But at the request this exam^r and his fellowes were content to play yt the Saturday and have theise x^{ls} more then theie ordynary for yt, and so played yt ac coidyngly

Augustine Philipps

Ex per Jo Popham
Edw Anderson
Edw Fennei

This remarkable document (the body of which is in Popham's handwriting) &c *Introd to King Richard the Second* Malone writes as follows

It may seem strange that this old play should have been represented after Shakespeare's drama on the same subject had been printed the reason undoubtedly was that in the old play the deposing King Richard II made a part of the exhibition but in the first edition of our author's play one hundred and fifty four lines describing a kind of trial of the king and his actual deposition in parliament were omitted nor was it probably represented on the stage Merriek Cuffe and the rest of Essex's train naturally preferred the play in which his *deposition* was represented, their plot not aiming at the life of the queen It is, I know, commonly thought that the parliament scene (as it is called) which was first printed in the quarto of 1608 was an addition made by Shakespeare to his play after its first representation but it seems to me more probable that it was written with the rest and suppressed in the printed copy of 1597 from the fear of offending Elizabeth against whom the Pope had published a bull in the preceding year exhorting her subjects to take up arms against her In 1599 Hayward published his *History of the First Year of Henry IV* which in fact is no thing more than an history of the deposing Richard II The displeasure which that book excited at court sufficiently accounts for the omitted lines not being inserted in the copy of this play which was published in 1603 Hayward was heavily censured in the Star chamber and committed to prison At a subsequent period (1608) when King James was quietly and firmly settled on the throne and the fear of internal commotion or foreign invasion no longer subsisted neither the author the managers of the theatre, nor the bookseller could entertain any apprehension of giving offence to the sovereign the rejected scene was restored without scruple and from some playhouse copy probably found its way to the press' *Life of Shakespeare*, p 325 —Dr Simon Forman in his *Mss Diary* (*Mss Ashmol Oxon*) gives an account of a *Richard 2* which he saw at the Globe 1611 the 30 of April Thursday and, very probably it was the old play which in 1601 had been acted before the friends of Essex —assuredly it was not our author's tragedy —For the incidents of *King Richard the Second* Shakespeare consulted Holinshed

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD the Second
 JOHN OF GAUNT duke of Lancaster }
 EDMUND OF LANGLY duke of York } uncles to the King
 HENRY surnamed Bolingbroke duke of Hereford son to John
 of Gaunt afterwards King Henry IV
 DUKE OF AUMERLE son to the Duke of York
 THOMAS MOWERAY duke of Norfolk
 DUKE OF SURREY
 EARL OF SALISBURY
 LORD BRILLY
 BUSBY }
 BAGOT } creatives to King Richard
 GREFF }
 EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND
 HENRY PERCY his son
 LORD ROSS
 LORD WILLOUGHEY
 LORD FITZWATER
 Bishop of Carlisle
 Abbot of Westminster
 Lord Marshal
 SIR STEPHEN SCROOP
 SIR PIERCE of Exton
 Captain of a band of Welshmen

 Queen to King Richard
 DUCHESS OF YORK
 DUCHESS OF GLOSTER
 Ladies attending on the Queen

Lords, Herald Officers Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper Messenger
 Groom, and other Attendants

SCENE—*dispersedly in England and Wales*

KING RICHARD II

ACT I

SCENE I *London A room in the palace*

Enter King RICHARD, *attended*, GAUNT, and other Nobles

K Rich Old John of Gaunt, time honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt I have, my liege

K Rich Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice

K Rich Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accuser and th' accused freely speak —

[Exeunt some Attendants]

High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK

Boling May^{all} many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor Each day still better other's happiness,

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown !

K Rich We thank you both yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come ,⁽²⁾
Namely, t' appeal each other of high treason —
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Boling First,—heaven be the record to my speech !—
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence —
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well, for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,—
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,⁽³⁾
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat,
And wish,—so please my sovereign,—ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may prove

No Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain,
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd, and naught at all to say
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;

And meet him, were I tied to run a foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Wherever⁽⁴⁾ Englishman durst set his foot
Meantime let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie

Boling Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,
And lay aside my high blood's loyalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, aim to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise

Nor I take it up, and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fan degree,
On chivalrous design of knightly trial
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

K Rich What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him

Boling Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true,—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring
Further, I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,—
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,
Suggest his soon believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,

Stunc'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caveins of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement,
And, by the glorious worth of my descent
This aim shall do it, or this life be spent

K Rich How high a pitch his resolution soars !—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

Nor O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar !

K Rich Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—
As he is but my father's brother's son,—
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
Th' unstooping firmness of my upright soul
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow

Nor Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers,
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear⁽⁵⁾ account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen
Now swallow down that lie —For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not, but, to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case —
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,—
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it
This is my fault as for the rest appeal'd,

It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor
 Which in myself I boldly will defend,
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day

K Rich With kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me,
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood
 This we prescribe, though no physician,
 Deep malice makes too deep incision
 Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed —
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun,
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son

Gaunt To be a make-peace shall become my age —
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage

K Rich And, Norfolk, throw down his

Gaunt When, Harry? when?
 Obedience bids I should not bid agen

K Rich Norfolk, throw down, we bid, there is no boot
Nor Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame
 The one my duty owes, but my fan name—
 Despite of death—that lives upon my grave,
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
 The which no balm can cure but his heart blood
 Which breath'd this poison

K Rich Rage must be withstood —
 Give me his gage —lions make leopards tame
Nor Yea, but not change his⁽⁶⁾ spots take but my shame,
 And I resign my gage My dear dear lord,
 The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation, that away,
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay
 A jewel in a ten times barr'd-up chest

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast
 Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,
 Take honour from me, and my life is done
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try,
 In that I live, and for that will I die

K Rich Cousin, throw down your gage,⁽⁷⁾ do you begin

Boling O, God defend my soul from such foul sin !

Shall I seem crest fall'n in my father's sight ?

Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height

Before this outdare'd dastard ? Eie my tongue

Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear

The slavish motive of recanting fear,

And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face

[*Exit Gaunt*

K Rich We were not born to sue, but to command, —

Which since we cannot do to make you fiends,

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,

At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day

There shall your swords and lances arbitrate

The swelling difference of your settled hate

Since we can not atone you, we shall see

Justice design the victor's chivalry —

Marshal,⁽⁸⁾ command our officers at arms

Be ready to direct these home alarms

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same A room in the Duke of Lancaster's
 palace*

Enter GAUNT and Duchess of Gloster

Gaunt Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood

Doth more solicit me than your exclams,

To stir against the butchers of his life !

But since correction lieth in those hands

Which made⁽⁹⁾ the fault that we cannot correct,

Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven,

Who, when they see⁽¹⁰⁾ the hours ripe on earth,

Will Iain hot vengeance on offenders' heads

Duch Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
 Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
 Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
 Or seven fan branches springing from one root
 Some of those seven are died by nature's course,
 Some of those branches by the Destinies cut,
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
 One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe
 Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,
 That mettle, that self mould, that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man, and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life
 Call it not patience, Gaunt,—it is despair
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee
 That which in mean men we entitle patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to vengeance my Gloster's death

Gaunt God is the quarrel, for God's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister

Duch Where, then, alas, may I complain myself?

Gaunt To God, the widow's champion and defence

Duch Why, then, I will Farewell, old Gaunt⁽¹⁾
 Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast '
 O, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming counsellor's back,
 And throw the noble headlong in the lists,
 A carrion recreant to my cousin Hereford '
 Farewell, old Gaunt thy sometimes brother's wife
 With her companion grief must end her life

Gaunt Sister, farewell, I must to Coventry
 As much good stay with thee as go with me '

Duch Yet one word more —grief boundeth where it falls,
 Not with the empty hollowness, but weight
 I take my leave before I have begun,
 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done
 Commend me to my brother, Edmund York
 Lo, this is all —nay, yet depart not so,
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
 I shall remember more Bid him—ah, what?—
 With all good speed at Plashy visit me
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
 But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
 Unpeopled offices, untrod stones?
 And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
 Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where
 Desolate, desolate,⁽¹²⁾ will I hence and die
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Gosford Green, near Coventry*

*Lists set out, and a throne, with Attendants Enter the Lord
 Marshal and AUMERIL*

Mar My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arriv'd?

Aum Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in

Mar The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet

Aum Why, then, the champions are prepared, and stay
 For nothing but his majesty's approach

Flourish of trumpets Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne, GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and others, who take their places A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald

K Rich Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause

Mar In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath,
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

Nor My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpet sounds Enter BOLINGBROKE in armour, preceded by a Herald

K Rich Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,⁽¹⁾
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war,
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause

Mar What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou
hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms,

To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
 In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
 That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
 To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me
 And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

Mar On pain of death, no person be so bold
 Or daring hardy as to touch the lists,
 Except the marshal and such officers
 Appointed to direct these fair designs

Boling Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
 And bow my knee before his majesty
 For Mowbray and myself are like two men
 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
 Then let us take a ceremonious leave
 And loving farewell of our several friends

Mar Th' appellant in all duty greets your highness,
 And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave

K Rich We will descend and fold him in our arms —
 Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
 So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
 Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shed,
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead

Boling O, let no noble eye profane a tear
 For me, if I be go'd with Mowbray's spear
 As confident as is the falcon's flight
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight —
 [*To Lord Marshal*] My loving lord, I take my leave of
 you, —

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle,
 Not sick, although I have to do with death,
 But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing breath —
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I greet
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet
 [*To Gaunt*] O thou, the earthly author of my blood, —
 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
 Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
 To reach at victory above my head, —
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxy coat,⁽¹⁴⁾

And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son

Gaunt God in thy good cause make thee prosperous !
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse peimicious enemy
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live

Boling Mine innocency⁽¹⁵⁾ and Saint George to thrive !

Noi However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman
Never did captive with a fiece heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary —
Most mighty hege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight truth hath a quiet breast

K Rich Farewell, my lord securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye —
Order the trial, marshal, and begin

Mar Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance, and God defend the right !

Boling Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen

Mar [to an Officer] Go bear this lance to Thomas, duke
of Norfolk

First Her Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight

Sec Her Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal,
 Courageously, and with a free desire,
 Attending but the signal to begin

Mar Sound, trumpets, and set forward, combatants

[*A charge sounded*

Stay, stay,⁽¹⁶⁾ the king hath thrown his waider down

K Rich Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
 And both return back to their chains again —
 Withdraw with us — and let the trumpets sound
 While we return these dukes what we decree —

[*A long flourish*

Draw near,

[*To the Combatants*

And list what with our council we have done
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered,
 And for our eyes do hate the due aspect
 Of cruel wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords,
 And for we think the eagle winged pride
 Of sky aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
 With rival hating envy, set on you⁽¹⁷⁾
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,
 Which so rous'd up⁽¹⁸⁾ with boisterous untun'd drums,
 With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
 And grating shock of wiathful iron aims,
 Might from our quiet confines fight fair peace,
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood, —
 Therefore we banish you our territories —
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment

Boling Your will be done this must my comfort be, —
 The sun that warms you here shall shine on me,
 And those his golden beams to you here lent
 Shall point on me and gild my banishment

K Rich Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce
 The fly slow⁽¹⁹⁾ hours shall not determinate
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile, —

The hopeless word of "never to return"
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life

Nor A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth
A deeper merit, not so deep a man
As to be cast forth in the common all,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forgo
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstunged viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony
Within my mouth you have engal'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K Rich It boots thee not to be compassionate ⁽²⁰⁾
After our sentence plaining comes too late

Nor Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night

K Rich Return again, and take an oath with ye ⁽²¹⁾
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands,
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves,—
To keep the oath that we administer —
You never shall—so help you truth and God!—
Embrace each other's love in banishment,
Nor never look upon each other's face,
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This loursing tempest of your home bred hate,
Nor never by advisèd purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land

Boling I swear

Nor And I, to keep all this

Boling Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy, —^(c)

By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm,
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul

Nor No, Bolingbroke if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know,
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue —
Farewell, my liege — Now no way can I stray
Save back to England, all the world's my way [Exit

K Rich Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away — [To *Boling*] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment

Boling How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word such is the breath of kings

Gaunt I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile
But little vantage shall I reap thereby,
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night,
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son

K Rich Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live

Gaunt But not a minute, king, that thou canst give
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow,
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage,
Thy word is current with him for my death,

But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath

K Rich Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lour?

Gaunt Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour
You urg'd me as a judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away,
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong

K Rich Cousin, farewell,—and, uncle, bid him so
Six years we banish him, and he shall go

[*Flourish* *Exeunt King Richard and Train*]

Aun Cousin, farewell what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show

Mar My lord, no leave take I, for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side

Gaunt O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart

Gaunt Thy grief is but thy absence for a time

Boling Joy absent, grief is present for that time

Gaunt What is six winters? they are quickly gone

Boling To men in joy, but grief makes one hour ten

Gaunt Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure

Boling My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage

Gaunt The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return

Boling Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens
Teach thy necessity to reason thus,
'There is no virtue like necessity
'Think not the king did banish thee,⁽²³⁾
But thou the king woe doth the heavier sit,
'Where it perceives it is but faintly borne
Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not, the king exil'd thee, or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fan ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance,
For gnawing sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light

Boling O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore

Gaunt Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay

Boling Then, England's ground, farewell, sweet soil,
adieu,

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The court*

Enter, from one side, King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN, from the other, AUMERLE

K Rich We did observe —Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him

K Rich And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum Faith, none for me, ⁽²⁴⁾ except the north east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear

K Rich What said our cousin when you parted with him?

Aum "Farewell "

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave
Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of "farewells,"
But since it would not, he had none of me

K. Rich He is our cousin, cousin, but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green, ⁽²⁵⁾
Observ'd his courtship to the common people,
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench,
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends,"
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope

Green Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts
 Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,—
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
 Ere further leisure yield them further means
 For their advantage and your highness' loss

K. Rich. We will ourselves in person to this war
 And, for our coffers, with too great a court
 And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforced to farm our royal realm,
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters,
 Whereunto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants,
 For we will make for Ireland presently

Enter BUSHY

Bushy, what news?

Bushy Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
 Suddenly taken, and hath sent post haste
 T' entreat your majesty to visit him

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy At Ely house ⁽²⁶⁾

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in his physician's mind
 To help him to his grave immediately!
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars—
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him
 Pray God we may make haste, and come too late! [*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I *London. A room in Ely-house*

Gaunt on a couch, the Duke of York and others standing by him

Gaunt Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
 In wholesome counsel to his unstaad youth?

York Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath,
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear

Gaunt O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain
He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose,
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Wilt in remembrance more than things long past
Though Richard my life's counsel would not heal,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear

York No, it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state then there are found
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen,⁽²¹⁾
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation⁽²²⁾
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,—
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose

Gaunt Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves,
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short,
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes,
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,

This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection⁽²⁹⁾ and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
 For Christian service and true chivalry,—
 As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,—
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out—I die pronouncing it—
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, 's now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots,⁽³⁰⁾ and rotten parchment bonds,
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

*Enter King RICHARD and Queen, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT,
 ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY*

York The king is come deal mildly with his youth,
 For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more ⁽³¹⁾

Queen How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

K Rich What comfort, man ? how is't with aged Gaunt ?

Gaunt O, how that name befits my composition !
 Old Gaunt, indeed, and gaunt in being old
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast,
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd,
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast,—I mean, my children's looks,
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones

K Rich Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt No, misery makes sport to mock itself
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee

K Rich Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt No, no, men living flatter those that die

K Rich Thou, now a dying, say'st thou flatter'st me

Gaunt O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be

K Rich I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill

Gaunt Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill,
Ill in myself to see,⁽³²⁾ and in thee seeing ill
Thy death bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick,
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy 'nointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease,
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king
Thy state of law is bond slave to the law,
And—

K Rich And thou a lunatic lean witted fool,⁽³³⁾
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood

With fury from his native residence
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
 Should run thy head from thy uneverent shoulders

Gaunt O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son,—
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd
 My brother Gloster, plain well meaning soul,—
 Whom fain befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!—
 May be a precedent and witness good
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood
 Join with the present sickness that I have,
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too long wither'd flower
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave
 Love they to live that love and honour have

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants*]

K Rich And let them die that age and sullens have,
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave

York Beseech⁽³⁴⁾ your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickness and age in him
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here

K Rich Right, you say true as Hereford's love, so his,
 As theirs, so mine, and all be as it is

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

North My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty

K Rich What says he?⁽³⁵⁾

North Nay, nothing, all is said
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument,
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent

York Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe

K Rich The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he,

HIS time is spent, our pilgrimage must be
 So much for that — Now for our Irish wars
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
 Which live like venom, where no venom else,
 But only they, hath privilege to live
 And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our assistance we do seize to us
 The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd

York How long shall I be patient? ah, how long
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
 Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
 Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
 Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
 About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
 Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first
 In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours,
 But when he flown'd, it was against the French,
 And not against his friends his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin
 O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York O my liege,
 Pardon me, if you please if not, I, pleas'd
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
 Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
 Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?

Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?
 Is not his heir a well deserving son ?
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
 His charters and his customary rights,
 Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day,
 Be not thyself, — for how art thou a king
 But by fair sequence and succession ?
 Now, afore God, — God forbid I say true ! —
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Call in the letters patents that he hath
 By his attorneys general to sue
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts,
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands

York. I'll not be by the while my liege, farewell
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell,
 But by bad courses may be understood
 That their events can never fall out good

[*Exit*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight
 Bid him repair to us to Ely house
 To see this business To-morrow next
 We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow
 And we create, in absence of ourself,
 Our uncle York lord governor of England,
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well —
 Come on, our queen to-morrow must we part,
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short

[*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle,
 Bushy, Green, and Bagot*

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead

Ross. And living too, for now his son is duke

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right

Ross. My heart is great, but it must break with silence,
 Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue

North. Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm'

Will Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of
Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man,
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him

Ross No good at all, that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony

North Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him a royal prince and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs ⁽³⁶⁾

Ross The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts ⁽³⁷⁾ the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts

Will And daily new exactions are devis'd,—
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what ⁽³⁸⁾
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North Was have not wasted it, for war'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars

Ross The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in fain

Will The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man

North Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him

Ross He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke

North His noble kinsman —most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm,
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish

Ross We see the very wreck that we must suffer,
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck

North Not so, even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering, but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is

*Will*o Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours

Ross Be confident to speak, Northumberland

We three are but thyself, and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore, be bold ⁽³⁹⁾

North Then thus —I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,

⁽⁴⁰⁾

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Eppingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from binking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurge,
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go

Ross To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear

*Will*o Hold out my horse, and I will first be there

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *The same A room in the palace*

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot

Bushy Madam, your majesty is too much sad
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition

Queen To please the king, I did, to please myself,
I cannot do it, yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard ⁽⁴¹⁾ yet, again, methinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king

Bushy Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so,
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects,
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,
Distinguish form so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail,
Which, look'd on as it is, is naught but shadows
Of what it is not Then, thrice gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not,—more's not seen,
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary

Queen It may be so, but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise ⁽⁴²⁾ how'er it be,
I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—⁽⁴³⁾
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink

Bushy 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady

Queen 'Tis nothing less conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve
'Tis in reversion that I do possess,
But what it is, ⁽⁴⁴⁾ that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe, I wot

Enter GREEN

Green God save your majesty!—and well met, gentle
men —

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland

Queen Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

Green That he, our hope, might have retur'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspung

Queen Now God in heaven forbid!

Green Ah, madam, 'tis too true and that⁽⁴⁵⁾ is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him—

Bushy Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolted faction,
Traitors?

Green We have whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke

Queen So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal hen
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd

Bushy Despair not, madam

Queen Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope,—he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity

Green Here comes the Duke of York

Queen With signs of war about his aged neck
O, full of careful business are his looks!

Enter YORK

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words

York Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts
Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made,
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him

Enter a Servant

Serv My lord, your son was gone before I came

York He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,⁽⁴⁶⁾
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side —
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound —
Hold, take my ring

Serv My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To day, as I came by, I called there, —
But I shall grieve you to report the rest

York What is it, knave?

Serv An hour before I came, the duchess died

York God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do —I would to God,—
So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,—
The king had cut off my head with my brother's —
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I'd say,—pray, pardon me —
[*To the Servant*] Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there [Exit Servant]
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I
Know how or which way t' order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly⁽⁴⁷⁾ into my hands,
Never believe me Both are my kinsmen —
Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend, th' other, again,

Is my near kinsman,⁽⁴⁸⁾ whom the king hath wrong'd,
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right
 Well, somewhat we must do —Come, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you —Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
 And meet me presently at Berkley castle
 I should to Plashy too,—
 But time will not permit —all is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven

[*Exeunt York and Queen*]

Bushy The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
 But none returns For us to levy power
 Proportionable to the enemy
 Is all impossible

Green Besides, our nearness to the king in love
 Is near the hate of those love not the king

Bagot And that's the wavering commons 'for their love
 Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,⁽⁴⁹⁾
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate

Bushy Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd

Bagot If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
 Because we ever have been near the king

Green Well,
 I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle
 The Earl of Wiltshire is already there

Bushy Thither will I with you, for little office
 The hateful commons will perform for us,⁽⁵⁰⁾
 Except like curs to tear us all to pieces —
 Will you go along with us?

Bagot No,
 I will to Ireland to his majesty
 Farewell if heart's presages be not vain,
 We three here part that ne'er shall meet again

Bushy That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke

Green Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
 Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry
 Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly

Bagot Farewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever⁽⁵¹⁾

Bushy Well, we may meet again

Bagot

I fear me, never

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *The wilds in Gloucestershire*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces

Boling How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways

Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome,

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable

But I bethink me what a weary way

From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess,

And hope to joy is little less in joy

Than hope enjoy'd by this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company

Boling Of much less value is my company

Than your good words — But who comes here?

North It is my son, young Harry Percy,⁽⁵²⁾

Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever

Enter PERCY

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy I had thought, my lord, t' have learn'd his health
of you

North Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy No, my good lord, he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king

North What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together

Percy Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,

To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
 And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
 What power the Duke of York had levied there,
 Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg

North Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
 Which ne'er I did remember to my knowledge,
 I never in my life did look on him

North Then learn to know him now, this is the duke

Percy My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
 Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
 To more approved service and desert

Boling I thank thee, gentle Percy, and be sure
 I count myself in nothing else so happy
 As in a soul remembering my good friends,
 And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
 It shall be still thy true love's recompense
 My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it

North How far is it to Berkley? and what stir
 Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Percy There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
 Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
 And in it are the Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour,—⁽⁵³⁾
 None else of name and noble estimate

North Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
 Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY

Boling Welcome, my lords I wot your love pursues
 A banish'd traitor all my treasury
 Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
 Shall be your love and labour's recompense

Ross Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord

Willoughby And far surmounts our labour to attain it

Boling Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor,
 Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
 Stands for my bounty —But who is't⁽⁵⁴⁾ comes here?

North It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess

Enter BERKLEY

Berk My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you

Boling My lord, my answer is—"to Lancaster,"
And I am come to seek that name in England,
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say

Berk Mistake me not, my lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raise one title of your honour out —
To you, my lord, I come,—what lord you will,—
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what picks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fight our native peace with self born arms

Boling I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in person

Enter YORK attended

My noble uncle! [*Kneels*]

York Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false

Boling My gracious uncle!—

York Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle
I am no traitor's uncle, and that word "grace"
In an ungracious mouth is but profane
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But, then, more why,—why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?⁽⁵⁵⁾
Com'st thou because th' anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault !

Boling My gracious uncle, let me know my fault,
In⁽⁶⁶⁾ what condition stands it and wherein ?

York Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion and detested treason
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiation of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign

Boling As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive, O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts ? Wherefore was I born ?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman,
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs,⁽⁶⁷⁾ and chase them to the bay
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave
My father's goods are all distraint'd and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
And challenge law attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent

North The noble duke hath been too much abus'd

Ross It stands your grace upon to do him right

Will Base men by his endowments are made great

York My lords of England, let me tell you this —
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right,
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be,
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all

North The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own, and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath !

York Well, well, I see the issue of these aims,—
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king,
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter So, fare you well,—⁽⁵⁸⁾
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night ⁽⁵⁹⁾

Boling An offer, uncle, that we will accept
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, ⁽⁶⁰⁾ and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away

York 'T may be I'll go with you—but yet I'll pause,
For I am loth to break our country's laws
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are
Things past redress are now with me past care [Exeunt

SCENE IV *A camp in Wales*

Enter SALISBURY and a Captain

Cap My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king,
Therefore we will disperse ourselves farewell

Sal Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman

The king repositeth all his confidence in thee

Cap 'Tis thought the king is dead, we will not stay
 The bay trees in our country all are wither'd,
 And meteors fight the fixed stars of heaven,
 The pale fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
 And lean look'd prophets whisper fearful change,
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other to enjoy by rage and war
 These signs forebun the death or fall of kings —
 Farewell our countrymen are gone and fled,
 As well assur'd Richard then king is dead

[*Exit*

Sal Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind,
 I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament '
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes,
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes

[*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I BOLINGBROKE's camp at Bristol

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY,
 ROSS Officers behind, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners*

Boling Bring forth these men —

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
 Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,
 For 'twere no charity, yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean

You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs
Myself,—a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my imprese, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death — See them deliver'd over⁽⁶⁰⁾
To execution and the hand of death

Bushy More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England — Lords, farewell

Green My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell

Boling My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd
[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the
prisoners*]

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house,
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated
Tell her I send to her my kind commends,
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd

York A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large

Boling Thanks, gentle uncle — Come, my lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices
Awhile to work, and after holiday⁽⁶²⁾ [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The coast of Wales A castle in view*

Flourish, drums and trumpets Enter King RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and Soldiers, with colours

K Rich Baikloughly castle call they this at hand?

Aum Yea, my good lord ⁽⁶³⁾ How brooks your grace the
all,

After late ⁽⁶⁴⁾ tossing on the breaking seas?

K Rich Needs must I like it well I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again —
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting.
So, weeping smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies,
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies —
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms

Car Fear not, my lord that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all
The means that heaven yields ⁽⁶⁵⁾ must be embrac'd,
And not neglected, else, if ⁽⁶⁶⁾ heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress

Aum He means, my lord, that we are too remiss,
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Grows strong and great in substance and in friends

K Rich Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,⁽⁶⁷⁾
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, boldly⁽⁶⁸⁾ here,
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with th' Antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self affrighted tremble at his sin
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king,
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right

Enter SALISBURY

Welcome, my lord how far off lies your power ?

Sal Nor near nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !
To day, to day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state,

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and⁽⁶⁹⁾ fled

Aum Comfort, my liege why looks your grace so pale?

K Rich But now the blood of twenty thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,

And, till so much blood thither come agen,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

All souls that will be safe, fly from my side,

For time hath set a blot upon my pride

Aum Comfort, my liege, remember who you are

K Rich I had forgot myself am I not king?

Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest

Is not the king's name forty thousand names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory — Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king are we not high?

High be our thoughts I know my uncle York

Hath power enough⁽⁷⁰⁾ to serve our turn — But who comes
here?

Enter SCROOP

Scroop More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care tun'd tongue deliver him!

K Rich Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care,
And what loss is it to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be, if he serve God,
We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend,
They break their faith to God as well as us
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay,
The worst is death, and death will have his day

Scroop Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hand bright steel, and hearts harder than steel
White beards have aim'd then thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty, boys with women's voices
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown,⁽⁷¹⁾
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double fatal yew against thy state,
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell

K Rich Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?⁽⁷²⁾
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it
I warrant they've made peace with Bolingbroke

Scroop Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord

K Rich O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate —
Again uncure them souls, their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground

Aum Is Bushy, Green, and th' Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads

Aum Where is the duke my father with his power?

K Rich No matter where, — of comfort no man speak
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills
And yet not so, — for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings —
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,⁽⁷⁴⁾
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd — for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit, —
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell, king !
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence, throw away respect,
Tradition,⁽⁷⁴⁾ form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends — subjected thus,⁽⁷⁵⁾
How can you say to me, I am a king ?

Car My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail
To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself
Fear, and be slain, no worse can come to fight
And fight and die is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath

Aum My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb

K Rich Thou chid'st me well — proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom

This ague-fit of fear is over blown ,
An easy task it is to win our own —
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour
Scroop Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day ,
So may you by my dull and heavy eye
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken —
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke ,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party

K Rich , Thou hast said enough —
[*To Aumerle*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair !
What say you now ? what comfort have we now ?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more
Go to Flint castle there I'll pine away ,
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey
That power I have, discharge, and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none —let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain

Aum My liege, one word

K Rich He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue
Discharge my followers let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day [Exit

SCENE III *Wales Before Flint-castle*

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces , YORK,
NORTHUMBERLAND, and others*

Boling So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd , and Salisbury

Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast

North The news is very fair and good, my lord
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head

York It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say "King Richard"—alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North Your grace mistakes me,⁽⁷⁶⁾ only to be brief,
Left I his title out

York The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length

Boling Mistake not, uncle, further than you should

York Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads

Boling I know it, uncle, and I not oppose⁽⁷⁷⁾
Myself against them will—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY

Welcome,⁽⁷⁸⁾ Harry what, will not this castle yield?

Percy The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance

Boling Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king, King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who I cannot learn

North O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle⁽⁷⁹⁾

Boling [to *North*] Noble lord,

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Though brazen trumpet send the breath of paile
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver—
Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
 Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
 And lands restor'd again, be freely granted
 If not, I'll use th' advantage of my power,
 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen
 The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show
 Go, signify as much, while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain —

[*Northumberland advances to the castle with a trumpet*
 Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
 That from this castle's tatter'd battlements⁽⁸⁰⁾
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd
 Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
 My waters,—on the earth, and not on him
 March on, and mark King Richard how he looks

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within Flourish
Enter, on the walls, KING RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, AU-
MERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY

Percy See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,⁽⁸¹⁾
 As doth the blushing discontented sun
 From out the fiery portal of the east,
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track
 Of his bright passage to the occident

York Yet looks he like a king behold, his eye,
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
 Controlling majesty —alack, alack, for woe,
 That any storm⁽⁸²⁾ should stain so fair a show!

K Rich [to Northumberland] We are amaz'd, and thus
 long have we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship,
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn⁽⁸³⁾ their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown
Tell Bolingbroke,—for yond methinks he stands,—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war,
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood

North The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin⁽⁸⁴⁾
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,—
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,—
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope

Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just,
And, as I am⁽⁸⁵⁾ a gentleman, I credit him

K Rich Northumberland, say thus the king returns —
His noble cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fan demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends —
[*To Aumerle*] We do debase ourself, cousin,⁽⁸⁶⁾ do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fan?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords

K Rich O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to burt,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me

Aum Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke

K Rich What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms man's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave,—
 O! I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head,
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,
 And buried once, why not upon my head?—
 Aumele, thou weep'st,—my tender hearted cousin!—
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears,
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a death in this revolting land
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
 As thus,—to drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fletted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth, and, therein laid,—“There lies
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes”
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me—
 Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
 What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay

North My lord, in the base court he doth attend
 To speak with you,—may't please you to come down

K. Rich. Down, down I come, like glistering Phaethon,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades
 In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace
 In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
 For night owls shriek where mounting larks should sing

[*Exeunt above*]

Boling. What says his majesty?

North Sorrow and grief of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man
 Yet he is come

Enter King RICHARD attended, below

Boling. Stand all apart,
 And show fair duty to his majesty—

My gracious lord,—

[*Kneeling*]

K Rich Fan cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy
Up, cousin, up,—your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least [*Touching his own head*], although your
knee be low

Boling My gracious lord, I come but for mine own

K Rich Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all

Boling So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love

K Rich Well you deserve—they well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get—
Uncle, give me your hand nay, dry your eyes,
Tears show then love, but want then remedies—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my hen
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too,
For do we must what force will have us do—
Set on towards London—cousin, is it so?

Boling Yea, my good lord

K Rich

Then I must not say no

[*Flourish* *Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *Langley The Duke of York's garden*

Enter the Queen and two Ladies

Queen What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

First Lady Madam, we'll play at bowls

Queen 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias

First Lady Madam, we'll dance

Queen My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief
Therefore, no dancing, girl, some other sport.

First Lady Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen Of sorrow or of joy?⁽⁸⁷⁾

First Lady Of either, madam

Queen Of neither, gull⁽⁸⁸⁾

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow,
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy
For what I have, I need not to repeat,
And what I want, it boots not to complain

First Lady Madam, I'll sing

Queen 'Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep

First Lady I could weep, madam, would it do you good

Queen And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee —⁽⁸⁹⁾

But stay, here come the gardeners⁽⁹⁰⁾

Let's step into the shadow of these trees
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state, for every one doth so
Against a change woe is foretun with woe

[*Queen and Ladies retire*]

Enter a Gardener and two Servants

Gard Go, bind thou up yond dangling apuicocks,
Which, like unuly childien, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight
Give some supportance to the bending twigs —
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth
All must be even in our government —
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers

First Serv Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, a firm state,⁽⁹¹⁾
When our sea walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard Hold thy peace —

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf
The weeds that his broad spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,—
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green

First Serv What, are they dead?

Gard They are, and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king —O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We⁽⁹²⁾ at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,
Lest, being over proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty All⁽⁹³⁾ superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down

First Serv What, think you, then,⁽⁹⁴⁾ the king shall be
depos'd?

Gard Depress'd he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubt he will be letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings

Queen O, I am press'd to death through want of speak
ing! — [*Comes forward with Ladies*
Thou, old Adam's likeness,⁽⁹⁵⁾ set to dress this garden,
How dares

Thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Can'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch

Gard Pardon me, madam little joy have I
To breathe this news yet what I say is true
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke then fortunes both are weigh'd
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light,
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down
Post you to London, and you'll find it so,
I speak no more than every one doth know

Queen Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast — Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe —
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
Pity God the plants thou graft'st may never grow

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies*]

Gard Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse —
Here did she fall a tear, here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I *London Westminster Hall*

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne, the Lords temporal on the left, the Commons below Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants Officers behind, with BAGOT

Boling Call forth Bagot [*Officers bring Bagot to the bar*
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death,
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end

Bagot Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle

Boling Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man

Bagot My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—“Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?”
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England,
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death

Aum Princes and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainer of his slanderous lips —
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base

To stain the temper of my knightly sword

Boling Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up

Aum Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence that hath mov'd me so

Fitz If that thy valour stand on sympathy,

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine

By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou speak'st it,

That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death

If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest,

And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,

Where it was forged, with my rapier's point

Aum Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day

Fitz Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour

Aum Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this

Percy Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true

In this appeal as thou art all unjust,

And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,

To prove it on thee to th'extremest point

Of mortal breathing seize it, if thou dar'st

Aum And if I do not, may my hands rot off,

And never brandish more revengeful steel

Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord I task thee to the like,⁽⁹⁶⁾ forsworn Aumerle,

And spur thee on with full as many lies

As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear

From sun to sun⁽⁹⁷⁾ there is my honour's pawn,

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st

Aum Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,

To answer twenty thousand such as you

Surrey My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well

The very time Aumerle and you did talk

Fitz 'Tis very true you were in presence then,

And you can witness with me this is true

Surrey As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true

Fitz Surrey, thou liest

Surrey Dishonourable boy!

That he shall lie so heavy on my sword,

That it shall render vengeance and revenge

Till thou the lie giver and that lie do lie
 In earth as quiet as thy father's skull
 In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn,
 Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st

Fitz How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
 If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
 I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
 And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
 And lies, and lies there is my bond of faith,
 To tie thee to my strong correction —
 As I intend to thrive in this new world,
 Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal
 Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
 That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
 To execute the noble duke at Calais

Aum Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
 That Norfolk lies here do I throw down this,⁽⁹⁸⁾
 If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour

Boling These differences shall all rest under gage,
 Till Norfolk be repeal'd repeal'd he shall be,
 And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
 To all his lands and signories⁽⁹⁹⁾ when he's return'd,
 Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial

Car That honourable day shall ne'er be seen
 Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
 For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
 Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
 Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens,
 And though ~~the~~ of war, retir'd himself
 To Italy, and there, at Venice, gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
 Under whose colours he had fought so long

Boling Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car As surely as I live, my lord

Boling Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
 Of good old Abraham! — My⁽¹⁰⁰⁾ lords appellants,
 Your differences shall all rest under gage
 Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended

York Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee here, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !

Boling In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne

Can Maury, God forbid !—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best becoming me to speak the truth
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard ! then true nobless would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong
What subject can give sentence on his king ?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them,
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,⁽¹⁰¹⁾
And he himself not present ? O, forfend it, God
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king,
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act,
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound,
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls

O, if you raise this house against this house,
 It will the wofullest division prove
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth
 Prevent, resist it,⁽¹⁰²⁾ let it not be so,
 Lest children's children⁽¹⁰³⁾ cry against you "woe!"

North Well have you argued, sir,⁽¹⁰⁴⁾ and, for your pains,
 Of capital treason we arrest you here —
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
 To keep him safely till his day of trial —
 May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit

Boling Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
 He may surrender, so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion

York I will be his conduct [Exit

Boling Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer —
 Little are we beholding to your love, [To Carlisle
 And little look'd for at your helping hands

Re enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and Officers bearing the crown, &c

K Rich Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 T'insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
 To this submission Yet I well remember
 The favours of these men were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry "All hail!" to me?
 So Judas did to Christ but he, in twelve,
 Found truth in all but one, I, in twelve thousand, none
 God save the king!—Will no man say amen?
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen
 God save the king! although I be not he,
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me —
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

York To do that office of thine own good will
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke

K Rich Give me the crown [*The crown is brought to Richard, who seizes it*]—Here, cousin,

On this side my hand, and on that side yours ⁽¹⁰⁵⁾

Now is this golden crown like a deep well

That owes two buckets, filling one another,

The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen, and full of water

That bucket down and full of tears am I,

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high

Boling I thought you had been willing to resign

K Rich My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine

You may my glories and my state depose,

But not my griefs, still am I king of those

Boling Part of your cares you give me with your crown

K Rich Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down

My care is, loss of care, by old care done,

Your care is, gain of care, by new care won

The cares I give, I have, though given away,

They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay

Boling Are you contented to resign the crown?

K Rich Ay, no,—no, ay, for I must nothing be,

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee

Now mark me, how I will undo myself—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duty's rites

All pomp and majesty I do forswear,

My manors, rents, revenues I forgo,

My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!

God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days !—
What more remains ?

North

No more, but that you read

[*Offering a paper*]

These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land,
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd

K Rich Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
My wear'd up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven —
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,⁽¹⁰⁰⁾
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin

North My lord, dispatch, read o'er these articles

K Rich Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest,
For I have given here my soul's consent
T' undeck the pompous body of a king,
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant

North My lord,—

K Rich No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man's lord, I have no name, no title —
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But tis usurp'd —alack the heavy day,

That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself !
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water drops !—
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,—
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty

Boling Go, some of you and fetch a looking glass

[*Exit an Attendant*]

North Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come

K Rich Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell !

Boling Uge it no more, my Lord Northumberland

North The commons will not, then, be satisfied

K Rich They shall be satisfied I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself

Re enter Attendant with a glass

Give me the glass, and therein will I read —
No deeper wrinkles yet ? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds ?—O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me ! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men ? was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink ?
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out fac'd by Bolingbroke ?
A brittle glory shineth in this face
As brittle as the glory is the face,

[*Dashes the glass against the ground*]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers —
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face

Boling The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face

K Rich Say that again
The shadow of my sorrow? ha! let's see —
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,
And these external manners of lament⁽¹⁰⁷⁾
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul,
There lies the substance and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more
Shall I obtain it?

Boling Name it, my⁽¹⁰⁸⁾ fair cousin

K Rich Fair cousin! I am greater than a king
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects, being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer
Being so great, I have no need to beg

Boling Yet ask

K Rich And shall I have?

Boling You shall

K Rich Then give me leave to go

Boling Whither?

K Rich Whither you will, so I were from your sights

Boling Go, some of you convey him to the Tower

K Rich O, good! convey?—conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall

[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a
Guard*]

Boling On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation lords, prepare yourselves

[*Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the
Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerli*]

Abbot A woful pageant have we here beheld

Car The woes to come, the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn

Aum You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but to⁽¹⁰⁹⁾ effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise —
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears
Come home with me to supper I will try
A plot shall show us all a merry day

[*Exeunt*]

ACT VSCENE I *London A street leading to the Tower**Enter Queen and Ladies*

Queen This way the king will come, this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen —
But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true love tears

Enter King RICHARD and Guards

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard, thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K Rich Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down

Queen What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?⁽¹¹⁰⁾
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd, and wilt thou, pupil like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K Rich A king of beasts, indeed, if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death bed, thy last living leave
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages long ago betid,
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds
For why the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out,
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal black,
For the deposing of a rightful king

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND attended

North My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd,
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower —
And, madam, there is order taken for you,
With all swift speed you must away to France

K Rich Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all,

And⁽¹¹¹⁾ he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little ung'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' usurped throne
The love of wicked friends converts to fear,
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death

North My guilt be on my head, and there an end
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith

K Rich Doubly divorc'd!—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage,—'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife—
Let me un-kiss the oath twixt thee and me,
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made—
Part us, Northumberland, I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pine the clime,
My wife to France,—from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day

Queen And must we be divided? must we part?

K Rich Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from
heart

Queen Banish us both, and send the king with me

North That were some love, but little policy

Queen Then whither he goes, thither let me go

K Rich So two, together weeping, make one woe
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here,
Better far off than, near, be ne'er the near
Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans

Queen So longest way shall have the longest moans

K Rich Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part,
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart [They kiss

Queen Give me mine own again, 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart [They kiss again
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan

K Rich We make woe wanton with this fond delay
Once more, adieu, the rest let sorrow say [Exeunt

SCENE II *The same A room in the Duke of York's palace*

Enter YORK and his Duchess

Duch My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London

York Where did I leave?

Duch At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from window tops⁽¹¹²⁾
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head

York Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried "God save thee, Bolingbroke!"
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—"I thank you, countrymen"
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along

Duch Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

York As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious,
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard, no man cried "God save him!"
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—

His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,—
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him
 But heaven hath a hand in these events,
 To whose high will we bow⁽¹¹³⁾ our calm contents
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow

Duch Here comes my son Aumerle

York Aumerle that was

But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth
 And lasting fealty to the new made king

Enter AUMERLE

Duch Welcome, my son who are the violets now
 That strew the green lap of the new come spring?

Aum Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not
 God knows I had as lief be none as one

York Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime
 What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum For aught I know, my lord, they do

York You will be there, I know

Aum If God prevent it⁽¹¹⁴⁾ not, I purpose so

York What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
 Yea, look'st thou pale, son? let me see the writing⁽¹¹⁵⁾

Aum My lord, 'tis nothing

York No matter, then, who sees it
 I will be satisfied, let me see the writing

Aum I do beseech your grace to pardon me
 It is a matter of small consequence,
 Which for some reasons I would not have seen

York Which for some reasons, son, I mean to see
 I fear, I fear,—

Duch What should you fear? It is
 Nothing but some bond that he's enter'd into
 For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day

York Bound to himself ! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool —
Boy, let me see the writing

Aum Beseech⁽¹¹⁶⁾ you, pardon me, I may not show it

York I will be satisfied let me see 't, I say
[*Snatches it, and reads*

Treason ! foul treason !—Villain ! traitor ! slave !

Duch What's the matter, my lord ?

York Ho ! who's within there ? ho⁽¹¹⁷⁾

Enter a Servant

Saddle my horse —

God for his mercy, what treachery is here !

Duch Why, what is't, my lord ?

York Give me my boots, I say, saddle my horse —
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth, [*Exit Servant*
I will appeach the villain

Duch What's the matter ?

York Peace, foolish woman

Duch I will not peace —What is the matter, son ?

Aum Good mother, be content, it is no more
Than my poor life must answer

Duch Thy life answer !

York Bring me my boots —I will unto the king

Re enters Servant with boots

Duch Strike him, Aumerle —Poor boy, thou art amaz'd —
[*To the Servant*] Hence, villain ! never more come in my
sight

York Give me my boots, I say [*Exit Servant*

Duch Why, *York*, what wilt thou do ?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?
Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name ?
Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

York Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford

Duch

He shall be none,

We'll keep him here then what is that to him?

York Away, fond woman! were he twenty times

My son, I would appeach him

Duch

Hadst thou groan'd for him

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful

But now I know thy mind, thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, nor any of my kin,

And yet I love him

York

Make way, untruly woman! [Exit

Duch After, Aumeide! mount thee upon his horse,

Spur post, and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee

I'll not be long behind, though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York,

And never will I rise up from the ground

Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee Away, be gone ⁽¹¹⁸⁾

[Exeunt

SCENE III *Windson A room in the castle*

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, PERCY, and other Lords

Boling Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?

'Tis full three months since I did see him last —

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he

I would to God, my lords, he might be found

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions,—

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers,

While he, ⁽¹¹⁹⁾ young wanton and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour to support

So dissolute a crew

Percy My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford

Boling And what said the gallant?

Percy His answer was,—he would unto the stewes,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhoise the lustiest challenger

Boling As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
I see some sparkles of a⁽¹²⁰⁾ better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth —
But who comes here?

Enter AUWERLE hastily

Aum Where is the king?

Boling What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone

Boling Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone
[Exeunt Percy and Iord]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum For ever may my knees grow to the earth, *[Aum locks]*
My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth,⁽¹²¹⁾
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak

Boling Intended or committed was this fault?
If on⁽¹²²⁾ the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after love I pardon thee

Aum Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done

Boling Have thy desire *[Aumerle locks the door]*

York *[within]* My liege, beware, look to thyself,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there

Boling Villain, I'll make thee safe *[Drawing]*

Aum Stay thy revengeful hand,
Thou hast no cause to fear

York *[within]* Open the door, secure, foolhardy king
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open

[Bolingbroke unlocks the door, and afterwards locks it again]

Enter YORK

Boling What is the matter, uncle? speak,
Recover breath, tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it

York Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show

Aum Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand

York 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down —
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king,
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart

Boling O heinous, strong,⁽¹²³⁾ and bold conspiracy! —
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son

York So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death

Duch [*within*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let
me in

Boling What shrill voice'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch [*within*] A woman, and thy aunt, great king, 'tis

I

Speak with me, pity me, open the door
A beggar begs that never begg'd before

Boling Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King" —
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in

I know she's come to pray for your foul sin

[*Anne* unlocks the door

York If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper my
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone will all the rest confound

Enter Duchess

Duch O king, believe not this hard hearted man!
Love loving not itself, none other can

York Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch Sweet York, be patient—Hear me, gentle heart
[*Anne* enters]

Boling Rise up, good aunt

Duch Not yet, I thee beseech

For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy, until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy

Aun Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee [*Kneels*

York Against them both my true joints bended be
[*Kneels*

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face,
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest,⁽¹²⁴⁾
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast
He prays but faintly, and would be denied
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity
Our prayers do out pray his, then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have⁽¹²⁵⁾

Boling Good aunt, stand up

Duch Nay, do not say 'stand up,'

But "pardon" first, and afterwards "stand up"

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

"Pardon" should be the first word of thy speech

I never long'd to hear a word till now,
Say "pardon," king, let pity teach thee how
The word is short, but not so short as sweet,
No word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so meet

York Speak it in French, king, say, *pardonnez moi*

Duch Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!—
Speak "pardon" as 'tis current in our land,
The chopping French we do not understand
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there
O! in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee "pardon" to rehearse

Boling Good aunt, stand up

Duch I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand

Boling I pardon him, as God shall pardon me

Duch O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear speak it again,
Twice saying "pardon" doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong

Boling With all my heart

I pardon him

Duch A god on earth thou art ⁽¹²⁶⁾

Boling But for our trusty brother in law, and th' abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels —
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where
Uncle, farewell —and, cousin mine, ⁽¹²⁷⁾ adieu
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true

Duch Come, my old son —I pray God make thee new

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Another room in the same**Enter* Sir PIERCE of Exton *and a Servant*

Exton Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,—

“Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?”
Was it not so?

Serv Those were his very words

Exton “Have I no friend?” quoth he he spake it twice,
And ung d it twice together,—did he not?

Serv He did

Exton And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart,—
Meaning the king at Pomfret Come, let's go
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe [Exeunt

SCENE V *Pomfret The dungeon of the castle**Enter* King RICHARD

K Rich I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it,—yet I'll hammer't out
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father and these two beget
A generation of still breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented ⁽¹²⁸⁾ The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word
As thus, “Come, little ones,” and then again,
“It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needl's ⁽¹²⁹⁾ &c

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders, how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last, like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there,
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented sometimes am I king,
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king,
Then am I king'd again and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing —but whatever I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing —Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time —how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string,⁽¹³⁰⁾
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me,
For now hath time made me his numbering clock
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,⁽¹³¹⁾
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,⁽¹³²⁾
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell so sighs and tears and groans

[Music]

Show minutes, times, and hours —but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock
This music mads me, let it sound no more,
For though it have help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me !
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all hating world

Enter Groom

Groom Hail, royal prince !

K Rich

Thanks, noble peer, ⁽¹²⁹⁾

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear
What art thou ? and how com'st thou hither now, ⁽¹³⁰⁾
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live ?

Groom I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king, who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes master's face ⁽¹³¹⁾
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on Ioan Barbary,—
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd !

K Rich Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him ?

Groom So proud ⁽¹³²⁾ as if he had disdain'd the ground

K Rich So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him
Would he not stumble ? would he not fall down,—
Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?
Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke

Enter Keeper, with a dish

Keep [to the Groom] Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay

K Rich If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away

Groom What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say [Exit

Keep My lord, will 't please you to fall to ?

K Rich Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do

Keep My lord, I dare not Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who late⁽¹²⁷⁾ came from the king, commands the contrary

K Rich The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee !
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it [Beats the Keeper

Keep Help, help, help !

Enter Sir PIERCE of Exton and Servants armed

K Rich How now ! what means death in this rude as
sault ?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument

[Snatching a weapon, and killing a Servant

Go thou, and fill another room in hell

[He kills another Servant Then Exton strikes
him down

That hand shall burn in never quenching fire

That staggers thus my person — Exton,⁽¹²⁸⁾ thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land

Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high,

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die [Dies

Exton As full of valour as of royal blood

Both have I spilt, — O, would the deed were good !

For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell

This dead king to the living king I'll bear —

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here [Exeunt

SCENE VI *Windsor A room in the castle*

Flourish Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, YORK, Lords, and Attendants

Boling Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceter in Glostershire,
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

Welcome, my lord what is the news?

North Hush, to

Thy sacred state wish I all happiness
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here [*Presenting a paper*]

Boling We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains

Enter FITZWATER

Fitz My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow

Boling Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle

Percy The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave,
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride

Boling Carlisle, this is your doom —
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life,
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High spauks of honour in thee have I seen

Enter Sir PIERON of Exton, with Attendants bearing a coffin

Exton Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear heerein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,⁽¹³⁹⁾
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought

Boling Exton, I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land

Exton From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed

Boling They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light —
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand —
March sadly after, grace my mournings here,
In weeping after⁽¹⁴⁰⁾ this untimely bier

[*Exeunt*

P 105 (1)

'May

Was inserted by Pope — This correction " says Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol ii p 258) is indisputable Again he observes (*Shakespeare's Verification &c* p 186) The correction MAX many' is indisputably right the same easy mistake, which has taken place in Lodge *Wounds of Civil War*, iv Dodsley vol viii p 52

Flaccus Happy and fortunate thy return to Rome

Lepidus And long Marius live with fame in Rome

[Sig F 2 ed 1094]

Obviously *And long MAX Marius,* &c ' —Mr Collier's Ms Corrector supplies less happily, Full '

P 106 (2)

'come '

Hanmer printed *come for* ' but the old reading has the same meaning

P 106 (3)

"the note,"

Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol ii p 234) suspects that we ought to read *thy note* "

P 107 (4)

'Wherever '

Pope printed "*Where never* '

P 108 (5)

'dear'

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes 'clear'—"a poor and needless innovation *Dear* in this place means *precious, momentous pressing all important* and it assumes the same sense frequently in Shakespeare " STANFORD

P 109 (6)

his'

Was altered by Pope to "their"—wrongly I believe

P 110 (7)

"your ~~gag~~age '

Mr W N Lettison would read "*his gag*," because he says 'it is clear from what precedes that Bolingbroke and Norfolk had each taken up the other's gag' But does not *your gago* mean the gago which you have in your hand' ?

P 110 (8)

Marshal

The old eds have 'Lord *Marshal* But compare in sc 3, 'A *Rich Marshal* demand of yonder champion &c and 'Order the trial *marshal*, and begin "

P 110 (9)

made

The late Mr W W Williams conjectures mend —supposing that Gaunt merely intends to say that the correction of human error lies in the hands of Heaven and not in those of men and he would therefore appeal to Heaven for interference in the existing quarrel *The Parthenon* for July 19, 1862 p 378

P 110 (10)

'the will of heaven

Who when they see

Here as Mr Collier observes Gaunt uses *heaven* as a plural And see Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol II p 110) on 'Heaven used as plural.

P 111 (11)

Farewell old Gaunt

'The commentators have tried various expedients to save the metre Perhaps Shakespeare wrote '*Fare thee well*' Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 141 —I prefer the earliest of them "expedients, viz "*Fare well old Gaunt farewell* "

P 112 (12)

'Desolate desolate"

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes '*Desolate, desperate*

P 113 (13)

'*Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms*

Why not, as before, *Marshal demand of yonder knight in arms*? The player who varied the expression, was probably ignorant that he injured the metre RITSON

P 114 (14)

waxen coat "

Waxen may mean soft and consequently penetrable or flexible The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they formed to every motion of the body Of these many are still to be seen in the Tower of London STEVENS Here "*waxen*" means, I believe, as soft and penetrable as if it were made of wax "

P 115 (15)

"innocency"

The old eds have "*innocence* "

P 116 (16) *Stay, stay* ’

The second ‘*stay*’ is the addition of Walker who observes ‘the situation itself, surely demands more than the simple ‘*stay*’ (Critt Exam &c vol II p 144) —Pope gave But *stay* ’

P 116 (17) ‘*on you*

Altered by Pope to ‘you on ’

P 116 (18) ‘*Which so ious’d up* ’ &c

“Capell, not without reason, has ejected this and the next four lines” W N Lettson

P 116 (19) ‘*fly slow* ’

So [most copies of?] the second folio —The earlier eds have “*she slow*’ and ‘*slye slow*’

P 117 (20) ‘*be compassionate*

Here ‘*compassionate*’ is explained ‘lamenting, complaining ’ But Mr Singer reads *be so passionate*,” and Mr Giant White prints “become passionate” (Theobald’s conjecture)

P 117 (21) *ye*

So Rowe —The old eds have ‘*thee* ’ See note 107 on *The Tempest*

P 118 (22) “*so far as to mine enemy* —”

“The first folio reads [with the first four quartos] *jare* the second ‘*farre*’ Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Monbray should think he was about to address him *as a friend* Norfolk, says he so far as a man may speak to his enemy &c’ Ritson I do not agree with Mr W N Lettson, who supposes that a line has been lost here —Compare

Yet thus *jar* Livia,
Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again ’

Fletcher’s *Woman’s Prize* act III sc 3

P 120 (23) *Think not the king did banish thee* ”

A mutilated line Capell printed *Think not the king did banish thee*, my son (I should prefer “*Think not, my son the king did banish thee*”) —Ritson proposes ‘*Therefore, think not the king,*’ &c

P 121 (24) “*for me*

Which means “for my part,” was improperly altered to ‘*by me*’ in the second folio

P 121 (25) *Bagot here and Greene*

So quarto 1634 — The folio has *heere Bagot and Greene* — These words are not in the earlier eds

P 122 (26) K Rich *Where lies he*
Bushy *At Ely house*

Seymour and Mr Collier s Ms Corrector, each in his own way make these two speeches form a complete line

P 123 (27) *As praises of his state then there are found*
Lascivious metres to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen

The first quarto has *As praises of* whose taste the wise are found ' &c , the second quarto substitutes *state* for ' taste ' and the later eds give the passage as it stands in my text That it is corrupted who can doubt?—Mr Collier proposes *As, praises of* whose taste the wise are fond &c which (though affording a very poor sense) is adopted by the Cambridge Editors — Mr W N Lettsom conjectures

As praises, of whose taste th unwise are fond
Lascivious metres, to whose venom stain, ' &c

P 123 (28) *' in base imitation '*

Amended by Pope to "*in base awkward imitation*"

P 124 (29) *infection '*

In *England's Parnassus*, 1600 this passage is quoted with the misprint "infestation" hence Farmer suggested that the true reading was "infestation" (i.e. infestation), which Malone adopted

P 124 (30) *'With unky blots,'*

Steevens conjectured "*With unky bolts*" and Mr W N Lettsom suggests "*Of unky blots*"

P 124 (31) *"For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more,"*

Ratson conjectures "*— being reind,*" &c and Mr Collier s Ms Corrector reads "*being urg d,*" &c

P 125 (32) *"to see,"*

Omitted by Capell

P 125 (33) *And—*

K Rich *And thou a lunatic lean witted fool,*

So the folio —The first four quartos have

And thou—

A Rich A [*the third and fourth quartos* Ah] *lunatic lean witted fool*

which (in spite of Mr Collier's note *ad l* in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*) I continue to think a highly objectionable reading inasmuch as it makes 'thou' (meaning *Richard*) the nominative to *Dai st*' (meaning *Gaunt*)

P 126 (34)

Beseech

The old eds have 'I do *beseech*

P 126 (35)

What says he ?

Capell printed *What says he now* —which Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol iii p 126) approves of

P 129 (36) "*'Gainst us our lives our children and our heirs* '

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes "*'Gainst us, our wives our children,*" &c To Mr Singer's remark (*Shakespeare vindicated &c* p 98) that the alteration is plausible but not necessary I may add that it is strongly opposed if not absolutely forbidden by a passage in *Henry 1 act i sc 2*

'That owe *your lives your lives*, and services
To this imperial throne —

1861 Mr Grant White observes that '*lives* seems a very plausible emendation, until we remember that a prosecution for treason would touch the life the children, and the heirs of the traitor, but could not touch his wife and then we see that the change is only ignorant

P 129 (37)

And lost their hearts '

The old eds have "*And quite lost their hearts*" —Steevens was probably right in supposing that the compositor's eye caught "*quite*" in this line from the "*quite*" in the following line and Mr Grant White is also probably right in remarking that the emphatic force proper to a repetition is lost if '*quite*' appear in this place —Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol i p 106) boldly pronounces the '*repetition to be corrupt*, and conjectures that Shakespeare may have written

'*I oss* The commons hath he pill'd
With grievous taxes, and quite lost their hearts
The nobles hath he fin'd for ancient quarrels—
U illo And daily, ' &c ,

which Mr W N Lattison thinks is 'the proper reading and arrangement of the passage' —I differ from him

P 129 (38) 'benevolences and I wot not what

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 259) proposes benevolence I wot not what

P 130 (39)

*Be confident to speak Northumberland
We three are but thyself and speaking so
Thy words are but as thoughts therefore be bold*

Mr Collier's Ms Collector reads *Thy words are but our thoughts* &c—A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Sept 1853 p 306 thus defends the old text Ross's argument with Northumberland to speak was not merely because his words were as *their* thoughts That was no doubt true but the point of his persuasion lay in the consideration that Northumberland's words would be as *good* as *not spoken* We three are but yourself and in these circumstances your words are but as thoughts—that is you are as safe in uttering them as if you uttered them not inasmuch as you will be merely speaking to yourself —1864 Mr Staunton mentions *our thoughts* as an unhappy conjecture for if they knew the intelligence Northumberland possessed why need he impart it?

P 130 (40)

Here a line has evidently dropt out and Malone introduced within brackets

"The son of Richard Earl of Arundel" —

with the following note, 'The passages in Holinshed relative to this matter run thus 'Aboute the same tyme the Earle of Arundell's sonne, named Thomas *which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house* escaped out of the realme, by meanes of one William Scot' &c 'Duke Henry—chiefly through the earnest perswasion of Thomas Arundell late Archbishoppe of Canturburie (who, as before you have heard, had been removed from his sea and banished the realme by King Richardes means) got him downe to Britaine—and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea together with the said Archbishop of Canturburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundelle, sonne and heyre to the late Earle of Arundelle, beheaded on Tower hill These were also with him Reginalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham' &c *Holinshed*, p 1105 edit 1577 There cannot therefore, I think be the smallest doubt that a line was omitted in the copy of 1597 by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor, in which not only Thomas Arundel but his father was mentioned, for *his* in a subsequent line (*His* brother) must refer to the *old* Earl of Arundel The Christian name of Sir Thomas Ramston is changed to *John* and the two following persons are improperly described as knights in all the copies"

Rutson proposed filling up the lacuna with

"The son and heir of the late Earl of Arundel"

(which is nearly word for word from Holinshed)

Mr Grant White remarks that "the rhythm is somewhat irregular in this enumeration of titles" "Somewhat," indeed—vide note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI*

P 131 (41) *sweet Richard* ’

Perhaps *dear Richard* ” Walker’s *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 282

P 131 (42) *Persuades me it is otherwise howe er it be*

Dele *it is* ? Or possibly, *Howe er’t be* Walker’s *Crit Exam &c* vol iii p 126

P 131 (43) *‘in thinl ing on no thought I thinl —*

The old eds have *on thinl ing* &c —Mr W N Lettsom (note on Walker’s *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 223) feels confident that the true reading of the line is ‘*As,—though in thinking on no thing I think*

P 131 (44) *‘ But what it is &c*

Mr W N Lettsom suggests to me

*“ But what it is that s not yet known yct what
I cannot name is nameless woe I wot*

P 132 (45) *that* ’

May surely mean *that which* ”—But Rowe and Mr Collier’s Ms Corrector substitute “*what*”

P 133 (46) *the commons cold* ’

The old eds have “ *the commons they are cold*

P 133 (47) *“ thrust disorderly*

The old eds have ‘ *disorderly thrust*

P 134 (48) *“ Is my near kinsman,*

So Mr Collier’s Ms Corrector —the word *near*” not being in the old eds — Strange to say, Dr Guest (*Hist of English Rhythms*, vol 1 p 218) cites this line as uncorrupted, scanning it thus

‘ *Is | my kins|man whom | the king | hath wrong d |* ’

P 134 (49) *“ Lies in their purses and whoso empties them* ’

“ ‘Who [which is Pope’s emendation]?’ or can *purse*’, as a plural, be the true reading? Walker’s *Crit Exam &c* vol iii p 126

P 134 (50) *The hateful commons will perform for us,*

The old eds have ‘ *Will the hateful commons perform for us* ’

P 134 (51)

Farewell at once —for once, for all and ever

This line is given in the first four quartos to Green and in the folio to Bushy
—I assign it with Mr Grant White to Bagot

P 135 (52)

It is my son, young Harry Percy

Capell printed '*It is my son my lord young Harry Percy*

P 136 (53)

And in it are the Lords of York Beilley and Seymoun —

Pope gave *And in it are the Lords Yorl Beilley, Seymoun* —Mr W N Lettsom would read *In t are the Lords &c* —observing that without reference to the metrical question '*And* is better away

P 136 (54)

' is t

Inserted by Capell —Pope's insertion was now (In the preceding page we have '*But who comes here?* where the line consisting of eight syllables "*is t*" is not required for the metre, as in the present line)

P 137 (55)

ostentation of despised arms

Is explained by Mason 'a boastful display of arms which we despise' — For '*despised* Hammer reads "despightful, Warburton "disposed, and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector despoiling

P 138 (56)

' In

The old eds have "On "

P 138 (57)

wrongs

See note 142 on *Love's Labour's lost*

P 139 (58)

' fare you well —

' *Farewell* ' The extra syllable in the body of the line would be in place in *Macbeth* or *King Henry VIII* but is strange here " Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 127 —Pope printed *farewell*

P 139 (59)

And there repose you for this night

Capell gave '*—for this night* or so —Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads "*And there, my lords repose you* &c

P 139 (60)

" Bagot,"

See note 72

P 141 (61)

" over

Omitted by Pope, and rightly, perhaps

P 141 (62)

*"Than's gentle uncle — Come my lords, away
To fight with Glendower and his complices
Awhile to work and after holiday*

The 'my' in the first line was added by Pope — 'Though the intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third line rhyme to each other nor do I imagine this was casual but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine it must argue the poet of forgetfulness in his own plan and in attention to history of which he was most observant. Bolingbroke is as it were yet but just arrived he is now at Bristol weak in his numbers has had no meeting with a parliament nor is so far assured of the succession as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the throne. Besides we find the opposition of Glendower begins *The First Part of King Henry IV* and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welshman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again though Glendower in the very first year of King Henry IV began to be troublesome put in for the supremacy of Wales and imprisoned Mortimer yet it was not till the succeeding year that the king employed any force against him. THEOBALD — 'It is evident from the preceding scene that there was a force in Wales which Bolingbroke might think it necessary to suppress and why Dr Johnson (for you think the emendation [by Theobald] just), might not Shakespeare call it Glendower's? When we next see Bolingbroke, he is in Wales and mentions his having received intelligence that the Welshmen are dispersed. RISSON — 'Mr Heath observes that Bolingbroke marched to Chester probably with a view to attack the Welsh army headed by Lord Salisbury. He thinks therefore the line is genuine. See also in p 147 Stowe expressly says that Owen Glendower saved King Richard at Flint Castle.' MALONE — Walker would retain the line in question but he proposes to supply before it

'And lead we forth our well appointed powers,'

observing "The awkward vicinity too of the final words *away*' and *holiday*' to each other perhaps demands this. *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 128

P 142 (63)

my good lord

Here *good* was added by Pope (of which probably Mr Grant White was not aware when he proposed *good my lord*) — Dr Guest quotes the line as it stands in the old eds scanning it thus

Yea, | my lord | how brook[s] | your grace | the air |

Hist of English Rhythms vol 1 p 217

(In the same page Dr Guest cites and scans thus a line of Milton's *Samson Agonistes*

'Jael who | with hos[pita]ble guile

though all the eds have, as the sense requires

'Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisara sleeping |

P 142 (64)

'After late

The old eds have *After* your *late* (the *you* having been repeated by mistake from the preceding line)

P 142 (65)

"heaven yields

The old eds have *heauens yeeld* (This and the next three lines are not in the folio)

P 142 (66)

'if'

Not in the old eds

P 143 (67)

know st thou not

*That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world*

In the last of these lines, *that* does not relate to the nearest antecedent *globe* but to *the eye of heaven*. Nothing is more common in Shakespeare and the writers of his day than this manner of disposing of the relative *TALBOT* — 'Without disputing the general truth of Talbot's note I deny that it is applicable here. It seems more probable that by a most common typographical error '*and*' has been expelled by an intrusive '*that*'. With deference to Staunton there is nothing confused in the *imagery* of this magnificent passage and though further on it contains some peculiarities of style I have no doubt that the whole is correct with the exception specified above.' W. N. LITTLESON — Here Hammer substituted '*and*' for "*that*"

P 143 (68)

'boldly

The earliest quarto has *boldly*, the later eds (with various spelling) *bloody*

P 144 (69)

'and

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes "*an*"

P 144 (70)

'enough'

Omitted by Pope

P 145 (71)

boys with women's voices

*Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown*

So the first quarto — The later eds have "*and boyes, &c*" — Mr Collier's Ms Corrector changes *clap* to *clasp* (an alteration made also by Pope), and *female* to *feeble* but '*clap*' is undoubtedly right and '*female*' may surely keep its place as equivalent to "*womanish*" (Compare

The earth itself breathes better perfumes here
Than all the *female* men or women there
Not without cause about them bear

Cowley — Poem in his Essay entitled *The Garden*)

P 145 (72)

*Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?*

Here are *four* of them named and within a very few lines the King hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judases. But how was then peace made? Why with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says

Is Bushy, Green and th Earl of Wiltshire dead?"

So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question and indeed he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland. And so we find him in the 2d act determining to do

Bagot No I'll to Ireland, to his majesty'

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. The transcribers must have blundered. It seems probable to me that he wrote as I have conjecturally altered the text

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is *he* got?

he into what corner of my dominions is he *shun*d and *absconded*?" THO BALD (whose alteration is truly abominable) — I agree with Johnson in thinking that this was a mistake of the author's because we find a mistake of the same nature in the second act where Bolingbroke says that Bristol Castle was held by Bushy and Bagot yet it is certain that Bagot was not taken at Bristol for we find him afterwards accusing Aumerle of treason and in the parting scene between him Green and Bushy, he declares his intention of flying to the King in Ireland. MASON

P 146 (73)

*'How some have been depos'd some slain in war
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd'*

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 300) observes that one of these *depos'ds* is wrong and suggests that the second should be 'depriv'd (in the sense of *depos'd*)' — Pope printed — *by the ghosts they dispossess'd.* — Mr. Swynfen Jervis would read — *by their ghosts,* &c

P 146 (74)

'Tradition,'

'Seems here used for *traditional practices* that is, *established* or *customary homage*' JOHNSON — Roderick suggests 'Addition' which seems right

P 146 (75)

"Need friends — subjected thus"

I feel almost assured, says Walker "that Shakespeare wrote *Need friends, fear enemies* — subjected thus, &c or at any rate something synonymous" *Crit Exam* &c vol 11 p 13

P 148 (76)

"me

Added by Rowe

P 148 (77)

and I not oppose

The old eds have and oppose not '

P 148 (78)

Welcome

Hammer substituted 'Well

P 148 (79)

'O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle '

There is something wrong here for "Carlisle" was pronounced "Carlsle" (see Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 129) —Mr W N Lettsom proposes 'Belike the Bishop of Carlsle '

P 149 (80)

"this castle's tatter'd battlements

So the three latest quartos and the folio —The two earliest quartos have '—— tottered battlements' —which is merely a variety of spelling see note 139 on the preceding play p 98 So in the Second Part of *Henry IV* [Induction] Rumour calls Northumberland's castle this *worm eaten* hold of *ragged stone*, 'an expression synonymous to 'tatter'd' " MASON

P 149 (81) "See, see, King Richard doth himself appear" &c

In all the old eds this speech stands without a prefix Most of the modern editors follow Hammer (Warburton) in making it a portion of the next speech That it belongs to Percy I feel confident

P 149 (82)

storm"

So Mr Collier's Ms Corrector and Mr Singer's Ms Corrector —The old eds have 'harne —The late Mr W W Williams (*The Parthenon* for July 19 1862 p 378) conjectures "shame, and otes from *The Merchant of Venice* act 1 sc 3 'Forget the *shames* that you have *stann'd* me with but 'storm, on account of what precedes, seems to me to be the far more probable reading here

P 150 (83)

"torn"

Has hitherto been passed over without notice by the editors but qy "lorn" ?

P 150 (84)

Thy thrice noble cousin"

Pope printed "No, thy thrice noble cousin" —"Perhaps, 'Thy thrice noble, &c Yet I doubt whether *this*' can be legitimately used here The verse, too, is perplexed " Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 260

P 155 (95) ' *Thou, old Adam's likeness* &c

There is something wrong in this passage it was cut down by Pope to

Thou Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden
How dares thy tongue sound this displeasing news?

P 158 (96) ' *I task thee to the like*

So Capell and Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol in p 130) —The first quarto has "*I taske the earth to the like*" the next three quartos have ' *I take the earth to the like* ' —(In a note on Walker's work *ubi supra* Mr W N Lettsom observes ' *Task* is variant by the first quarto The error seems to have arisen from the words *thee to the like*' having been misprinted the *earth* like and from the correction having been inserted without ejecting the blunder ') —This line and the seven next lines are omitted in the folio

P 158 (97) " *As may be*
From sun to sun "

The first four quartos have

" *As it may be*
From sinne to sinne "

See the preceding note

P 159 (98) ' *here do I throw down this* '

Holinshed says that on this occasion he threw down a hood that he had borrowed.' STEVENS Although Holinshed makes them all throw down their hoods Shakespeare evidently means that Aumale only shall throw down his he having, before Surrey's insult thrown down both gloves, one to Bagot, and one to Fitzwater See this speech and the previous part of the scene " GRANT WHITE

P 159 (99) ' *To all his lands and signories* "

Altered by Pope to *To all his signories*,"—and rightly, perhaps

P 159 (100) " *My* "

Added by Capell

P 160 (101) *breath* '

"Folio '*breath*' *E* is not ordinarily or regularly subjoined to '*breath*' in the spelling of that time I think that the Elizabethan grammar requires '*breaths*' " Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol in p 130

P 161 (102) ' *Preuent, resist it,* "

The old eds have " *Preuent it, resist it* "

P 161 (103) ' *Lest children's children* '

The old eds have *Least Child Childs Children* '—Corrected by Pope —
(Mr Giant White observes that child's is plainly a mere repetition)

P 161 (104) " *Well have you angu d sn* ' &c

"This line and the next three lines evidently belong to Bolingbroke (note particularly *we* aniest you' and presently after, under *our* arrest) but since Northumberland as Earl Marshal, executed the king's orders, these lines were given to him. The next line *May t please you* &c is quite unconnected with the context here though it is alluded to in a subsequent speech of Northumberland's (p 164) and the suit of the commons is mentioned in Holinshed. The *Additions*' to the play begin with this line and possibly some lines may have been omitted hereabouts from negligence
W N LETSOM

P 162 (105)

' *Give me the crown* [The crown is brought to Richard who seizes it]—*Here cousin*

On this side my hand and on that side yours

'The quarto 1608 where this [speech and much more of the present] scene first appeared reads

Seize the crown

Here, cousin on this side my hand and on that side yours

The folio,

Give me the crown Here cousin seize the crown

Here cousin on this side my hand, on that side thine ' '

MALONE

But Mr Singer was the first to see that the words 'Seize the crown,' were a stage direction, which, by no unusual accident, had crept into the text

P 163 (106) ' *look upon*

So quarto 1608 (this speech forming part of the 'new additions' which were first inserted in that quarto) and quarto 1615—The folio has '*looks upon me*' but compare the passages from *Troilus and Cressida*, *The Third Part of King Henry VI* and *The Winter's Tale* cited in note 121 on the last mentioned play

P 165 (107) *lament*

The old eds have 'laments'

P 165 (108) *my*'

Not in the old eds—(Compare

'My cousin Westmoreland?—No *my fan cousin*

King Henry V act iv sc 3)

P 166 (109) ' *but to* '

The old eds have *but also to* '

P 167 (110)

' *What is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform d and weaken d ? hath Bolingbroke depos d
Thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?*

That the author intended these lines to be so regulated is proved by some other passages of the play

' Harry *Bolingbroke* doth humbly kiss thy hand p 150

What says King *Bolingbroke*? will his majesty &c p 152 —

1864 Walker I now find arranges these lines as I have done but would alter *weaken d* to ' *weald* ' see his *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 118 — Mr W N Lettsom (note *ibid*) supposes that I make a dissyllable of *Bolingbroke* ' not so vide my second note on *The Second Part of King Henry VI*

P 168 (111)

And

Not in the old eds

P 169 (112)

' *window tops*'

The old eds have *windowes tops*

P 170 (113)

' *bow*'

The old eds have "bound" which Capell altered to "bind" — I adopt the emendation of Mr W N Lettsom, who no doubt is right in considering that here "bound" is a misprint for "bowe" and see Walker on "*Final d and final e confounded*" in his *Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 61

P 170 (114)

it

Not in the old eds

P 170 (115) ' *Yea look'st thou pale sir? let me see the writing* '

Here ' *sir* ' was inserted by Capell (compare York's next speech but one) — Hammer printed " — come, let me see the writing " and Mr Collie's Ms Corrector reads ' — let me then see the writing " — Dr Guest (*Hist of English Rhythms*, vol 1 p 226) sees no deficiency in the old text of this line

P 171 (116)

" *Beseech* "

The old eds have " *I do beseech* "

P 171 (117)

" *ho* "

I prefer making this addition, instead of printing in the next portion of the line, "*Saddle me my horse,*" which was given by Hammer, and is recommended by Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 181)

P 172 (118) *be gone* "

Thrown out by Pope for the metres sake but see note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI*

P 172 (119) *While he &c*

So Pope — The old eds have *Which he, &c* — In the following passage of *Foib's Broken Heart* act iii sc 2

*While every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall " &c*

the quarto has '*Which every bit I touch, &c*

P 173 (120) *a*

Not in the old eds

P 173 (121) *My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth* '

The old eds have — *to my roof &c* — Corrected by Mr W N Lettsom (who compares '*my tongue [might freeze] to the roof of my mouth*' in *The Taming of the Shrew* act iv sc 1) — Here the error was occasioned by "*my mouth*

P 173 (122) *on*

Which Pope altered to '*but, is equivalent to 'of* "

P 174 (123) '*strong* "

Walker would read *strange* ' (*Crit Exam &c* vol iii p 28)

P 175 (124) *are jest*

The old eds have "*are in jest* '

P 175 (125)

*"Our prayers do out pray his then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have* '

To say nothing else, my ear repudiates this, standing where it does see context Read ought to *crave* I think '*Prayers* in the second line is *precatores* not *preces* " Walker's *Crit Exam &c* vol i p 280 — Pope printed "*—let them crave* " making of course, no alteration in the second line

P 176 (126) '*But makes one pardon strong*

*Boling With all my heart
I pardon him
Duch A god on earth thou art* "

The old eds have "*I pardon him with all my heart*" (which Mr Collier retains,—though a couplet was evidently intended here)

P 176 (127)

and cousin mine

Here all the old eds have merely *and Cosin* except quarto 1634 (a slight authority) which has '*and Cosin too* —I adopt as preferable the reading of Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —' Perhaps' say the Cambridge Editors the line may be amended thus

Uncle farewell farewell aunt cousin adieu

Many as harsh sounding lines may be found [?] and it seems only consonant with good manners that the king should take leave of his aunt as well as of the others There is a propriety too in his using a colder form of leave taking to his guilty cousin than to his uncle and aunt' —Qy *Uncle farewell aunt —cousin too —adieu ?*

P 177 (128)

contented

Read [with Hammer] *content* (*This little world 's e* his prison not as Malone explains it, his body see below

—— this hard world my ragged prison walls)'

Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 127

P 177 (129)

small needles

So the first four quartos except that they have *needles* (see note 59 on *A Midsummer Night's Dream* vol ii p 331) the folio omits *small* ' but Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 131) says "That the epithet is from Shakespeare's hand, I feel certain

P 178 (130)

To check time broke in a disorder'd string "

' I strongly suspect that Shakespeare wrote *To check at time broke in disorder'd string* ' W N LITTLETON —In the folio 'heave' is substituted for 'check' which is the reading of the first four quartos

P 178 (131)

*"they jar**Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch "*

So the second folio —The earlier eds have *Their* [and 'there'] *watches* on unto *mine eyes the outward watch* ' —which it is evident are not the very words of the poet —Nares (*Gloss* in v *Jar* ') remarks The above is the reading of the second folio, and is sense without alteration or laborious explanation the reading of the old quartos serves as the best comment The meaning is, They tick their periods on to my eyes which represent the outward watch watch' signifying as Dr Johnson observed in the first place a portion of time and in the second the face of the clock " —In *The Parthenon* for July 19, 1862, p 378, the late Mr W W Williams writes thus, ' The second folio (1632) remedies the measure by pointing

' My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar

Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch,' &c

but not of necessity correctly As a mere conjecture, it might be suspected that 'watches' was a misreading for *aches* —a dissyllable in Shakespeare's

time and pronounced *atches*. But many critics would maintain that a pun was intended. Such repetitions were admired in the days of Elizabeth and were also a fruitful source of typographical error. It must be admitted too that the text is reasonably intelligible as it stands. The word *watches* does not necessarily apply to thoughts but to thoughts *as minutes*. So in King John act iv scene 1 we have

And like the *watchful minutes* to the hour ' &c

The King may mean to say that his thoughts [a] [or *tick*] then watchful minutes to [or on] the outward dial of his eyes. Richard the Second is an early play and it is dangerous to meddle with any passage because the imagery may be forced or the language obscure.

P 178 (132) *Now sir the sounds that tell what hour it is*

The old eds have ' *Now sir the sound that tells,* ' &c — Here I do not adopt Mr Collier's (and his Ms Corrector's) alteration of *sir* to *for* though I now find that the change is also recommended by Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 290) because I am still strongly inclined to believe that *sir* is merely one of those improprieties in soliloquy of which so many examples might be collected from our early dramatists. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Launce *soliloquizes* thus ' This shoe, with the hole in it is my mother and thus my father a vengeance on't! there 'tis now *sir* this staff is my sister, &c act ii sc 3 and further on, he *soliloquizes* as follows, "If I had not had more wit than he [my dog] to take a fault upon me that he did I think verily he had been hanged for't *same* as I live he had suffered for't you shall judge. He thrusts me himself &c act iv sc 2. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Falstaff while *soliloquizing* at the Garter Inn, says ' The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies fifteen or the litter and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking," &c act iii sc 5. In *The Lamentable Tragedie of Loerine* &c 1595 Strumbo thus appeals to the audience ' I [*re* Ay], MAISTERS I [*re* ay] you may laugh but I must weep * * * * for trust me GENTLEMEN AND MY VERIE GOOD FRIENDS &c sig B 4. In Chapman's *Humorous Dayes Myrth* 1599, while Florila is alone on the stage her husband enters behind unseen by her, and commences a *soliloquy* thus ' Yea mary *sir*, now I must looke about now if her desolate [*re* dissolute] piouser come againe shal I admit him to make farther triall? ' &c sig C 3. In Middleton's *A Mad World, my Masters* Sir Bounteous, who is the only person on the stage observes ' An old man's venerie is very chargeable my MASTERS there's much cookery belongs to't act iv sc 2, — Works, vol ii p 390, ed. Dyce. In Fletcher's *Woman's Prize or the Lamer tamed*, Petruchio says while *solus*

' 'Tis hard dealing

Very hard dealing, gentlemen, strange dealing!

Act iii. sc 2

and in his *Wild Goose Chase* Pinac says, while alone,

' You talk of travels, here's a curious country!

Act ii sc 2

Nay Walker who, in the present passage of our text, pronounces "*sir*" to be

an error, himself furnishes me with at least one quotation which helps to support it, when (*ubi supra*) he writes as follows ' Ford it is true has fallen into this fault, *Love & Sacrifice* 11 2 Moxon p 81 col 1 Fernando's soliloquy

She's young and fair why madam that's the bait
Invites me more to hope &c

But Ford was not Shakespeare and he may even have been misled by this very error of the press into a blind imitation of his great model Utterly unlikely I think

P 179 (133) *Thanks noble peer* '

A playful rejoinder,—like the what would my lord? of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* see note 4. on that comedy

P 179 (134) *now*

Not in the old eds—Capell added *man* here—If the more recent editors thought that by printing in this line 'comest' they perfected the metre they were very strangely mistaken

P 179 (135) *my sometimes master's face* ' "

The old eds have '*my sometimes 10yall master's face* '—*Sometimes* was [occasionally] used for formerly MALONE

P 179 (136) *"proud"*

The old eds have 'proudly

P 180 (137) *late*'

The old eds have 'lately'

P 180 (138) *Exton*

Omitted by Pope

P 182 (139) '*The mightiest of thy greatest enemies*'

Capell conjectures "*The mightiest of thy mighty enemies* '

P 182 (140) *"after"*

Would seem to have been repeated by mistake from the preceding line—Pope substituted "over

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV

THIS play according to Malone was probably written in 1597 according to Mr Collier perhaps in 1596 It was entered in the Stationers' Registers by Andrew Wise Feb 25th 1597 8, as A booke intituled the Historye of Hemy the myth with his battaile at Shrewsburye against Henry Hottspurie of the Northe with the conceipted Mirth of Sir John Falstaffe and by him it was published in 1598, 4to —That not only in this play but in *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* Sir John Falstaff was originally called Sir John Oldcastle is beyond all doubt In Field's *Amends for Ladies* 1618 we find (with an allusion to Falstaff's speech in *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* act v sc 2)

‘ Did you neuer see
The play where the fat knight hight *Oldcastle*
Did tell you truly what this honour was ? —

a passage first pointed out by Farmer and which as Mr Halliwell observes would show that some of the theatres in acting *Henry IV* retained the name of Oldcastle after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff (*The Character of Sir John Falstaff as originally exhibited by Shakespeare* &c 1841, p 28) See too (*id* pp 24 6) the extract from *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie* &c 1604 (first cited by Malone) and that from *The Wandering Jew telling fortunes to Englishmen* 1640 (first cited by Reed) As to the internal evidence afforded by the two plays themselves that Falstaff was originally named Oldcastle —in *The First Part* act i sc 2, Prince Henry calls Falstaff ‘ my old lad of the castle ’ on which Waiburton remarks, This alludes to the name Shakespeare first gave to this buffoon character which was *Sir John Oldcastle* and when he changed the name he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it’ In *The Second Part*, act iii sc 2 Shallow says Then was Jack Falstaff now Sir John a boy and page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk but *Oldcastle*, not Falstaff had been page to that nobleman as Reed shows by the following lines from *The Mirror of Martyrs, or The Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and most godly Martyr Sir John Oldcastle Knight, Lord Cobham*, by J Weever, 1601 where Oldcastle is the speaker

“ Within the springtide of my flowing youth
He [my father] stept into the winter of his age
Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)
That I was made *Sir Thomas Mowbrays* page

And in the quarto of *The Second Part* 1600 the speech of Falstaff, ‘ Very well my lord very well ’ &c act i sc 2 has the prefix *Old*, —which as Theobald remarks proves ‘ that, the play being printed from the stage manuscript *Oldcastle* had been all along altered into Falstaff except in this

single place by an oversight of which the printers not being aware continued these initial traces of the original name. Compare too the words of the Epilogue to *The Second Part* where for any thing I know Falstaff shall die of a sweat unless already a be killed with your hard opinions for Oldcastle died a martyr and this is not the man. — From the entry in the Stationers Registers quoted above it is certain that Shakespeare had altered *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff* before the play was printed. Rowe mentions that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle some of that family being then remaining the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it upon which he made use of *Falstaff* (*Life of Shakespeare*) and the statement is supported by Dr James's Epistle Dedicatory to his unpublished work *The Legend and Defence of the Noble Knight and Martyr Sir John Oldcastle* where we are told that Shakespeare changed the name *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff* offence beinge worthily taken by personages descended from his [Oldcastle's] title as peradventure by manie others also whoe ought to haue him in honourable memorie (See Halliwell's *Character of Sir John Falstaff as originally exhibited by Shakespeare* &c p 20). — It remains to be noticed that the name which our author first gave to his imitable knight was borrowed from an early anonymous play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth containing the honourable battell of Agincourt* in that play one of Henry's companions is a *Sir John Oldcastle* — a personage however bearing no resemblance to Falstaff, and as dull as its other characters and there too — crowded together and most artificially handled — are to be found the leading incidents of no fewer than three of Shakespeare's dramas viz *The First and Second Parts of King Henry the Fourth* and *King Henry the Fifth*. Utterly worthless as it is *The Famous Victories* was a very popular piece, and passed through several editions. It was produced before 1588 when Richard Taitton who had acted in it, died (Nichols has reprinted it among *Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded* &c, 1779).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY the Fourth
HENRY prince of Wales, }
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster } sons to the King
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
SIR WALTER BLUNT
THOMAS PERCY earl of Worcester
HENRY PERCY earl of Northumberland
HENRY PERCY surnamed HOTSPUR, his son
EDMUND MORTIMER, earl of March
SCROOP archbishop of York
ARCHIBALD, earl of Douglas
OWEN GLENDOVER
SIR RICHARD VERNON
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York
POINTZ
GADSHILL
PETO
BARDOLPH

LADY PERCY wife to Hotspur and sister to Mortimer
LADY MORTIMER daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers,
Travellers and Attendants

SCENE—*England*

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV

ACT I

SCENE I *London A room in the palace*

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT,
and others

K Hen So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for flighted peace to pant,
And breathe short winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stians⁽¹⁾ afar remote
No more the thursty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood,
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the aimed hoofs
Of hostile paces those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies
The edge of war, like an ill sheath'd knife,
No more shall cut his master Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,—
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,⁽²⁾
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs

To chase these pagans in those holy fields
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter cross
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go
 Therefore we meet not now ⁽³⁾—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree
 In forwarding this dear expedience

West My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales loaden with heavy news,
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against th' irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 A thousand⁽⁴⁾ of his people butchered,
 Upon whose dead corpse⁽⁵⁾ there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
 Without much shame re told or spoken of

K Hen It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land

West This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord,
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import
 On Holy-rod day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 That ever valiant and approvèd Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told,
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way

K Hen Here is a dear and true industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,

Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours,
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains ⁽⁶⁾ of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the ⁽⁷⁾ earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earls ⁽⁸⁾ of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith
And is not this an honourable spoil,
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of ⁽⁹⁾

K Hen Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me
sorrow

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,—
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant,
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry O that it could be prov'd
That some night tipping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine
But let him from my thoughts—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife

West This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity

K Hen But I have sent for him to answer this,
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at Windsor,—so inform the lords
 But come yourself with speed to us again,
 For more is to be said and to be done
 Than out of anger can be uttered
West I will, my liege

[*Eaeunt*]

SCENE II *The same Before a tavern*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and FALSTAFF

Fal Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P Hen Thou art so fat witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame coloured taffeta,—I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal Indeed, you come near me now, Hal, for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus,—he, “that wandering knight so fair”*. And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

P Hen What, none?

Fal No, by my troth,—not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P Hen Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night’s body be called thieves of the day’s beauty ⁽¹⁰⁾ let us be Diana’s foresters, gentlemen of

that wandering knight so fair] Perhaps a quotation from some ballad about the Knight of the Sun (*El Donzel del Phebo*), whose adventures were translated from the Spanish by Margaret Tyler under the title of *The Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood*.

the shade, minions of the moon, and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal

P Hen Thou sayest well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning, got with swearing 'lay by,' and spent with crying 'bring in,' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows

Fal By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P Hen As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle⁽¹¹⁾ And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of duance?

Fal How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P Hen Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft

P Hen Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there

P Hen Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch, and where it would not, I have used my credit

Fal Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief

P Hen No, thou shalt

Fal Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge

P Hen Thou judgest false already. I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hanging man

Fal Well, Hal, well, and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you

P Hen For obtaining of suits?

Fal Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardiobe 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear

P Hen Or an old lion, or a lover's lute

Fal Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe

P Hen What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor ditch?

Fal Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, in deed, the most compunctive, rascaldest,—sweet young pounce,—but, Hal, I prithe thee, trouble me no more with vanity I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir,—but I marked him not, and yet he talked very wisely,—but I regarded him not, and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too

P Hen Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it

Fal O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked I must give over this life, and I will give it over, by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom

P Hen Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me

P Hen I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking

Enter POINTZ at some distance

Fal Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal, 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation —Pointz ⁽¹²⁾—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match —O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried "stand" to a true man

P Hen Good morrow, Ned

Pom Good moriow, sweet Hal —What says Monsieun Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madena and a cold capon's leg?

P Hen Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breake of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due

Pom Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil

P Hen Else he had been damned for cozening the devil

Pom But, my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses I have visards for you all, you have horses for yourselves Gadshill lies to night in Rochester I have bespoken supper to morrow night in Eastcheap we may do it as secure as sleep If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns, if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged

Fal Hear ye, Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going

Pom You will, chops?

Fal Hal, wilt thou make one?

P Hen Who, I too? I a thief? not I, by my faith

Fal There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou comest not of the blood royal, if thou daiest not stand for ten shillings ⁽¹³⁾

P Hen Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap

Fal Why, that's well said

P Hen Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home

Fal By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king

P Hen I care not

Pom Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go

Fal Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief, for the poor abuses

of the time want countenance Farewell you shall find me
in Eastcheap

P Hen Farewell, thou⁽¹⁴⁾ latter spring' farewell, All
hallow summer' [*Exit Falstaff*]

Poin Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone Falstaff, Bauldolph, Peto,⁽¹⁵⁾ and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid, yourself and I will not be there, and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders

P Hen But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poin Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to ful, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them

P Hen Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves

Poin Tut! our horses they shall not see,—I'll tie them in the wood, our visards we will change, after we leave them, and, sniah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to im mask our noted outward garments

P Hen But I doubt they will be too hard for us

Poin Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bried cowards as ever turned back, and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper how thirty, at least, he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured, and in the reproof of this lies the jest

P Hen Well, I'll go with thee provide us all things necessary, and meet me to night⁽¹⁶⁾ in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell

Poin Farewell, my lord [*Exit*]

P Hen I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,
 That, when he please again to be himself,
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapour⁽¹⁷⁾ that did seem to strangle him
 If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work,
 But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes,
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will

[Exit

SCENE III *The same A room in the palace*

*Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR,
 Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others*

K Hen My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And⁽¹⁸⁾ you have found me, for accordingly
 You tread upon my patience but be sure
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition,
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud
Wor Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it,
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly
North My good lord,—⁽¹⁹⁾

K Hen Worcester,⁽¹⁰⁾ get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye
 O, sir,
 Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow
 You have good leave to leave us when we need
 You use and counsel, we shall send for you [*Exit Worcester*
 [*To North*] You were about to speak

North

Yea, my good lord

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
 As is deliver'd to your majesty
 Either envy, therefore, or mispision
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son

Hot My liege, I did deny no prisoners
 But I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly⁽²¹⁾ dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd
 Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home,
 He was perfum'd like a milliner,
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took 't away again, —
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff — and still he smil'd and talk'd,
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me, among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 Out of my grief and my impatience
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,⁽²²⁾
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what, —

He should, or he should not,—for he made me mad⁽²³⁾
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was paimaceti for an inward bruise,
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly, and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said,
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation

Blunt The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now

K Hen Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,—
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March
Hath lately married Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,⁽²⁴⁾
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve,
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer

Hot Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign hege,
 But by the chance of war —to prove that true
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
 Blood stained with these valiant combatants
 Never did base and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt

K Hen Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie
 him, ⁽²⁵⁾

He never did encounter with Glendower

I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone

As Owen Glendower for an enemy

Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth ⁽²⁶⁾

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me

As will displease you —My Lord Northumberland,

We license your departure with your son —

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train*]

Hot An if the devil come and roar for them,

I will not send them —I will after straight,

And tell him so for I will ease my heart,

Although it be with hazard of my head

North What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile
 Here comes your uncle

Re enter WORCESTER

Hot Speak of Mortimer !
 Zounds, I will speak of him, and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him
 Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i the dust,
 But I will lift the down trod Mortimer
 As high i' th' air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke

North [to Worcester] Brother, the king hath made you
 nephew mad

Wor Who struck this heat up after I was gone ?

Hot He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners,
 And when I uig'd the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer

Wor I cannot blame him was he not proclaim'd
 By Richard that is dead⁽²⁷⁾ the next of blood ?

North He was, I heard the proclamation
 And then it was when the unhappy king—
 Whose wrongs in us God pardon !—did set forth
 Upon his Irish expedition,
 From whence he intercepted did return
 To be depos'd, and shortly murdered

Wor And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
 Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of

Hot But, soft, I pray you, did King Richard then
 Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
 Heir to the crown ?

North He did, myself did hear it

Hot Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd
 But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
 Upon the head of this forgetful man,
 And for his sake wear the detested blot
 Of murderous subornation,—shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo,
 Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman⁽⁹⁸⁾ rather?—
 O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To show the line and the predicament
 Wherein you range under this subtle king,—
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No, yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again,
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud king, who studies day and night
 To answer all the debt he owes to you
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor Peace, cousin, say no more
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick conceiving discontents⁽⁹⁹⁾
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit
 As to o'er walk a current roaring loud
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear

Hot If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim —⁽⁹⁰⁾
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple —O, the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience

Hot By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom line could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without coriival all her dignities
But out upon this half fac'd fellowship!

Wor He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend —
Good cousin, give me audience for a while

Hot I cly you mercy

Wor Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot I'll keep them all,
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not
I'll keep them, by this hand

Wor You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes —
Those prisoneis you shall keep

Hot Nay, I will, that's flat:—
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer,
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla "Mortimer!"

Nay,
I'll have a stalling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion

Wor Hear you, cousin, a word

Hot All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke
And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale

Wor Farewell, kinsman I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend

Noth Why, what a wasp-stung⁽³¹⁾ and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with
rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
 Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke
 In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—
 A plague upon 't—it is in Glostershire,—
 'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,—
 His uncle York,—where I first bow'd my knee
 Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
 When you and he came back from Ravenspung

North At Berkley castle

Hot You say true —

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
 Look, “when his infant fortune came to age,”
 And, “gentle Harry Percy,” and, “kind cousin,”—
 O, the devil take such cozeners !—God forgive me !—
 Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done

Wor Nay, if you have not, to 't again, ⁽³⁹⁾

We'll stay your leisure

Hot I have done, i' faith

Wor Then once more to your Scottish prisoners
 Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
 And make the Douglas' son⁽³³⁾ your only mean
 For powers in Scotland, which, for divers reasons
 Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
 Will easily be granted — [*To Northumberland*] You, my
 lord,

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep
 Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
 Th' archbishop

Hot Of York, is 't not?

Wor True, who bears hard
 His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop
 I speak not this in estimation,
 As what I think might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
 And only stays but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on

Hot I smell 't upon my life, it will do well.

North, Before the game's a foot, thou still lett'st slip

Hot Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot —
And then the power of Scotland and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor And so they shall

Hot In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd

Wor And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head,
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love

Hot He does, he does we'll be reveng'd on him

Wor Cousin, farewell —no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe,—which will be suddenly,—
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty

North Farewell, good brother we shall thrive, I trust

Hot Uncle, adieu —O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I *Rochester An inn yard*

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand

First Car Heigh ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be
hanged Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our
horse not packed —What, ostler!

Ost [*within*] Anon, anon

First Car I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few

flocks in the point, the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess

Enter another Carrier

Sec Car Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,⁽³⁴⁾ and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died

First Car Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him

Sec Car I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas I am stung like a tench

First Car Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock

Sec Car Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in the⁽³⁵⁾ chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach

First Car What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away

Sec Car I have a gammon of bacon and two laces of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing cross

First Car God's body, the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved —What, ostler! —A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain —Come, and be hanged —hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL

Gads Good morrow, carriers What's o'clock?

First Car I think it be two o'clock

Gads I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable

First Car Nay, soft, I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that, I' faith

Gads I prithee, lend me thine

Sec Car Ay, when? canst tell? —Lend me thy lantern, quoth 'a? —marry, I'll see thee hanged first

Gads Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec Car Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I

waitant thee —Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen they will along with company, for they have great charge

[*Exeunt Carriers*]

Gads What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham [*within*] At hand, quoth pick purse

Gads That's even as far as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain, for thou vaigest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring, thou layest the plot how

Enter Chamberlain

Cham Good morrow, Master Gadshill It holds current that I told you yesternight —there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what They are up already, and call for eggs and butter they will away presently

Gads Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck

Cham No, I'll none of it I prithee, keep that for the hangman, for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may

Gads What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows, for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole I am joined with no foot land rakers, no long staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple hued malt worms, but with nobility and tranquillity,⁽⁸⁶⁾ burgomasters and great oneyers,⁽⁸⁷⁾ such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray and yet, zounds, I lie, for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth, or, rather, not pray to her, but pray on her, —for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots

Cham What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads She will, she will, justice hath hquored her We

steal as in a castle, cock sure, we have the receipt of fern seed,—we walk invisible

Cham Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible

Gads Give me thy hand thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man

Cham Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief

Gads Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable Farewell, ye muddy knave
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *The road by Gadshill*

Enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ, BARDOLPH and PETO at some distance

Poin Come, shelter, shelter I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet

P Hen Stand close [They retire]

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal Pointz! Pointz, and be hanged! Pointz!

P Hen [coming forward] Peace, ye fat kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal Where's Pointz, Hal?

P Hen He is walked up to the top of the hill I'll go seek him. [Retires]

Fal I am accursed to rob in that thief's company the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where If I travel but four foot by the squire further a foot, I shall break my wind Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged, it could not be else, I have drunk medicines—Pointz!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles

a foot with me, and the stony hearted villains know it well enough a plague upon t, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues, give me my horse, and be hanged

P Hen [*coming forward*] Peace, ye fat guts! lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers

Fal Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P Hen Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted

Fal I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son

P Hen Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal Go, hang thyself in thine own hen apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison—when a jest is so forward, and a foot too!—I hate it

Enter GADSHILL

Gads Stand!

Fal So I do, against my will

Pointz O, tis our setter. I know his voice ^(3S)

[*Coming forward with Bardolph and Peto*]

Bard What news?

Gads Case ye, case ye, on with your visards there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer

Fal You lie, ye rogue, 'tis going to the king's tavern

Gads There's enough to make us all

Fal To be hanged

P Hen Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane, Ned Pointz and I will walk lower if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us

Peto How many be there of them?

Gads Some eight or ten

Fal Zounds, will they not rob us?

P Hen What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal

P Hen Well, we leave that to the proof

Pointz Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him Farewell, and stand fast

Fal Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged

P Hen [*aside to Pointz*] Ned, where are our disguises?

Pointz [*aside to P Hen*] Here, hard by stand close
[*Exeunt P Henry and Pointz*]

Fal Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I every man to his business

Enter Travellers

First Trav Come, neighbour
The boy shall lead our horses down the hill,
We'll walk a foot awhile, and ease our legs

Fal, *Gads &c* Stand!

Sec Trav Jesu bless us!

Fal Strike, down with them, cut the villains' throats
—ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon fed knaves! they hate us
youth —down with them, fleece them

First Trav O, we're undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal Hang ye, goibellied knaves, are ye undone? No,
ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here! On, bacons, on!
What, ye knaves! young men must live You are grand
jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith

[*Exeunt Fal, Gads &c driving the Travellers out*]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ, in buckram suits

P Hen The thieves have bound the true men Now
could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London,
it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and
a good jest for ever

Poin Stand close I hear them coming [*They retire*]

Re-enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO

Fal Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse
before day An the Prince and Pointz be not two ariant

cowards, there's no equity stinging there's no more valour
in that Pointz than in a wild duck

*[As they are sharing, the Prince and Pointz set
upon them]*

P Hen Your money!

Poin Villains!

*[Gadshill, Bardolph, Peto, and (after a blow or
two) Falstaff, run away, leaving the booty
behind them]*

P Hen Got with much ease Now merrily to horse
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other,
Each takes his fellow for an officer
Away, good Ned Falstaff sweats to death,
And lauds the lean earth as he walks along
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him

Poin How the rogue roar'd!

[Exeunt]

SCENE III *Warkworth A room in the Castle*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter

Hot "—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well
contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house"
He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of
the love he bears our house—he shows in this, he loves his
own barn better than he loves our house Let me see some
more "The purpose you undertake is dangerous"—why, that's
certain 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink, but
I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck
this flower, safety "The purpose you undertake is dangerous,
the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and
your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an oppo-
sition"—Say you so, say you so? I sav unto you again, you
are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack brain
is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was
laid, our friends true and constant a good plot, good friends,
and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends
What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York

commends the plot and the general course of the action
 Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with
 his lady's fan Is there not my father, my uncle, and my
 self? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen
 Glendower? is there not, besides, the Douglas? have I not
 all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next
 month? and are they not some of them set forward already?
 What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see
 now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the
 king, and lay open all our proceedings O I could divide
 myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed
 milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell
 the king we are prepared I will set forward to night

Enter Lady PERCY

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours

Lady O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
 For what offence have I this fortnight been
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee
 To thick ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
 Cry "Courage! to the field!"—and thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoners ransom'd, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the 'currents⁽³⁹⁾ of a heady fight
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thou hast so⁽⁴⁰⁾ bestir'd thee in thy sleep
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream,
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,

Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden⁽⁴¹⁾ hest O, what portents are these ?
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not
Hot What, ho !

Enter a Servant

Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

Serv He is, my lord, an hour ago

Hot Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheaf ?

Serv One horse, my lord, he brought even now

Hot What horse ? a roan, a crop ear, is it not ?

Serv It is, my lord

Hot That roan shall be my throne

Well, I will back him straight O *esperance* !—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park [*Exit Servant*]

Lady But hear you, my lord

Hot What say'st thou, my lady ?

Lady What is it carries you away ?

Hot Why, my horse

My love,—my horse

Lady Out, you mad headed ape !

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with In faith,⁽⁴²⁾

I'll know your business, Harry,—that I will

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprise but if you go,—

Hot So far a foot, I shall be weary, love

Lady Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly to⁽⁴³⁾ this question that I ask

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me true

Hot Away,

Away, you trifier !—Love ?—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate this is no world

To play with marmets and to tilt with lips

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too —Gods me, my horse !—

What say'st thou, Kate ? what wouldst thou have with me

Lady Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
 Well, do not, then, for since you love me not,
 I will not love myself Do you not love me?
 Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no

Hot Come, wilt thou see me ride?⁽⁴⁴⁾
 And when I am on horseback, I will swear
 I love thee infinitely But hark you, Kate,
 I must not have you henceforth question me
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts
 Whither I must, I must, and, to conclude,
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate
 I know you wise, but yet no further wise
 Than Harry Percy's wife constant you are,
 But yet a woman and for secrecy,
 No lady closer, for I well believe
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,—
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate

Lady How! so far?

Hot Not an inch further But hark you, Kate
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too,
 To day will I set forth, to morrow you —
 Will this content you, Kate?

Lady It must of force [Exeunt

SCENE IV *Eastcheap A room in the Boar's-Head Tavern*

Enter PRINCE HENRY

P Hen Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend
 me thy hand to laugh a little

Enter POINTZ

Pom Where hast been, Hal?

P Hen With three or four loggerheads amongst three or
 fourscore hogsheads I have sounded the very base stung of
 humility Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers,
 and can call them all by their Christian names, as,—Tom,
 Dick, and Francis They take it already upon their salvation,
 that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of

courtesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff but a Courthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me,—and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet, and when you breathe in your watering, they cry “hem!” and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than “Eight shillings and sixpence,” and “You are welcome,” with this shrill addition, “Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half moon,” or so—but, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar, and do thou never leave calling “Francis,” that his tale to me may be nothing but “anon.” Step aside, and I’ll show thee a precedent

[Exit Pointz]

Pom [within] Francis!

P Hen Thou art perfect

Pom [within] Francis!

Enter FRANCIS

Fran Anon, anon, sir—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph

P Hen Come hither, Francis

Fran My lord?

P Hen How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Pom [within] Francis!

Fran Anon, anon, sir

P Hen Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darrest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Pom [*within*] Francis !

Fran Anon, anon, su

P Hen How old art thou, Francis ?

Fran Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Pom [*within*] Francis !

Fran Anon, sir —Pray you, stay a little, my lord

P Hen Nay, but hark you, Francis for the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not ?—

Fran O Lord, su, I would it had been two !

P Hen I will give thee for it a thousand pound ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it

Pom [*within*] Francis !

Fran Anon, anon

P Hen Anon, Francis ? No, Francis, but to morrow, Francis, or, Francis, on Thursday, or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt But, Francis,—

Fran My lord ?

P Hen Wilt thou job this leathern jerkin, crystal button, noddle, agate ring, puke stocking, caddis garter, smooth tongue, Spanish pouch,—

Fran O Lord, sir, who do you mean ?

P Hen Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink, for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much

Fran What, sir ?

Pom [*within*] Francis !

P Hen Away, you rogue ! dost thou not hear them call ?

[*Here they both call him Francis stands amazed, not knowing which way to go*]

Enter Vintner

Vint What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling ? Look to the guests within [*Exit Francis*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door shall I let them in ?

P Hen Let them alone awhile, and then open the door [*Exit Vintner*] Pointz !

Re-enter POINTZ

Pom Anon, anon, sir

P Hen Smith, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door shall we be merry?

Poin As merry as crickets, my lad But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the diawel? come, what's the issue?

P Hen I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight — What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran [*within*] Anon, anon, sir

P Hen That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up stairs and down stairs, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a⁽⁴⁵⁾ breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work" "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he, and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after,—"a trifle, a trifle" I prithee, call in Falstaff I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife "Rivo," says the drunkard Call in ribs, call in tallow

Enter FAISTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO, followed by FRANCIS with wine,

Poin Welcome, Jack where hast thou been?

Fal A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them and foot them too A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue—Is there no virtue extant? [*Drinks*]

P Hen Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful hearted butter,⁽⁴⁶⁾ that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound

Fal You rogue, here's lime in this sack too there is nothing but rogues to be found in villanous man yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a villanous coward—Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the

earth, then am I a shotten herring There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old God help the while! a bad world, I say I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms on any thing A plague of all cowards! I say still

P Hen How now, wool sack! what mutter you?

Fal A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more You Prince of Wales!

P Hen Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal Are you not a coward? answer me to that —and Pointz there?

Poin Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee

Fal I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst You are straight enough in the shoulders,—you care not who sees you back call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me —Give me a cup of sack —I am a rogue, if I drunk to day

P Hen O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last

Fal All's one for that A plague of all cowards! still say I

[*Drinks*]

P Hen What's the matter?

Fal What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning

P Hen Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal Where is it! taken from us it is a hundred upon poor four of us

P Hen What, a hundred, man?

Fal I am a rogue, if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together I have scaped by miracle I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand saw,—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man all would not do A plague of

all cowards!—Let them speak if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness

P Hen Speak, sirs, how was it?

Gads We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal Sixteen at least, my lord

Gads And bound them

Peto No, no, they were not bound

Fal You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew

Gads As we were shaming, some six or seven flesh men set upon us,—

Fal And unbound the rest, and then came⁽⁴⁷⁾ in the other

P Hen What, fought ye with them all?

Fal All! I know not what ye call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish ⁽⁴⁸⁾ if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two legged creature

P Hen Pray God you have not murdered some of them

Fal Nay, that's past praying for I have peppered two of them, two I am sure I have paid,—two rogues in buckram suits I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse Thou knowest my old ward,—here I lay, and thus I bore my point Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P Hen What, four? thou saidst but two even now

Fal Four, Hal, I told thee four

Poin Ay, ay, he said four

Fal These four came all a front, and mainly thrust at me I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus

P Hen Seven? why, there were but four even now

Fal In buckram?

Poin Ay, four, in buckram suits

Fal Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else

P Hen Prithce, let him alone, we shall have more anon

Fal Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P Hen Ay, and mark thee too, Jack

Fal Do so, for it is worth the listening to These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

P Hen So, two more already

Fal Then points being broken,—

Poin Down fell their hose

Fal Began to give me ground but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid

P Hen O monstious! eleven buckiam men grown out of two!

Fal But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me,—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand

P Hen These lies are like the father that begets them, —gross as a mountain, open, palpable Why, thou clay brained guts, thou nott pated⁽⁴⁹⁾ fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow keech,—⁽⁵⁰⁾

Fal What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P Hen Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason what sayest thou to this?

Poin Come, your reason, Jack,—your reason

Fal What, upon compulsion? No, were I at the strap pado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I

P Hen I'll be no longer guilty of this sin, this sang une coward, this bed prieser, this horse' back breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal Away, you starveling, you eel skin,⁽⁵¹⁾ you dined neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock fish,—O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

P Hen Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this

Poin Mark, Jack

P Hen We two saw you four set on four, you⁽⁵²⁾ bound them, and were masters of their wealth —Mark now, how

a plain tale shall put you down —Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house — and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poin Come, let's hear, Jack, what trick hast thou now?

Fal By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the hen apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life, I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money —Hostess, clap to the doors [*to Hostess within*] —watch to night, pray to-morrow —Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P Hen Content,—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess

Host O Jesu, my lord the prince,—

P Hen How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P Hen Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal What manner of man is he?

Host An old man.

Fal What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—
Shall I give him his answer?

P Hen Pithee, do, Jack

Fal Faith, and I'll send him packing [Exit

P Hen Now, sir—by 'i lady, you fought fair,—so did you, Peto,—so did you, Baidolph you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no,—fie!

Bard Faith, I ran when I saw others run

P Hen Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like

Bard Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men I did that I did not this seven years before,—I blushed to hear his monstrous devices

P Hen O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P Hen I do

Bard What think you they portend?

P Hen Hot livers and cold purses

Bard Cholera, my lord, if rightly taken

P Hen No, if rightly taken, halter—Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone

Re-enter FALSTAFF

How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist, I could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder—There's villanous news

abroad here was Sir John Blacy from your father, you must to the court in the morning That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true hegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

Pom O, Glendower

Fal Owen, Owen,—the same, and his son in law, Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

P Hen He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying

Fal You have hit it

P Hen So did he never the sparrow

Fal Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him, he will not run

P Hen Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

Fal O' horseback, ye cuckoo, but a foot he will not budge a foot

P Hen Yes, Jack, upon instinct

Fal I grant ye, upon instinct—Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps more Worcester is stolen away to night, thy father's beard is turned white with the news you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel

P Hen Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob nails, by the hundred ⁽⁵²⁾

Fal By the mass, lad, thou sayest true, it is like we shall have good trading that way—But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P Hen Not a whit, i' faith, I lack some of thy instinct

Fal Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to morrow when thou comest to thy father if thou love me, practise an answer

P Hen Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life

Fal Shall I? content —this chan shall be my state, this dagger my sceptie, and this cushion my crown

P Hen Thy state is taken for a joint stool, thy golden sceptie for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved —Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein

[*Drinks*

P Hen Well, here is my leg

Fal And here is my speech —Stand aside, nobility

Host O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith

Fal Weep not, sweet queen, for tickling tears are vain

Host O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal For God's sake, lords, convey my trustful⁽⁵⁴⁾ queen, For tears do stop the flood gates of her eyes

Host O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these hallotay players as ever I see

Fal Peace, good pint pot, peace, good tickle brain —Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point, —why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a michee, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears, not in pleasure, but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also —

and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name

P Hen What manner of man, an it like your majesty ?

Fal A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage, and as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me, for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff him keep with, the rest banish And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou been this month ?

P Hen Dost thou speak like a king ? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father

Fal Depose me ? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare

P Hen Well, here I am set

Fal And here I stand —judge, my masters

P Hen Now, Harry, whence come you ?

Fal My noble lord, from Eastcheap

P Hen The complaints I hear of thee are grievous

Fal 'Sblood, my lord, they are false —nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith

P Hen Swearest thou, ungracious boy ? henceforth ne er look on me Thou art violently carried away from grace there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of an old fat man, —a tun of man is thy companion Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years ? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it ? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it ? wherein cunning, but in craft ? wherein crafty, but in villany ? wherein villanous, but in all things ? wherein worthy, but in nothing ?

Fal I would your grace would take me with you whom means your grace ?

P Hen That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white bearded Satan

Fal My lord, the man I know

P Hen I know thou dost

Fal But to say I know more harm in him than in my self, were to say more than I know That he is old,—the more the pity,—his white hairs do witness it, but that he is—saving your reverence—a whoreson, that I utterly deny It sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merie be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company ⁽⁵⁵⁾—banish plump Jack, and banish all the world

P Hen I do, I will

[*A knocking heard*
Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph]

Re enter BARDOLPH, running

Bard O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door

Fal Out, ye rogue!—Play out the play I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff

Re enter Hostess, hastily

Host O Jesu, my lord, my lord,—

P Hen ⁽⁵⁶⁾Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle stick what's the matter?

Host The sheriff and all the watch are at the door they are come to search the house Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit thou art essentially mad, without seeming so ⁽⁵⁷⁾

P Hen And thou a natural coward, without instinct

Fal I deny your *major* if you will deny the sheriff, so, if not, let him enter if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another

P Hen Go, hide thee behind the arras —the rest walk up above Now, my masters, for a true face and a⁽⁶⁸⁾ good conscience

Fal Both which I have had, but then date is out, and therefore I'll hide me

P Hen Call in the sheriff

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Poins* ⁽⁶⁹⁾

Enter Sheriff and Carrier

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher First, pardon me, my lord A hue and cry hath follow'd certain men unto this house

P Hen What men?

Sher One of them is well known, my gracious lord,—
A gross fat man

Car As fat as butter

P Hen The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ'd him
And, sheriff, I'll engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal
And so, let me entreat you leave the house

Sher I will, my lord There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks

P Hen It may be so if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable, and so, farewell

Sher Good night, my noble lord

P Hen I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher Indeed, my lord, I think't be two o'clock

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier*

P Hen This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's Go,
call him forth

Poin Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting
like a horse

P Hen Hark, how hard he fetches breath Search his
pockets [*Poins searches*] What hast thou found?

Poin Nothing but papers, my lord

P Hen Let's see what they be read them

<i>Pom</i> [reads]	" Item, A capon,	2s 2d
	Item, Sauce,	4d
	Item, Sack, two gallons,	5s 8d
	Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,	2s 6d
	Item, Bread,	ob' (60)

P Hen O monstrous ! but one half pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !—What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage there let him sleep till day I'll to the court in the morning We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable I'll procure this fat rogue a change of foot, and I know his death will be a march of twelve score The money shall be paid back again with advantage Be with me betimes in the morning, and so, good morrow, Pointz

Pom Good morrow, good my lord

[Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I *Bangor* A room in the Archdeacon's house

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER

Mort These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope

Hot Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down ?—

And uncle Worcester ⁽⁶¹⁾—a plague upon it !
I have forgot the map

Glend No, here it is
Sit, cousin Percy,—sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven

Hot And you in hell, as often ⁽⁶²⁾ as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of

Glend I cannot blame him at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets, and ⁽⁶³⁾ at my birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward

Hot Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, ⁽⁶⁴⁾ though yourself had ne'er been born

Glend I say the earth did shake when I was born

Hot And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook

Glend The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble

Hot O, then th' earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb, which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook

Glend Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the heids
Were strangely clamorous to ⁽⁶⁵⁾ the frighted fields
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments

Hot I think there is no man speaks better Welsh —
I'll to dinner

Mort Peace, cousin Percy, you will make him mad

Glend I can call spirits from the vasty deep

Hot Why, so can I, or so can any man,

But will they come when you do call for them ?

Glend Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
The devil

Hot And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth tell truth, and shame the devil —
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil !

Mort Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat

Glend Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power, thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy bottom'd Severn have I sent
Him bootless home and weather beaten back

Hot Home without boots, and in foul weather too !
How scap'd he agues,⁽⁶⁶⁾ in the devil's name ?

Glend Come, here's the map shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en ?

Mort The archdeacon hath divided it⁽⁶⁷⁾
Into three limits very equally —
England, from Tient and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower —and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Tient
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed interchangeably,—
A business that this night may execute,—
To morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days —
[*To Glend*] Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen

Glend A shorter time shall send me to you, lords
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,

Fo⁽⁶⁸⁾ there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you

Hot Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here

Glend Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth

Mort Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side,
Gelding th' opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you

Wor Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land,
And then he runs straightly and evenly⁽⁶⁹⁾

Hot I'll have it so a little charge will do it

Glend I will not have it alter'd

Hot Will not you?

Glend No, nor you shall not

Hot Who shall say me nay?

Glend Why, that will I

Hot Let me not understand you, then,
Speak it in Welsh

Glend I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the English court,
Where, being but young, I fram'd to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,—
A virtue that was never seen in you

Hot Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad mongers,
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree,

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry —

'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag

Glend Come, you shall have Tient turn'd

Hot I do not care_ I'll give thence so much land
To any well deserving friend,⁽⁷⁰⁾

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hun

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend The moon shines fair, you may away by night
I'll in and⁽⁷¹⁾ haste the writer, and withal

Break with your wives of your departure hence

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer [Exit

Mort Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot I cannot choose sometime he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,

And of a dragon and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,

A couching lion and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skumble skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith I tell you what,—

He held me last night at the⁽⁷²⁾ least nine hours

In reckoning up the several devils' names

That were his lackeys I cried "hum," and "well, go to,"⁽⁷³⁾

But mark'd him not a word O, he's as tedious

As is⁽⁷⁴⁾ a tired horse, a railing wife,

Worse than a smoky house —I had rather live

With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,

Than feed on cates and have him talk to me

In any summer house in Christendom

Mort In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,

Exceedingly well read, and profited

In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,

And wondrous affable, and as bountiful

As mines of India Shall I tell you, cousin?

He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbs himself even of his natural scope

When you do cross his humour, faith he does

I wariant you, that man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you

Wor In faith, my lord, you are too wilful blame,⁽¹⁾
 And since your coming hither have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain
 The least of which haunting a nobleman
 Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation

Hot Well, I am school'd good manners be your speed!
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave

Re enter GLENDOWER, with Lady MORTIMER and Lady PERCY

Mort This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh

Glend My daughter weeps she will not part with you,
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars

Mort Good father, tell her she⁽⁷⁶⁾ and my aunt Percy
 Shall follow in your conduct speedily

[*Glendower speaks to Lady Mortimer in Welsh,*
and she answers him in the same

Glend She's desperate here, a peevish self will'd har-
 lotry,

One no⁽⁷⁷⁾ persuasion can do good upon

[*Lady Mortimer speaks to Mortimer in Welsh*

Mort I understand thy looks that pretty Welsh
 Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens⁽⁷⁸⁾
 I am too perfect in, and, but for shame,
 In such a parley should I answer thee

[*Lady Mortimer speaks to him again in Welsh*
 I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
 And that's a feeling disputation

But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bowel,
With ravishing division, to her lute

Glend Nay, if you melt, then will she run quite⁽⁷⁹⁾ mad

[*Lady Mortimer speaks to Mortimer again in Welsh*]

Mort O, I am ignorance itself in this

Glend She bids you

Upon⁽⁸⁰⁾ the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east

Mort With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn

Glend Do so,

And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
Yet⁽⁸¹⁾ straight they shall be here sit, and attend

Hot Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down come,
quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap

Lady P Go, ye giddy goose [The music plays]

Hot Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh,
And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous
By'r lady, he's a good musician

Lady P Then should you be nothing but musical, for
you are altogether governed by humour Lie still, ye thief,
and hear the lady sing in Welsh

Hot I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish

Lady P Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot No

Lady P Then be still

Hot Neither, 'tis a woman's fault

Lady P Now God help thee!

Hot To the Welsh lady's bed

Lady P What's that?

Hot Peace! she sings

[*A Welsh song sung by Lady Mortimer*]

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too

Lady P Not mine, in good sooth

Hot Not yours, in good sooth! Heart you swear like
a comfort maker's wife! "Not you, in good sooth," and
"as true as I live," and "as God shall mend me," and "as
sure as day,"

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou ne'er walk'dst further than Finsbury
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth filling oath and leave "in sooth,
And such protest of pepper gingerbread,
To velvet guards and Sunday citizens
Come, sing

Lady P I will not sing

Hot 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast
teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these
two hours, and so, come in when ye will [Exit

Glend Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go
By this our book's drawn,⁽⁸³⁾ we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately

Mort

With all my heart

[Exit

SCENE II London A room in the palace

Enter KING HENRY, Prince HENRY, and Lords

K Hen Lords, give us leave, the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private⁽⁸⁴⁾ conference but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you [Exit Lords
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me,
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
 To punish my mistreadings Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate and low desires,
 Such pool, such base,⁽⁸⁾ such lewd, such mean attempts,
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P Hen So please your majesty, I would I could
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse
 As well as I am doubtless I can purge
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
 By smiling pick thanks and base news mongers,
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission

K Hen God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is run'd, and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does forethink⁽⁸¹⁾ thy fall
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,—
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession,
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at,
 That men would tell their children, “This is he”
 Others would say, “Where, which is Bolingbroke?”

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bawling wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt, carded his state,⁽⁸⁷⁾
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scoons,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity,
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little⁽⁸⁸⁾
More than a little is by much too much
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded,—seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes,
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorge'd, and full
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou,
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation not an eye
But is a weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more,

Which now doth that I would not have it do,—
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness

P Hen I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself

K Hen For all the world,⁽⁸⁾
As thou art to⁽⁹⁰⁾ this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou, the shadow of succession,
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's aimed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms
What never dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas' whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
Th' Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, and⁽⁹¹⁾ Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate

P Hen Do not think so, you shall not find it so
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son,
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favour⁽⁹²⁾ in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought of Harry, chance to meet
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf,
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart
This, in the name of God, I promise here
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may save
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow

K Hen A hundred thousand rebels die in this —
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed

Blunt So is⁽⁹³⁾ the business that I come to speak of
Lord Montimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury

A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state

K Hen The Evil of Westmoreland set forth to day,
 With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,
 For this advertisement is five days old —
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward,
 On Thursday we ourselves will march ⁽¹⁴⁾
 Our meeting is Bridgenorth and, Harry, you
 Shall march through Gloucestershire, by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet
 Our hands are full of business let's away,
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Lastcheap A room in the Bow's Head Tavern*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH

Fal Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown, I am withered like an old apple John Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me

Bard Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long

Fal Why, there is it —come, sing me a bawdy song, make me merry I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be, virtuous enough, swore little, dined not above seven times a week, went to a bawdy house not above once in a quarter—of an hour, paid money that I borrowed—three or four times, lived well, and in good compass and now I live out of all order, out of all compass

Bard Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass,—out of all reasonable compass, Sir John

Fal Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life

thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,
—but 'tis in the nose of thee, thou art the Knight of the
Burning Lamp

Bard Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm

Fal No, I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many
a man doth of a death's head or a *memento mori*. I never see
thy face but I think upon hell fire, and Dives that lived in
purple, for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If
thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy
face, my oath should be, "By this fire, that's God's angel" —
but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for
the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou
rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did
not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wild
fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual
triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me
a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in
the night betwixt tavern and tavern — but the sack that thou
hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap
at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that
salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty
years, God reward me for it!

Bard 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal God a mercy! so should I be sure to be heart
burned

Enter Hostess

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who
picked my pocket?

Host Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do
you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I
have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy,
servant by servant — the tithe of a hair was never lost in my
house before

Fal Ye lie, hostess. Bardolph was shaved, and lost many
a hair, and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you
are a woman, go

Host Who, I? no, I defy thee. God's light, I was never
called so in mine own house before

Fal Go to, I know you well enough

Host No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John. I

know you, Sir John you owe me money, Sir John and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back

Fal Dowlas, filthy dowlas I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them

Host Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound

Fal He had his part of it, let him pay

Host He? alas, he is poor, he hath nothing

Fal How! poor? look upon his face, what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks I'll not pay a denier What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark

Host O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak cup 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so

Enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ, marching FALSTAFF meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion

Host My lord, I pray you, hear me

P Hen What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man

Host Good my lord, hear me

Fal Prithce, let her alone, and list to me

P Hen What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked this house is turned bawdy house, they pick pockets

P Hen What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a piece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's

P Hen A trifle, some eight penny matter

Host So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard your grace say so and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you

P Hen What! he did not?

Host There's neither futh, truth, nor womanhood in me else

Fal There's no more futh in thee than in a stewed prune, nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox, and for womanhood, Mud Marian may be the deputy's wife of the waid to thee Go, you thing, go

Host Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal What thing! why, a thing to thank God on

Host I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest man's wife and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so

Fal Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise

Host Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal What beast! why, an otter

P Hen An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal Why, she's neither fish nor flesh, a man knows not where to have her

Host Thou art an unjust man in saying so thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

P Hen Thou sayest true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly

Host So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound

P Hen Surrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal A thousand pound, Hal! a million thy love is worth a million, thou owest me thy love

Host Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you

Fal Did I, Bardolph?

Bard Indeed, Sir John, you said so

Fal Yea,—if he said my ring was copper

P Hen I say 'tis copper darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I

duc, but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp

P Hen And why not as the lion?

Fal The king himself is to be feared as the lion dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break

P Hen O if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sniah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine,—it is all filled up with guts and mischief. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar candy to make thee long winded—if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong ⁽⁹⁵⁾ art thou not ashamed?

Fal Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more faulty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P Hen It appears so by the story

Fal Hostess, I forgive thee go, make ready breakfast love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason, thou seest I am pacified—Still?—Nay, prithee, be gone [*Exit Hostess*] Now, Hal, to the news at court for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

P Hen O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee—the money is paid back again

Fal O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour

P Hen I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing

Fal Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too

Bard Do, my lord

P Hen I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot

Fal I would it had been of horse Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of

two and twenty or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided
Well, God be thanked for these rebels,—they offend none
but the virtuous I laud them, I praise them

P Hen Bardolph,—

Bard My lord ?

P Hen Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
My⁽⁹⁶⁾ brother John, this to my Lord of Westmoreland

[*Exit Bardolph*]

Go, Pointz,⁽⁹⁷⁾ to hoise, to hoise, for thou and I

Have thirty miles to ride ere⁽⁹⁸⁾ dinner time [Exit *Pointz*]

Jack, meet me to morrow in the Temple hall

At two o'clock in the afternoon⁽⁹⁹⁾

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

Money and order for their furniture

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And either they or we must lower lie [Exit

Fal Rare words ! brave world !—Hostess, my breakfast,
come —

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum ! [Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury*

Enter HORSBUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS

Hot Well said, my noble Scot if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world
By God, I cannot flatter, I defy
The tongues of soothers, but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself
Nay, task me to my word, approve me, lord

Doug Thou art the king of honour
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him

Hot

Do so, and 'tis well —

Enter a Messenger with letters

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you

Mess These letters come from your father ⁽¹⁰⁰⁾*Hot* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?*Mess* He cannot come, my lord, he's grievous sick*Hot* Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

Mess His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord ⁽¹⁰¹⁾*Wor* I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?*Mess* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth,

And at the time of my departure thence

He was much fear'd by his physicians

Wor I would the state of time had first been whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited

His health was never better worth than now

Hot Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life blood of our enterprise,

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp —

He writes me here, that inward sickness,—⁽¹⁰²⁾

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us,

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes What say you to it?

Wor Your father's sickness is a main to us*Hot* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off —

And yet, in faith, it's not, his present want

Seems more than we shall find it —were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set⁽¹⁰³⁾ so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good, for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope,⁽¹⁰⁴⁾
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes

Doug Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion,
And⁽¹⁰⁵⁾ we may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in
A comfort of retirement lives in this

Hot A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs

Wor But yet I would your father had been here
The quality and han of our attempt⁽¹⁰⁶⁾
Brooks no division it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause,
For well you know we of the offering⁽¹⁰⁷⁾ side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of

Hot You strain too far⁽¹⁰⁸⁾
I, rather, of his absence make this use —
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here, for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy turvy down —
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole

Doug As heart can think there is not such a word
Spoke of in⁽¹⁰⁹⁾ Scotland as this term of fear

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON

Hot My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul

Vern Praise God my news be worth a welcome, lord
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards, with him Prince John

Hot No harm —what more ?

Vern And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
On hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation

Hot He shall be welcome too Where is his son,
The nimble footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff⁽¹¹⁰⁾ the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Vern All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind,
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd,⁽¹¹¹⁾
Glittering in golden coats, like images,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer,
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease⁽¹¹²⁾ into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship

Hot No more, no more worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues Let them come,
They come like sacrifices in their tim,
And to the fire ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them
The mail'd Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours —Come, let me taste⁽¹¹³⁾ my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales

HARRY to⁽¹¹⁴⁾ Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a coise —
Q that Glendower were come!

Ver

There is more news

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days

Doug That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet

Wor Ay, by my faith that bears a frosty sound

Hot What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver To thirty thousand

Hot Forty let it be

My father and Glendower being both away

The powers of us may serve so great a day

Come, let us take a muster speedily

Doomsday is near — die all, die merrily

Doug Talk not of dying — I am out of fear

Of death or death's hand for this one half year [Exit

SCENE II *A public road near Coventry*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH

Fal Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a
bottle of sack — our soldiers shall march through well to
Sutton Co'hl⁽¹¹⁵⁾ to night

Bard Will you give me money, captain?

Fal Lay out, lay out

Bard This bottle makes an angel

Fal An if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make
twenty, take them all, I'll answer the comage — Bid my
lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end

Bard I will, captain — farewell [Exit

Fal If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused
gurnet — I have misused the king's press damnably — I have
got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred
and odd pounds — I pressed me none but good householders,
yeomen's sons, inquired⁽¹¹⁶⁾ me out contracted bachelors, such
as had been asked twice on the banns, such a commodity
of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum, such

as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services, and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick⁽¹⁷⁾ his sores, and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade fallen, the cunkers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat — nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on, for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but⁽¹⁸⁾ a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves, and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND

P Hen How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy. I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too, but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all. We must away all, to night.

Fal Tut, never fear me. I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P Hen I think, to steal cream, indeed, for thy theft.

hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal Mine, Hal, mine

P Hen I did never see such pitiful rascals

Fal Tut, tut, good enough to toss, food for powder, food for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better tush, man, mortal men, mortal men

West Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly

Fal Faith, for their poverty I know not where they had that, and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me

P Hen No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, smah, make haste. Percy is already in the field [Exit

Fal What is the king encamped?

West He is, Sir John. I fear we shall stay⁽¹¹⁹⁾ too long [Exit

Fal Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest [Exit

SCENE III *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury*

Enter HOISPUR, WORCLSTER, DOUGLAS, and VIVION

Hot We'll fight with him to night

Wor It may not be

Doug You give him, then, advantage

Ver Not a whit

Hot Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver So do we

Hot His is certain, ours is doubtful

Wor Good cousin, be advis'd, stay not to night

Ver Do not, my lord

Doug You do not counsel well

You speak it out of fear and cold heart ⁽¹²⁰⁾

Ver Do me no slander, Douglas, by my life,—
And I dare well maintain it with my life,—

If well respected honour bid me on,
 I hold as little counsel with weak fear
 As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives —⁽¹²¹⁾
 Let it be seen to morrow in the battle
 Which of us fears

Doug Yet, or to night
Ve Content

Hot To night, say I

Ve Come, come, it may not be I wonder much
 Being men of such great leading as you are,
 That you foresee not what impediments
 Drag back our expedition certain horse
 Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up
 Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day
 And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
 Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
 That not a horse is half the half of himself⁽¹²²⁾

Hot So are the horses of the enemy
 In general, journey bated and brought low
 The better part of ours are full of rest

Wor The number of the king exceedeth ours
 For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in

[*The trumpet sounds a parley*]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT

Blunt I come with gracious offers from the king,
 If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect

Hot Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt, and would to God
 You were of our determination!
 Some of us love you well, and even those some
 Envy your great deservings and good name,
 Because you are not of our quality,
 But stand against us like an enemy

Blunt And God defend but still I should stand so,
 So long as out of limit and true rule
 You stand against anointed majesty!
 But to my charge — The king hath sent to know
 The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion

Hot The king is kind, and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears,
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore,
And when he heard him swear and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence⁽¹²⁾ and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swole him assistance, and perform'd it too
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurge,
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs, and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for

Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here
When he was personal in the Irish war

Blunt Tut, I came not to hear this

Hot

Then to the point

In short time after, he depos'd the king,
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life,
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,—
Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,—to be engag'd⁽¹²⁴⁾ in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited,
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the council board,
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety, and withal to pay
Into his title, the which now⁽¹²⁵⁾ we find
Too indirect for long continuance

Blunt Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot Not so, Sir Walter we'll withdraw awhile
Go to the king, and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes and so, farewell

Blunt I would you would accept of grace and love

Hot And may be so we shall

Blunt

Pray God you do

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *York A room in the Archbishop's palace*

Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir MICHAEL

Arch Hie, good Sir Michael, bear this sealed brief
With wing'd haste to the lord marshal,
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest

To whom they are directed If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste

Sir M My good lord,
I guess then tenour

Arch Like enough you do
To morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch, for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick raised power,
Meets with Lord Harry and, I fear, Sir Michael
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er rul'd by prophecies,—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king

Sir M Why, my good lord, you need not fear, there's
Douglas

And Lord Mortimer

Arch No, Mortimer's not there

Sir M But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there's my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen

Arch And so there is but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together,—
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,
And many more courtrials and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms

Sir M Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd

Arch I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear,
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him
Therefore make haste I must go write again
To other friends, and so, farewell, Sir Michael

[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *The King's camp near Shrewsbury*

Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, Sir
WALTER BLUNT, *and* Sir JOHN FALSTAFF

K Hen How bloodily the sun begins to peep
Above yon bosky⁽¹³⁶⁾ hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature

P Hen The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day

K Hen Then with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win

[*The trumpet sounds*]

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON

How now, my Lord of Worcester ! tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet You have deceiv'd our trust ,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel
This is not well, my lord, this is not well
What say you to 't ? will you again unknot
This churlish knot of all abhorred war ?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light ,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

Wor Hear me, my liege
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours , for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike

K Hen You have not sought it ! well,⁽¹²¹⁾ how comes it,
then ?

Fal Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it

P Hen Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house,
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new fall n'ight,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster
To this we swore our aid But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead —
And,^(1 8) from this swarm of four advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,^(1 9)
Useth the sparrow,—did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing, but with numble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head
Whereby we stand oppos'd^(1 30) by such means

As you yourself have foig'd against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise

K Hen These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclam'd at market crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water colours to impaint his cause,
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion

P Hen In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active valiant or more valiant young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so I hear he doth account me too
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight

K Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture
thee,
Albert considerations infinite
Do make against it —No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well, even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part,
And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his
 So tell your cousin, and then⁽¹³¹⁾ bring me word
 What he will do but if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office So, be gone,
 We will not now be troubled with reply
 We offer fan, take it advisedly

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon*]

P Hen It will not be accepted, on my life
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms

K Hen Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
 For, on their answer, will we set on them
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John*]

Fal Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestide
 me, so, 'tis a point of friendship

P Hen Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship
 ship Say thy prayers, and farewell

Fal I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well

P Hen Why, thou owest God a death [Exit

Fal 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before
 his day What need I be so forward with him that calls not
 on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on Yea,
 but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then?
 Can honour set to a leg? no or an arm? no or take away
 the grief of a wound? no Honour hath no skill in surgery,
 then? no What is honour? a word What is that word
 honour? an⁽¹³²⁾ A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? he that
 died o' Wednesday Doth he feel it? no Doth he hear it?
 no Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead But will it not
 live with the living? no Why? detraction will not suffer it
 Therefore I'll none of it honour is a mere scutcheon—and
 so ends my catechism [Exit

SCENE II *The rebel camp**Enter WORCESTER and VERNON*

Wor O no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king

Ver 'Twere best he did

Wor Then are we all undone

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes,⁽¹³³⁾
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,—
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen
All his offences he⁽¹³⁴⁾ upon my head
And on his father's we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king

Ver Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so
Here comes your cousin

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS, Officers and Soldiers behind

Hot My uncle is return'd —deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland —Uncle, what news?

Wor The king will bid you battle presently

Doug Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland

Hot Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so

Doug Marry, and⁽¹³⁵⁾ shall, and very willingly [Exit

Wol There is no seeming mercy in the king

Hot Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wol I told him gently⁽¹³⁶⁾ of our grievances,
Of his oath breaking which he mended thus,
By new forswearing⁽¹³⁷⁾ that he is forsworn
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us

Re enter DOUGLAS

Doug Aim, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,⁽¹³⁸⁾ did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on

Wol The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight

Hot O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver No, by my soul, I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Timm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise valu'd with you
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning instantly
There did he pause but let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness

Hot Cousin, I think thou art enamour'd
Upon⁽¹³⁹⁾ his follies never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine⁽¹⁴⁰⁾

But be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's aim,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy —
 Aim, aim with speed —and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
 Better consider what you have to do
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion

Enter a Messenger

Mess My lord,

Here are letters for you

Hot

I cannot read them now —

O gentlemen, the time of life is short !
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at th' arrival of an hour
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings,
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us !
 Now, for our consciences,—the aims are fair,
 When the intent of bearing them is just

Enter another Messenger

Mess My lord, prepare, the king comes on apace

Hot I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,

For I profess not talking, only this,—

Let each man do his best and here draw I

A sword, whose temper I intend to stain

With the best blood that I can meet withal

In the adventure of this perilous day

Now,—*Esperance* !—*Peicy* !—and set on —

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

And by that music let us all embrace,

For, heaven to earth,⁽⁴¹⁾ some of us never shall

A second time do such a courtesy

[The trumpets sound They embrace, and exeunt]

SCENE III *Plain between the camps*

*Excursions, and parties fighting Alarum to the battle Then enter
DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER BLUNT, meeting*

Blunt What is thy name, that in the⁽¹⁴²⁾ battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug Know, then, my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king

Blunt They tell thee true

Doug The Lord of Stafford dear to day hath bought
Thy likeness, for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner

Blunt I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot,⁽¹⁴³⁾
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death [*They fight, and Blunt is slain*]

Enter HOTSPUR

Hot O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot

Doug All's done, all's won, here breathless lies the king

Hot Where?

Doug Here

Hot This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself

Doug A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot The king hath many masking in his coats⁽¹⁴⁴⁾

Doug Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats,
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the king

Hot Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day

[*Exeunt*]

Alarums Enter FALSTAFF

Fal Though I could scape shot free at London, I fear the shot here, here's no scoring but upon the pate —Soft ! who are you ? Sir Walter Blunt —there's honour for you ! here's no vanity !—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too God keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine own bowels —I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered there's but⁽¹⁴⁵⁾ three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end,—to beg during life —But who comes here ?

Enter Prince HENRY

P Hen What, stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths as yet are⁽¹⁴⁶⁾ unreveng'd I prithee,
Lend me thy sword

Fal O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile —
Trick Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done
this day I have paid Percy, I have made him sure

P Hen He is, indeed, and living to kill thee
I prithee, lend me thy sword

Fal Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gettest
not my sword, but take my pistol, if thou wilt

P Hen Give it me what, is it in the case ?

Fal Ay, Hal 'Tis hot, 'tis hot, there's that will sack
a city [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack*

P Hen What, is't a time to jest and dally now ?

[*Throws it at him, and exit*

Fal Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him If he do
come in my way, so, if he do not, if I come in his willingly,
let him make a carbonado of me I like not such grinning
honour as Sir Walter hath give me life, which if I can
save, so, if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an
end

[*Exit*

SCENE IV *Another part of the field*

Alarums Escursions Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY,
PRINCE JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND

K Hen I prithee,
Hail, withdraw thyself, thou bleed'st too much —
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him

P John Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too

P Hen I do⁽¹⁴⁷⁾ beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends

K Hen I will do so —
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent

West Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent

P Hen Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P John We breathe too long — come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies, for God's sake, come

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland*]

P Hen By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,
But now, I do respect thee as my soul

K Hen I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior

P Hen O, this boy
* Lends mettle to us all!

[*Erit*]

Alarums Enter DOUGLAS

Doug Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them — what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K Hen The king himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,

And not the very king I have two boys
 Seek Percy and thyself about the field
 But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
 I will assay thee so, defend thyself

Doug I fear thou art another counterfeit,
 And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king
 But mine I'm sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
 And thus I win thee

[*They fight the King being in danger, re-enters P Henry*

P Hen Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
 Never to hold it up again! the spirits
 Of valiant Shuley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arm ⁽¹⁴⁸⁾
 It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
 Who never promiseth but he means to pay

[*They fight Douglas flies*
 Cheerily, my lord how fares your grace?—⁽¹⁴⁹⁾

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
 And so hath Clifton I'll to Clifton straight

K Hen Stay, and breathe awhile —
 Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
 And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
 In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me

P Hen O God, they did me too much injury
 That ever said I hearken'd for your death!
 If it were so, I might have let alone
 Th' insulting hand of Douglas over you,
 Which would have been as speedy in your end
 As all the poisonous potions in the world,
 And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son

K Hen Make up to Clifton I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey
 [Exit

Enter HOTSPUR

Hot If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth

P Hen Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name

Hot My name is Harry Percy

P Hen Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name
 I am the Prince of Wales, and think not, Percy,
 To share with me in glory any more
 Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,

Not can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales

Hot Not shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us, and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P Hen I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head

Hot I can no longer brook thy vanities [They fight

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no
boy's play here, I can tell you

*Re enter DOUGLAS, he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he
were dead, and exit DOUGLAS HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls*

Hot O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh —
But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool,
And time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop ⁽¹⁵⁰⁾ O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue —no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [Dies

P Hen For worms, brave Percy fare thee well great
heart!—

Ill weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough —this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal —
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph !—

[*Sees Falstaff on the ground*

What, old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !

I could have better spar'd a better man

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity !

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie

[*Exit*

Fal [*rising*] Embowell'd ! if thou embowel me to day,
I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow
'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot
had paid me scot and lot too Counterfeit ? I lie, I am no
counterfeit to die, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the
counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man but to
counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no
counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed
The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better
part I have saved my life Zounds, I am afraid of this gun
powder Percy, though he be dead how, if he should coun-
terfeit too, and rise ? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove
the better counterfeit Therefore I'll make him sure, yea,
and I'll swear I killed him Why may not he rise as well
as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me
Therefore, smite [*Stabbing him*], with a new wound in your
thigh, come you along with me [*Takes Hotspur on his back*]

Re enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN

P Hen Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou
flesh'd

Thy maiden sword

P John

But, soft ! whom have we here ?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead ?

P Hen I did, I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
On⁽¹⁵⁾ the ground —

Art thou alive ? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eyesight ? I prithee, speak,

We will not trust our eyes without our ears —
Thou art not what thou seemst

Fal No, that's certain, I am not a double man but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack There is Percy [*Throwing the body down*] if your father will do me any honour, so, if not, let him kill the next Percy himself I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you

P Hen Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead

Fal Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock If I may be believed, so, if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh if the man were alive, and would deny it, wounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword

P John This is the strangest tale that ever I heard

P Hen This is the strangest fellow, brother John —
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have [*A retreat sounded*]
The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours
Come, brother, let's to th' highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead

[*Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John*]

Fal I'll follow, as they say, for reward He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less, for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do

[*Exit, bearing off the body*]

SCENE V *Another part of the field*

The trumpets sound Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, Westmoreland, and others, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners

K Hen Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke —
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
 Three knights upon our party slain to day,
 A noble eal, and many a creature else,
 Had been alive this hour,
 If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence

Wor What I have done my safety urg'd me to,
 And I embrace this fortune patiently,
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me ⁽¹⁵²⁾

K Hen Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too ⁽¹⁵³⁾
 Other offenders we will pause upon —

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded*

How goes the field?

P Hen The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
 The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
 The noble Percy slain, and all his men
 Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest,
 And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
 That the pursuers took him At my tent
 The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace
 I may dispose of him

K Hen With all my heart

P Hen Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
 This honourable bounty shall belong
 Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
 Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free
 His valour, shown upon our crests to day,
 Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
 Even in the bosom of our adversaries ⁽¹⁵⁴⁾

K Hen Then this remains,—that we divide our power —
 You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
 Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
 To meet Northumberland and the pielate Scroop,
 Who, as we hear, are busily in arms
 Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
 To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March
 Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
 Meeting the check of such another day
 And since this business so far is done,
 Let us not leave till all our own be won

[*Exeunt*

P 207 (1)

strands'

Here Malone and some other editors retain the old spelling "stronds" though in *The Merchant of Venice* act 1 sc 1 they print Colchus *strand* — In early books we frequently meet with passages where the word is spelt "strond" and yet is to be pronounced *strand* e.g. in *The Taming of the Shrew*, act 1 sc 1 the folio has

That made great Ioue to humble him to her *hand*
When with his knees he kist the Cretan *strond* '

P 207 (2)

' levy

Capell printed *lead* — To *levy* a power as far as to the sepulchre of Christ subjoins Mr Steevens 'is an expression quite unexampled if not corrupt — and he accordingly proposes to read *lead* for *levy* ' But there is no occasion The expression is neither *unexampled* nor *corrupt* but good authorized English One instance of it is before me Scipio before he *levied* his force to the walls of Carthage gave his soldiers the print of the citie in a cake to be devoured Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1587 E 4 Gif fold's note on Jonson's *Works* vol v p 138

P 208 (3) *' But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old**Therefore we meet not now '*

I may notice that the reading of the two earliest quartos, "*But this our purpose now is twelue month old*," is objectionable on account of the following "*meet not now*"

P 208 (4)

A thousand '

The folio has "*And a thousand*"

P 208 (5)

' corpse '

"*corpse*," i.e. corpses — Here the old eds have "corps and 'corpes'" — which perhaps might be considered as the plural of 'corp' (see Middleton's *Works* vol iv 82 and vol i lxxiii Add and Cor, ed Dyce) if other passages in our author's writings did not forbid us to suppose so e.g. the folio has in *Twelfth Night* (Song) act ii sc 4 My poore *corpes* (i.e. corpse) in *The Winter's Tale*, act v sc 1, "Againe possesse her *corps* ' (i.e. corpse) &c

P 209 (6)

Holmedon's plains '

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol i p 258) queries '*Holmedon plains*'?

P 215 (17)

vapour

The old eds have vaporous

P 215 (18)

And'

Mr W N Lettison conjectures As

P 215 (19)

My good lord —"

So Pope Mr Collier's Ms Corrector and Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, Vol. p 24) and see the continuation of this interrupted speech —The old eds have *My lord*

P 216 (20)

Horicster

Is sometimes I think a trisyllable says Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* Vol. p 275 where he cites the present line)

P 216 (21)

neat trimly

The old eds have neat and trimly

P 216 (22)

*Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so prester'd with a popinjay*

These two lines are transposed in the old eds —The correction was suggested by Edwards and Johnson and made by Capell

P 217 (23)

*He should or he should not —for he made me mad*Here the folio omits the second *he* —and rightly perhaps

P 217 (24)

fears

Hanmer and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitute *foes* but note 142 on *Love's Labour's lost* (where various examples are given of the abstract being put for the concrete by our author) will prove that the above alteration is at least a rash one and that *fears* may be equivalent to *objects of fear* —As to Mr Knight's emendation *feies* (*ie companions*) it is neither more nor less than ridiculous

Here Mr Collier boldly asserts that in two passages of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in one of Marlowe the reading of the old copies *fears* is a misprint for *foes* Now, to take only the first of the said passages *Vulcanian*, act iv sc 1

"Is not

The sacred name and dignity of Cæsar
(Were this Aæcius more than man) sufficient
To shake off all his honesty? he's dangerous
Though he be good and *though a friend*, A FEAR'D ONE
And such I must not sleep by —Are they come yet? —
I do believe this fellow, and I thank him

Tw'as time to look about if I must perish
Yet shall my FEARS go foremost —

more readers I conceive when the passage is thus fully cited will agree with me that *jeas* is right and equivalent to objects of fear than with Mr Collier that it is a misprint for *foes* (In another play by the same author's *The Maid's Tragedy* act ii sc 2 we have the singular *fear* "

Antiphila in this place work a quicksand
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship plunging it and then a *Fear*
Do that *Fear* bravely wench)

Not should it be forgotten that in *The Second Part of King Henry IV* act iv sc 4 *jeas* occurs in a passage where neither the Ms Corrector nor Mr Collier have attempted any alteration and where the word can have no other meaning than objects of fear '

It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed
Wounding supposed peace all these bold *fears*
Thou seest with peril I have answer'd
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument &c

P 218 (25) "thou dost belie him ,
This repetition was altered by Pope to "thou beliest him "

P 218 (26) "Art thou not ashamed? But sirrah henceforth '
'Dele thou', says Mr W N Lettsom ' 'henceforth' is a trisyllable here '

P 219 (27) is dead"
The old eds have 'dead is " see Walker on 'Transposition of Words' in his *Crit. Exam* &c vol ii p 246

P 220 (28) "hangman
Hammer substituted hangmen

P 220 (29) "discontents
'Discontent' for Hotspur alone seems to be addressed' Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol i. p 258

P 220 (30) 'If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim —"
"This," observes Mr W N Lettsom, 'seems incompatible with what follows "

P 221 (31)

wasp stung

So the first quarto — The later eds have *waspe* tongue and *waspe* tongue d — The sense requires *waspish* and this perhaps was Shakespeare's word. It may have been badly written and the *redacteur* of the first quarto may have sophisticated the passage from the fourth line below. The reading of the second quarto [*waspe* tongue] seems a similar sophistication from the next line but one below ('Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own) which refers exclusively to the phrase 'woman's mood W N LETTSON

P 222 (32)

Nay if you have not to t again

So the folio — Qy ' *Nay* cousin [or "kinsman — see ante] *if you have not* &c — (The quartos have 'to it' and Capell printed *Nay if you have not* su to it again)

P 222 (33)

' the Douglas son

See note 7

P 224 (34)

as dank here as a dog

The Rev Mr Barry says Mr Collier suggests to me that we should read *dock* for 'dog' the error having easily arisen from the mishearing of the word. An unhappy suggestion ' for *as wet as a dog* is an expression still in use and compare the following passage. But many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast vpon Dogges so that it would make a Dogge laugh to heare and vnderstand them. As I haue heard a Man say, I am as hot as a Dogge, or as cold as a Dogge. I sweat like a Dogge (when indeed a Dog neuer sweates) as drunke as a Dogge. hee swore like a Dogge. and one told a Man once That his Wife was not to be beleued for shee would lye like a Dogge, &c. *The World runnes on Wheels* p 252 — Taylor's *Workes* ed 1680 (I was the first who brought forward this passage of Taylor in illustration of our text see my *Remarks on Mr Collier's and Mr Knight's editions of Shakespeare* 1844)

P 224 (35)

' the

So Hammer — The old eds have 'your' (the Ms having had *y*, which was mistaken for 'y^r)

P 225 (36)

' tranquillity,

"Means," according to Capell, 'persons at their ease' *Notes*, &c vol 1 P 1 p 155 — Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes "sanguinity"

P 225 (37)

' great oneyers "

Johnson supposes that this is merely a cant variation of 'great ones,' — "*great one cers*" — Theobald (at the suggestion of Nicholas Hardinge) substituted "*great moneyers*," Hammer, '*great owners*,' Capell, '*great myn heers*,' and Malone conjectured "*great onyers*, i.e. public accountants (But it should be remembered that Gadshill is speaking here of his companions, not of the persons to be robbed)

P 227 (38) 'Pointz O tis our setter I know his voice &c

The old eds have (with various spelling and arrangement)

Poin O tis our Setter I know his voyce Landoll, what newes?

Bar Case ye case ye ' &c

Johnson saw the proper distribution of the speeches here

P 230 (39) *Of prisoners ransom'd and of soldiers slain
And all the currents*

The old eds have *Of prisoners ransome* (the certain correction of which was proposed by Capell and see Walker on *Initial and final e con-founded* in his *Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 61) — *the currents* i.e. the occurrences In old language *occurent* was used instead of *occurrence* MALONE — But perhaps we ought to print here *th'* occurments

P 230 (40) *And thou hast so*

The old eds have *And thus hath so* — Read *And thou hast so* &c [Capell's conjecture] Perhaps in the Ms it was written *And thou hath* &c from the *hath* in the preceding line and hence the further corruption Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 133

P 231 (41) 'sudden

May be justly suspected as an interpolation. 'SIEVELNS

P 231. (42) 'As you are toss'd with In faith "

Mutilated (and wretchedly amended by Capell)

P 231 (43) *Directly to '*

The old eds have "*Directly unto* — Perhaps Mr Grant White is right in conjecturing that the author wrote 'Direct unto

P 232 (44) "Come wilt thou see me ride?"

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector (with an eye to what Hotspur has a little before said to the Servant) erroneously reads

Come to the park, Kate wilt thou see me ride?"

P 235 (45) "at a"

An anonymous critic proposes 'after

P 235 (46) 'butter "

So Theobald. — The old eds have *Titan* (in consequence it would seem, of the transcriber or the compositor of the first quarto, having repeated the wrong word)

P 237 (47) *came*

So quarto 1639 —The earlier eds have ' come

P 237 (48) *radish*

Plural [*radish*] surely Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c p 267

P 238 (49) *nott pated*"

The old eds have knotty *pated* —Corrected by Douce (We have already had the word *nott pated* p 234)

P 238 (50) *'tallow keech* —

The old eds have '*tallow catch* —which we may presume is merely a variety of spelling (In the Sec Part of *Henry IV* act 1 sc 1 Mrs Quickly talks of goodwife *Keech* the butcher's wife " and in *Henry VIII* act 1 sc 1 Buckingham says of Wolsey

I wonder

That such a *keech* can with his very bulk

Take up the rays o the beneficial sun

And keep it from the earth)

A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump in order to be carried to the chandler PERCY

P 238 (51) *'eel skin,*

So Hammer —The old eds have ' *elke skin*

P 238 (52) *you*

So Pope —The old eds have and

P 241 (53) *'hundred "*

The old eds have 'hundreds

P 242 (54) *trustful* '

The old eds have trustfull

P 244 (55) *banish not him thy Harry's company "*

Was not Pope right in rejecting this as an accidental repetition?

P 244 (56) "P Hen "

Several of the quartos and the folio gave this speech to *Falstaff* and rightly perhaps

P 244 (57) "a counterfeit thou art essentially mad without seeming
so

So the third folio — The earlier eds have — essentially made without
&c — Capell very coolly printed a counterfeit if thou dost thou art essentially mad &c

P 245 (58)

Not in the old eds

P 245 (59)

'[Exeunt all except the Prince and Pointz

Here the quartos have no stage direction the folio has *Exit* ' According to all the old eds the subsequent conversation about Falstaff and the contents of his pockets takes place between the Prince and 'Peto but as Johnson saw the latter name is undoubtedly a mistake for *Pointz* — *Peto* is again printed elsewhere for *Poins* in this play [towards the close of act III Go *Peto* to horse &c] probably from a P only being used in the Ms What had *Peto* done (Dr Johnson observes) to be trusted with the plot against Falstaff? *Poins* has the Prince's confidence and is a man of courage This alteration clears the whole difficulty they all returned but *Poins* who with the Prince having only robbed the robbers had no need to conceal himself from the travellers MALONE

P 246 (60)

' ob "

It may be as well to mention here that ' ob (the contraction for ' *obolum*) was formerly used in writing to signify a halfpenny

P 246 (61)

' *Worcester*

* See note 20

P 246 (62)

' often

The old eds have ' oft

P 246 (63)

cressets and"

Capell gives "*cressets ay and,*"—which perhaps the poet wrote

P 247 (64)

Had I utter'd "

The old eds have ' *had but kitter'd* '

P 247 (65)

to'

Pope substituted "in "

P 248 (66)

How scap'd he agues "

So Mr Collier's Ms Corrector — The old eds have ' *How scapes he agues* ' — 'Perhaps *'ague* ' Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 253

P 248 (67) 'The archdeacon hath divided it

'I suppose the line originally ran thus The archdeacon hath divided it
already STEEVENS—who did not know (or did not choose to know) that
such was the reading of Hamlet

P 249 (68) For '

Surely the sense requires Or Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 322

P 249 (69) And then he runs straightly and evenly

So Capell (and compare a little before run evenly) —The old
eds have And then he runnes straight and even —Mr Collier's Ms Cor
rector reads And then he runs all straight and evenly

P 250 (70) To any well deserving friend

Hamlet printed 'As that to any well deserving friend' —Walker proposes
To any worthy will deserving friend but adds, Yet would not this be
a tautology? *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 206

P 250 (71) in and '

'These two supplemental words which were suggested by Mr Steevens com-
plete both the sense and metre, and were certainly omitted in the first copy
by the negligence of the transcriber or printer' MALONE

P 250 (72) 'the'

Not in the old eds

P 250 (73) 'go to

'These two senseless monosyllables [which Pope omitted] seem to have been
added by some foolish player purposely to destroy the measure' RITSON

P 250 (74) is''

Not in the old eds

P 251 (75) too wilful blame '

'This has been thought corrupt but the following passage shows that *too*
blame in this sense [*too blameable*, *too blameworthy*] was a current expres-
sion

Blush and confess that you be *too too blame* ' Harr *Ep* 1 84 '

NARES (*Gloss* in v *Blame*) —Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c p 106,
and *Crit Exam* &c vol III p 134) rather hastily patronizes the alteration
proposed by Johnson, "*too wilful blunt*"

P 251 (76) 'her she'

The old eds have "her that she"

P 251 (77)

One no

The old eds have One that no

P 251 (78) Which thou pour st down from these swelling heavens

In my former edition I here adopted the reading of Mr Collier's Ms Corrector — *these welling heavens* but in my Addenda and Corrigenda to that edition I remarked that I ought to have been content to mention the alteration without adopting it The old reading is supported by a passage in *Macbeth* act 1 sc 2

So from that *spring* whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort *swells*

where however Thulby (see note *ad l*) proposed changing *swells* to wells — Read with Pope

Which thou pour st down from *those two* swelling heavensFor *those*' compare *Richard II* act 11 sc 3Why have *those* banish'd and forbidden legs &c

where the first four quartos have *those* and the folio *these* And for an undoubted omission of *two* after the compare *Much Ado about Nothing* act iv sc 1, where the folio has

Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie &c

while the original quarto reads

'Would the *two* princes lie and Claudio lie &c

Collier's Corrector's 'welling' is certainly wrong The eyes no doubt are meant ('I understand thy looks') In Webster's *Sen T Wyatt* (*Works* 11 267 ed Dyce) we find

'O, let *mine eyes*

In naming that sweet youth observe their part

Pouring down tears sent from my swelling heart'

Yet Staunton quotes this last line to show that in the present passage of Shakespeare the *bosom* is meant! W N LERTSOM

P 252 (79)

quite

This addition occurred to me before I knew that Capell had inserted it That here a word is wanting in the old eds I feel confident, though Dr Guest (*Hist of English Rhythms*, vol 1 p 221) thinks otherwise

P 252 (80)

Upon

The old eds have 'on'

P 252 (81)

Let

So Row — The old eds have 'And' (which was repeated by mistake from the preceding line but one)

P 253 (82)

Not you, in good sooth

Read says Mr W N Lettsom Not *I* in good sooth (compare as *I* live and mend *me*) Percy is retailing the oaths of comfit makers wives Collier and Grant White are clearly wrong in following the Ms Corrector who reads Not *yours* in good sooth

P 253 (83)

By this our book is drawn, &c

Ms Collier's Ms Corrector gives

*By this our book is drawn we'll seal and part
To horse immediately*

Mort

With all my heart

P 253 (84)

private

Which makes the line over measure, is surely an interpolation (Steevens observes that as the lords were dismissed on this occasion they would naturally infer that *privacy* was the King's object)

P 254 (85)

base

So Rowe — The old eds have 'bare' See on the confusion between *base* and *bare* Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 pp 279 280

P 254 (86)

does forethink

The old eds have 'do *forethink*' and perhaps rightly for Shakespeare may have considered *every man* as a plural and we have already had several examples of a verb plural following a nominative singular when a genitive plural intervenes

P 255 (87)

carded his state

Warburton reads 'scarded *his state*' — Heath proposes *discarded his state* — Mr Grant White adopts the alteration of Mr Collier's Ms Corrector *discarded state* (which even Mr Collier does not venture to adopt) But there can be no doubt that the old reading is the right one Here *carded* means mixed debased by mixing See the examples of *card* given by Steevens in his note *ad l* to which may be added the following passage cited by Mr Arrowsmith in *Notes and Queries* vol vii p 566, First Series 'And these — for that by themselves they will not utter — *to mingle and to card* with the Apostles doctrine' &c Andrewes' Sermons, v 55 *Lab Ang Cath Theol*

P 255 (88)

'whereof a little

Pope printed "*whereof little*" and so Walker too would read But I doubt if *it* can be dispensed with here

P 256 (89)

"For all the world,"

Hanmer printed "Harry, for all the world"

P 256 (90)

to

Altered by Pope to "at

P 256 (91)

'and

Not in the old eds

P 257 (92)

favour

The old eds have *fanous* — 'We should read *favour*' i.e. countenance [and so Hamlet] WARBURTON '*Favours* are *features*' JOHNSON I believe *favours* mean only some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets as a present from a mistress or a trophy from an enemy So afterwards in this play [act v sc 4]

But let my *favour* hide thy mangled face '

where the Prince must have meant his scarf STEEVENS The context 'mask and wash'd away' distinctly show that here Prince Henry does not 'mean his scarf' and assuredly Johnson is mistaken in supposing that the plural *favours* could be applied to a *single face*.

P 257 (93)

is''

The old eds have *hath* 'P 258 (94) '*On Thursday we ourselves will march* '

Mutilated

P 262 (95) '*you will not pocket up wrong* '

Some part of this merry dialogue seems to have been lost I suppose Falstaff in pressing the robbery upon his hostess, had declared his resolution *not to pocket up wrongs or injuries* to which the Prince alludes JOHNSON

P 263 (96)

'My'

The old eds have 'To my

P 263 (97)

Pointz "

The old eds have 'Peto' See note 59

P 263 (98)

"ride erit"

The old eds have "ride yet ere '

P 263 (99)

"At two o'clock in the afternoon "

Something is wanting here (That the whole of this speech is blank verse, I have not the slightest doubt though Mr Grant White declares that it "has not even the semblance of rhythm")

P 264 (100) *These letters come from your father*

Here again something is wanting —Capell gave ‘ *These letters, my good lord come from your father*

P 264 (101) *His letters bear his mind not I my lord*

The two first quaitos have — *not I my mind* the later eds — *not I his mind* —Capell made the present correction which is fully confirmed by the context

P 264 (102) *that inward sickness,—*

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 20) cites this as an example of *sickness* used as a trisyllable if nothing be lost —There is surely some error here —Capell prints *that inward sickness* holds him

P 264 (103) ‘ *To set*
to set

One of the two *sets* must be corrupt Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 284

P 264 (104) *for therein should we read*
The very bottom and the soul of hope

Conjecture has been busy on this passage but certainly without improving it

P 265 (105) ‘ *And*

Added by Capell (That this speech is mutilated, there can be little doubt)

P 265 (106) ‘ *The quality and hair of our attempt*

Here ‘ *The hair* seems to be the *complexion* the *character* The metaphor appears harsh to us, but perhaps was familiar in our author's time We still say something is *against the hair* as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency ” JOHNSON, — whose explanation is unquestionably right In the anonymous play of *Sir Thomas More* (edited by me for the Shakespeare Society from *M. Harl* 7868), a fellow named Faulkner is brought in custody before Sir Thomas and when the said Faulkner — who, in consequence of a vow, wears *his hair very long*, — tells Sir Thomas that he is servant to a secretary we find (p 48),

‘ *Moore* A fellow of your *haire* is very fitt
To be a secretaries follower !’ —

Sir Thomas using the word with a quibble, — “ grain texture, complexion, character

P 265 (107) ‘ *offering* ’

Which means ‘ assailing, was improperly altered to ‘ offending ’ by Pope

P 265 (108)

*You strain too far*Capell printed *Come you strain too far*

P 265 (109)

'Spoke of in

Mr W N Ietson would read *Spoken in* (the progress of the corruption having been *Spoken* — *Spoke on* — *Spoke of*)

P 266 (110)

daff

Here the *daft* of the old eds is a present tense — merely a corrupt spelling of *daff* — Formerly to words ending with *f* it was not unusual to add a *t* so in Chapman's *Home* we find both *pufft* and *puff*

The *puffs* of wind*Ibad* B xiv p 332 ed folio

the winds (that are

Masters at sea) no prosperous *pufft* would spare, &c*Odyssey*, B iv p 56With pace as speedie as a *puff* of wind*Ibid* B v p 73

P 266 (111)

*All furnish'd all in arms**All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind**Bated like eagles having lately bath'd*

The old eds have — with the wind — a verb to all appearance lying concealed under 'with' — I adopt the reading of Rowe '*wing the wind*' (which in the notes to the *Variorum Shakespeare* is called *Dr Johnson's emendation*) not only because that reading affords a clear and good meaning but because it is far from improbable that '*wing*' might have been mistaken by a transcriber or compositor for 'with' in which word in the handwriting of the poet's time, the head of the *h* is often found carried below the line — '*Bated*' as Malone observes would seem to be used here for

'Bating' (i.e. beating the wings, fluttering), — the passive for the active [the past for the present] participle — There is a double comparison — the Prince and his followers are compared first to ostriches, and secondly to eagles — In what sense *the ostrich* may be said to *wing the wind* we are beautifully told by Claudian — who, if he was a native of Alexandria might not have had to trust entirely to his fancy for a picture, which indeed has quite the air of having been taken from the life,

*'Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales**Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,**Inque modum vel sinuatis flamine pennis**Pulverulenta volat**In Lutrop* n 310

(Some editors have "restored" the old reading and are persuaded that they have rendered it intelligible by printing

like estridges that with the wind

Bated, —

a construction which it is evident was never intended by the author who in that case would most assuredly have written "*Bate*" — The absurdity of Malone's remarks on this passage is beyond belief — he labours to prove that

by *estruges*, we are not to understand *ostriches* but *estrudge falcons*—and that too in the very face of the lines quoted by Steevens *ad l* from Dryden's *Polyolbion* Song 22

Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been
The Mountfords *all in plumes* like *estruges* were seen

And see Richardson's *Dict* sub *Estrich*)

1864 The Cambridge Editors (who exhibit the present passage *literatim* thus

All furnish'd all in arms
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Barded like eagles having lately bathed)

affirm that my quotation from Claudian is not to the purpose for it means that the bird spreads its wings like a sail bellying with the wind—a different thing from winging the wind. But the Cambridge Editors in expounding the lines of Claudian take no notice of the important word *volat* by which he means of course that the ostrich *when once her wings are filled with the wind* *flies along the ground* (though she does not mount into the air) and I still continue to think that the whole description answers very sufficiently to that of her *winging the wind*. Let me add that the late Samuel Rogers (a name to me forever dear) has applied the verb *wing* to the flight of the ostrich and it must be allowed that whatever the deficiencies of his poetry in some respects he justly prided himself on never violating propriety of expression

Such to then grateful ear the gush of springs
Who course *the ostrich as away she wings*
Sons of the desert who delight to dwell
Mid kneeling camels round the sacred well

Columbus canto viii

P 266 (112) *And vaulted with such ease*

Capell gives very plausibly *And vault with such an ease*

P 266 (113) *taste*

take—in which sense the word was frequently used by Shakespeare & contemporaries—So the two first quartos—The later quartos and the folio have 'take' which has been generally preferred by the modern editors

P 267 (114) 'to

Mr W N Lettsom proposes 'and

P 267 (115) 'Sutton Coldfield'

A contracted form of *Sutton Coldfield*—The old eds have "Sutton cophill" (and cop hill)—Mr Giant White (who himself retains the old spelling) states, by mistake that 'most editors print Cophil'—I prefer with the Cambridge Editors, "Coldfield"

P 267 (116) *pressed* *inquired*

The old eds have 'presse inquire (and enquire) But the subsequent words *such as had been asked* and '*I pressed me none* show distinctly that the past tense was intended here

P 268 (117) *lick*

The old eds have *licked*

P 268 (118) *but*

The old eds have ' not

P 269 (119) '*we shall stay* '

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 208) says that this is '*contra metrum* and conjectures *well stay* ' or *we stay* But was any '*metrum* intended here?

P 269 (120) *fear and cold heart* "

Pope prints *fear* and from *cold heart* and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads '*fear* and a *cold heart* —According to Mr Grant White *fear* in this line is a dissyllable

P 270 (121) *that lives —* '

The old eds have *that this day lives* (a manifest interpolation for as Mason observes it weakens the sense besides destroying the metre)

P 270 (122) "*half the half of himself*

Altered to '*half half of himself* ' by Pope and, more happily, to '*half the half himself* ' by Steevens

P 271 (123) "*innocence*

The old eds have '*innocencie* ' —On the words '*innocence*' and '*innocency*' confounded in our early writers see Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 47

P 272 (124) *engag'd* '

Which has been improperly altered to '*encag'd*'—means '*delivered* (or detained) as a gage, pledge hostage ' so in act V sc 2 "*And West moreland, that was engag'd did bear it* ' (The Cambridge Editors had forgotten both these passages when, at the beginning of act V, they so hastily followed the old copies in leaving the *Ball of Westmoreland* among the persons entering " see their note)

P 272 (125) '*now*'

Not in the old eds

P 274 (126)

' *bosky*

The old eds have *busky* (Milton writes the word perhaps more properly *bosky* STEEVENS — who appears to have forgotten that in *The Tempest* act iv sc 1 the folio has *my boskie acres* &c)

P 274 (127)

' *u ell*

Not in the old eds

P 275 (128)

And

Was altered by Capell to *As* '

P 275 (129) ' *As that ungentle gull the cuckoo's bird*

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 254) says What is the *cuckoo's bird*? Read *cuckoo bird* — *The cuckoo's bird* is the cuckoo's chicken, who being hatched and fed by the sparrow in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid grows in time able to devour her nurse ' JOHNSON "*Gull*" here means unfledged nestling

P 275 (130)

we stand opposed

Capell printed *you stand opposed* but as Johnson observes the old text means 'we stand in opposition to you

P 277 (131)

' *then*

Added by Capell

P 277 (132)

“ *What is honour? a word What is that word honour? an*

Malone Mr Collier and the Cambridge Editors print almost nonsensically with the first and third quartos (from which the second quarto differs only in punctuation) ' *What is honour? A word What is in that word honour? What is that honour? An*

P 278 (133) " *Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes* '

So Rowe (in his sec ed) — The old eds have *Supposition all our lives*, ' &c — Steevens at Farmer's suggestion, printed

' *Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes* —

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 184) asks, 'Is something lost' here? I have little doubt of it

P 278 (134)

' *he* '

The old eds have "hue" See Walker on "*Lie and live confounded*," in his *Crit Exam* &c vol. ii p 209

P 278 (135) Hot *Lord Douglas go you and tell him so*
Doug *Marry and*

Here *Douglas* is a trisyllable as Malone remarks — In the second speech Pope printed '*Marry, I*

P 279 (136) ' Hot *Did you beg any? God forbid!*
Woi *I told him gently &c*

Walker (*Cut Exam &c* vol ii p 189) would read

Hot *Did you beg any of him?*
Woi God forbid!

I told him gently &c

Lut compare *King Henry VIII* act iii sc 2

Sir But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

where Walker (see note *ad l*) would give *The Lord forbid!* to a different speaker — Here Hammer added '*of him*' but did not alter the distribution of the speeches

P 279 (137) *By new forswearing*

The old eds have '*By now forswearing*' — On '*Now and new* confounded, see Walker's *Cut Exam &c* vol ii p 214

P 279 (138) '*engag'd*

See note 124

P 279 (139) *Upon*

The old eds have "On "

P 279 (140) *a libertine*

So Capell. — The old eds have '*a libertie*' and '*at libertie*' (and '*at liberty*')

P 280 (141) *For heaven to earth*

On the very improper alteration made here by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector, "Fora heaven and earth see my *Few Notes &c* p 94 and my *Strictures on Mr Collier's new edition of Shakespeare* 1858 p 111 ("*heaven to earth*" — '*it is one might wager heaven to earth*' WARBURTON)

P 381 (142) '*the*

Not in the old eds

P 381 (143) '*I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot*'

"Grant White objects to this [the reading of the four earliest quartos] for

euphonistic reasons but *thou proud* occurs elsewhere in Shakespearian. He also considers 'triumph'd upon a Scot' [in the next speech] poor when compared with [the later reading] 'triumphed o'er a Scot' forgetting in *The Taming of the Shrew* iv 4 'That triumph thus upon my misery' W N LETTSOM

P 281 (144) *'The king hath many masking in his coats*

The old eds have '—— marching in his coats' but Mr Collier & Ms Corrector has undoubtedly recovered the true reading by substituting *masking* for *marching* (In *Tambrlaine Part First* act v sc 2 the misprint *march* kept its place till in my ed of Malloves *Works* I altered it to 'mask')

P 282 (145) *but*

The old eds have *not*

P 282 (146) *deaths as yet are*

The old eds have *deaths are yet* and *deaths are*

P 283 (147) *do*

So Pope and Mr Collier & Ms Corrector —Not in the old eds

P 284 (148) *the spirits*

Of valiant Shulley Stafford Blunt are in my arm

The old eds have '—— are in my arms' —Pope restored the measure by the omission of "*valiant*" —Walker says I would suggest

the spirits

Of valiant Shulley Stafford, Massy, Blunt

Are in my arm

It is' &c'

Crit Exam &c vol ii p 14

P 284 (149) *Cheerly my lord how fares your grace?—*

Qy '*Cheerly my lord cheerly how &c'*

P 285 (150)

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh —

But thoughts the slaves of life and life time's fool

And time that takes survey of all the world

Must have a stop

So the earliest quarto — The readings of the second quarto [*Put* thoughts the slave of life &c and so the tobo] are sophistications by one who did not see that '*thoughts*' as well as *time* were nominative cases before *must* and consequently supposed that the syntax was defective for want of a verb

It is odd that Staunton who saw that *life* was a nominative to *must* did not see more Compare *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* act iii sc 1

My *thoughts* do harbour with my Silvia nightly
And *slaves* they are to me that send them flying

W N LITTLESON

P 286 (151)

On

Altered to Upon by Capell and rightly perhaps

P 288 (152)

Since not to be avoided it falls on me

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes Which *not to be avoided falls on me*

P 288 (153)

Beat Worcester to the death and Vernon too

Here the folio omits *the* making Worcester a trisyllable see note 20

P 288 (154)

'Even in the bosom of our adversaries

At this line in the four earliest quartos Prince John replies to his brother's follows

I thank your grace for this high courtesy
Which I shall give away immediately

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

WE have already seen p 204 that in the only quarto of this play 1600

Old has been by mistake allowed to stand as the prefix to a speech of Falstaff and p 205 that before the entry of *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* in the Stationers Registers Feb 25th 1597 8, Shakespenae had changed the name *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff* —it is certain therefore that *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was composed previous to that date. —See its entry in the Stationers Registers under the account of *Much Ado about Nothing* vol ii p 72

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<p>KING HENRY the Fourth HENRY prince of Wales afterwards King Henry V THOMAS duke of Clarence PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOSTER EARL OF WARWICK EARL OF WESTMORLAND EARL OF SURREY GOWLER HARCOURT BLUNT Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench An Attendant on the Chief Justice EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND SCROOP archbishop of York LORD MOWBRAY LORD HASTINGS LORD BARDOLPH SIR JOHN COLEVILLE TRAVERS and MORTON retainers of Northumberland SIR JOHN FALSTAFF His Page BARDOLPH PISTOL POINTZ PETO SHALLOW SILENCE,</p>	}	his sons
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SHALLOW } country justices
 SILENCE, }

DAVY servant to Shallow
 MOULDY SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCAMP recruits
 FANG and SNARE sheriff's officers

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND
 LADY PERCY
 MISTRESS QUICKLY hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap
 DOLL TEARSHEET

Lords and Attendants Porter, Diawcis, Beadles Grooms, &c

Rumour, the Presenter

A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue

SCENE—England

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV

INDUCTION

Warkworth Before Northumberland's castle

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues

Rum Open your ears, for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory,
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death
 This have I rumour'd through the pleasant towns⁽¹⁾
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm eaten hold⁽²⁾ of ragged stone,
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty sick the posts come tinging on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me from Rumour's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs
[Exit

ACT I

SCENE I *The same*

Enter Lord BARDOLPH

L Bard Who keeps the gate here, ho?

Enter Porter, *above*

Where is the earl?

Port What shall I say you are?

L Bard Tell thou the earl

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here

Port His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard
 Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
 And he himself will answer

L Bard Here comes the earl

[Exit Porter *above*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

North What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
 Should be the father of some stratagem

The times are wild, contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him

L Bard

Noble earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury

North Good, an God will!

L Bard

As good as heart can wish —

The king is almost wounded to the death,
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright, and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas, young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field,
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North

How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L Bard I spake with one, my lord, that came from
thence,

A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true

North Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news

L Bard My lord, I overtook him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me

Enter TRAVERS

North Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tr My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings, and, being better hors'd,
Out rode me After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost foinpent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse
He ask'd the way to Chester, and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold

With that, he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his aimed heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel head, and starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question

North

Ha!—Again

Said he young Harry Percy's spurs was cold?
 Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion
 Had met ill luck?

L Bard

My lord, I'll tell you what,

If my young lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point
 I'll give my barony ne'er talk of it

North Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers
 Give, then, such instances of loss?

L Bard

Who, he?

He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n
 The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
 Spoke at a venture—Look, here comes more news

Enter MORTON

North Yea, this man's brow, like to a title leaf,
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume
 So looks the strand⁽³⁾ whereon th' impetuous flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation—
 Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
 Where hateful death put on his ughest mask
 To fright our party

North

How doth my son and brother?

Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand
 Even such a man, so fuint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone,
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
 And would have told him half his Troy was burnt,
 But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
 And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it
 This thou wouldst say, "Your son did thus and thus;

You brother thus, so fought the noble Douglas,
Stopping my greedy ear with then bold deeds
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with "Brother, son, and all are dead"

Mor Douglas is living, and your brother, yet,
But, for my lord your son,—

North Why, he is dead
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he feared is chanced ⁽⁴⁾ Yet speak, Morton,
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong

Mor You are too great to be by me gainsaid
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain

North Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead
I see a strange confession in thine eye
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth If he be slain, say so,
The tongue offends not that reports his death
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend

L Bard I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead

Mor I'm sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen,
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat down
The never daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up
In few, his death—whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp—
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops,

For from his metal was his party steel'd ,
 Which once in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
 Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
 That arrows fly not⁽⁶⁾ swifter toward their aim
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field Then was the⁽⁶⁾ noble Worcester
 Too soon ta'en prisoner, and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well labouring sword
 Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,
 Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
 Stumbling in fear, was took The sum of all
 Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out
 A speedy power t' encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster
 And Westmoreland This is the news at full

North For this I shall have time enough to mourn
 In poison there is physic, and these news,
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well
 And as the wretch, whose fever weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
 Are thence themselves Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch !
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand and hence, thou sickly quouf !
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit
 Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
 To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland !
 Let heaven kiss earth ! now let not Nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !
 And let this world no longer be a stage

To feed contention in a lingering act,
But let one spirit of the first born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burial of the dead !

Tr This stained passion doth you wrong, my lord

L Bard Sweet eail, divorce not wisdom from your
honour

Mo The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health, the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay
You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd th' account of chance, before you said,
" Let us make head " It was your presumption
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop,
You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er,
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd
Yet did you say, " Go forth," and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff borne action what hath, then, befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be ?

L Bard We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one,
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Shok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd,
And since we are o'eriset, venture again
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods

Mo 'Tis more than time and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,⁽¹⁾
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well appointed powers he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers
My lord your son had only but the corpse,⁽²⁾
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight,
For that same word, rebellion, did divide

The action of their bodies from their souls,
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 As men drink potions, that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their sprits and souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond But now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind,
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
 Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause,
 Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke,
 And more and less do flock to follow him

Noth I knew of this before, but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind
 Go in with me, and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety and revenge
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed,—
 Never so few, and never yet more need [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *London A street*

Enter FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler

Fal Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water, but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for

Fal Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me the brain of this foolish compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to

wait at my heels I was never manned with an agate till now but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek, and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face royal God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a han amiss yet he may keep it still as⁽⁹⁾ a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it, and yet he'll be crowing as if he had wit man ever since his father was a bachelor He may keep his own grace, but he 's almost out of mine, I can assure him —What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph he would not take his bond and yours, he liked not the security

Fal Let him be damned, like the glutton ' pray God his tongue be hotter '—A whoreson Achitophel ' a rascally yeaforsooth knave ' to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth pates do now wear no thing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles, and if a man is thorough⁽¹⁰⁾ with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security I looked 'a should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security Well, he may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him —Where's Bardolph?

Page He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse

Fal I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived

Page Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph

Fal Wait close, I will not see him

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and an Attendant

Ch Just What's he that goes there ?

Atten Falstaff, an't please your lordship

Ch Just He that was in question for the robbery ?

Atten He, my lord but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster

Ch Just What, to York ? Call him back again

Atten Sir John Falstaff !

Fal Boy, tell him I am deaf

Page You must speak louder, my master is deaf

Ch Just I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good—Go, pluck him by the elbow, I must speak with him

Atten Sir John,—

Fal What ! a young knave, and begging ! Is there not wars ? is there not employment ? doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels need soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it

Atten You mistake me, sir

Fal Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man ? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so

Atten I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man

Fal I give thee leave to tell me so ! I lay aside that which grows to me ! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me, if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged You hunt counter⁽¹⁾ hence ! avaunt !

Atten Sir, my lord would speak with you

Ch Just Sir John Falstaff, a word with you

Fal My good lord !—God give your lordship good time of day I am glad to see your lordship abroad I heard say your lordship was sick, I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice Your lordship, though not clean past your youth,

hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the salt
ness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to
have a reverent care of your health

Ch Just Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition
to Shrewsbury

Fal An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is re-
turned with some discomfort from Wales

Ch Just I talk not of his majesty—you would not come
when I sent for you

Fal And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into
this same whoreson apoplexy

Ch Just Well, God mend him!—I pray you, let me speak
with you

Fal This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy,
an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a
whoreson tingling

Ch Just What tell you me of it? be it as it is

Fal It hath its original from much grief, from study, and
perturbation of the brain I have read the cause of his effects
in Galen it is a kind of deafness

Ch Just I think you are fallen into the disease, for you
hear not what I say to you

Fal ⁽¹²⁾Very well, my lord, very well rather, an't please
you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not mark-
ing, that I am troubled withal

Ch Just To punish you by the heels would amend the
attention of your ears, and I care not if I do become your
physician

Fal I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient
your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me
in respect of poverty, but how I should be your patient to
follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a
scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself

Ch Just I sent for you, when there were matters against
you for your life, to come speak with me

Fal As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the
laws of this land service, I did not come

Ch Just Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great
infamy

Fal He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less

Ch Just Your means are very slender, and your waste is great

Fal I would it were otherwise, I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer

Ch Just You have misled the youthful prince

Fal The young prince hath misled me I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog

Ch Just Well, I am loth to gall a new healed wound your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er posting that action

Fal My lord,—

Ch Just But since all is well, keep it so wake not a sleeping wolf

Fal To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox

Ch Just What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth

Ch Just There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity

Fal His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity

Ch Just You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel

Fal Not so, my lord, your ill angel is light, but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go—I cannot tell Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger⁽¹⁵⁾ times, that true valour is turned bear herd pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young, you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too

Ch Just Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing

belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallooing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding, and he that will cope with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents,—manly, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day, for, by the Lord,⁽⁴⁾ I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily if it be a hot day, nor I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it well, I cannot last ever but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just Well, be honest, be honest, and God bless your expedition!

Fal Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impa-

tient to bear crosses Fare you well commend me to my
cousin Westmoreland [*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant*]

Fal If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle — A man
can no more separate age and covetousness than 'a can put
young limbs and lechery but the gout galls the one, and the
pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees^(a) prevent my
curses — Boy!

Page Sir?

Fal What money is in my purse?

Page Seven groats and two pence

Fal I can get no remedy against this consumption of the
purse borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the dis-
ease is incurable — Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancas-
ter, this to the prince, this to the Earl of Westmoreland,
and this to old Mistress Uisula, whom I have weekly sworn
to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin.
About it you know where to find me [*Exit Page*] A pox
of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other
plays the rogue with my great toe 'Tis no matter if I do
halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall
seem the more reasonable A good wit will make use of any
thing I will turn diseases to commodity [*Exit*]

SCENE III *York* A room in the Archbishop's palace

*Enter the Archbishop, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and
BARDOLPH*

Arch Thus have you heard our cause and know our means,
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes —
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb I well allow th' occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king

Hast Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice,

And our supplies lie⁽¹⁶⁾ largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries

L Bard The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth
thus,—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast With him, we may

L Bard Ay, many, there's the point

But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand,
For, in a theme so bloody fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted

Asch 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph, for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury

L Bard It was, my lord, who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction

Hast But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope

L Bard Yes, in this present quality of war,—
Indeed, the instant action—a cause on foot—
Lives so in hope,⁽¹⁷⁾ as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds, which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection,
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at last⁽¹⁸⁾ desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work—
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,

And set another up—should we survey
 The plot of situation and the model,
 Consent upon a sure foundation,
 Question surveyors, know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite, or else⁽¹⁹⁾
 We fortify in paper and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men
 Like one that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his power to build it, who, half through,
 Gives over, and leaves his part created cost
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny

Hast Giant that our hopes—yet likely of fan both—
 Should be still born, and that we now possess'd
 The utmost man of expectation,
 I think we are a body strong enough,
 Even as we are, to equal with the king

L Bard What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast To us no more, nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph
 For his divisions, as the times do bawl,
 Are in three heads one power against the French,
 And one against Glendower, perforce a third
 Must take up us so is the unfirm king
 In three divided, and his coffers sound
 With hollow poverty and emptiness

Arch That he should draw his several strengths together,
 And come against us in full puissance,
 Need not be dreaded

Hast If he should do so,
 To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd,
 They baying him at the heels ⁽²⁰⁾ never fear that

L Bard Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

Hast The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland,
 Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth
 But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
 I have no certain notice

Arch Let us on,
 And publish the occasion of our arms
 The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,

Then over greedy love hath suifered
 An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart
 O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
 Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was what thou wouldst have him be !
 And being now timm'd in thine own desires,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
 And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it What trust is in these times ?
 They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
 When through proud London he came sighing on
 After th' admur'd heels of Bolingbroke,
 Criest now, " O earth, yield us that king again,
 And take thou this ! " O thoughts of men accurst !
 Past, and to come, seems best, things present, worst
 Moult Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?
 Hast We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone
[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *London A street*

Enter Hostess, Fang and his Boy with her, and SNARE following

Host Master Fang, have you entered the exion ?⁽²¹⁾

Fang It is entered

Host Where's your yeoman ? Is 't a lusty yeoman ? will
'a stand to 't ?

Fang Sirrah, where's Snare ?

Host O Lord, ay ! good Master Snare

Snare Here, here

Fang Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff

Host Yea, good Master Snaie, I have enterd him and all

Snaie It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab

Host Alas the day! take heed of him, he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly in good faith, 'a cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out he will foin like any devil, he will spue neither man, woman, nor child

Fang If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust

Host No, nor I neither I'll be at your elbow

Fang An I but fist him once, 'n 'a come but within my vice,—

Host I am undone by his going, I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score —good Master Fang, hold him sure, —good Master Snaie, let him not scape 'A comes continually to Pie corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer A hundred mark is a long one⁽²²⁾ for a poor lone woman to bear and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong —Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmsey nose knave Bardolph with him Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snaie, do me, do me, do me your offices

Enter FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH

Fal How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly

Fal Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph cut me off the villain's head, throw the quean in the channel

Host Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey suckle villain! wilt thou

kill God's officers and the king's? O thou honey seed rogue!
thou art a honey seed, a man queller, and a woman queller

Fal Keep them off, Bardolph

Fang A rescue! a rescue!

Host Good people, bring a rescue or two — Thou wilt,
wilt thou? thou wilt, wilt thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou
hemp seed!

Fal ⁽²⁾ Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilianian!
I'll tickle your catastrophe

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended

Ch Just What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you,
stand to me!

Ch Just How now, Sir John! what are you bawling
here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York —
Stand from him, fellow wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I
am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit

Ch Just For what sum?

Host It is more than for some, my lord, it is for all, — all
I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home, he hath
put all my substance into that fat belly of his — but I will have
some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare

Fal I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any
vantage of ground to get up

Ch Just How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man
of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?
Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough
a course to come by her own?

Fal What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and
the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel gilt
goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by
a sea coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the
prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man
of Windsor, — thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing
thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife

Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath—deny it, if thou canst

Fal My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you—she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them

Ch Just Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident blow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person

Host Yea, in truth, my lord

Ch Just Pithee, peace—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her—the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance

Fal My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness—if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous—no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs

Ch Just You speak as having power to do wrong—but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman

Fal Come hither, hostess

[*Takes her aside*]

Enter GOWER

Ch Just Now, Master Gower,—what news?

Gow The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand the rest the paper tells [*Gives a letter*

Fal As I am a gentleman,—

Host Faith, you said so before

Fal As I am a gentleman —come, no more words of it

Host By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain
to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining cham-
bers

Fal Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking and for thy
walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal,
or the German Hunting in water work, is worth a thousand
of these bed hangings and these fly bitten tapestries Let it
be ten pound, if thou canst Come, an 'twere not for thy
humours, there's not a better wench in England Go, wash
thy face, and draw thy action Come, thou must not be in
this humour with me, dost not know me? come, come, I
know thou wast set on to this

Host Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles
or faith, I am loth to pawn my plate, so God save me, la

Fal Let it alone, I'll make other shift you'll be a fool
still

Host Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown
I hope you'll come to supper You'll pay me all together?

Fal Will I live?—[*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with
her, hook on, hook on

Host Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal No more words, let's have her

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy*]

Ch Just I have heard better news

Fal What's the news, my lord?

Ch Just Where lay the king last night?

Gow At Basingstoke, my lord

Fal I hope, my lord, all's well what is the news, my
lord?

Ch Just Come all his forces back?

Gow No, fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop

Fal Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch Just You shall have letters of me presently

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower

Fal My lord !

Ch Just What's the matter ?

Fal Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner ?

Gow I must wait upon my good lord here,—I thank you, good Sir John

Ch Just Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go

Fal Will you sup with me, Master Gower ?

Ch Just What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John ?

Fal Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me —This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and so part for

Ch Just Now, the Lord lighten thee ! thou art a great fool

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *The same Another street*

Enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ ⁽²⁴⁾

P Hen Before God, I am exceeding weary

Poin Is't come to that ? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood

P Hen Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer ?

Poin Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition

P Hen Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got, for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name ! or to know thy face to-morrow ! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz these, and those that were thy peach coloured ones ! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and one other for use !—but that the tennis court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou

keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland and God knows whether those that bawl out of⁽²⁵⁾ the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom but the midwives say the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened

Poin How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P Hen Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Poin Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing

P Hen It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine

Poin Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell

P Hen Many, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick albeit I could tell to thee,—as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,—I could be sad, and sad indeed too

Poin Very hardly upon such a subject

P Hen By this hand, thou thinkest me as full in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency let the end try the man But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow

Poin The reason?

P Hen What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poin I would think thee a most princely hypocrite

P Hen It would be every man's thought, and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks never a man's thought in the world keeps the road way better than thine every man would think me an hypocrite indeed And what accuses your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poin Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff

P Hen And to thee

Poin By this light, I am well spoke on, I can hear it

with mine own ears the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things, I confess, I cannot help — By the mass, here comes Bardolph

P Hen And the boy that I gave Falstaff 'a had him from me Christian, and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him aye

Enter BARDOLPH and Page

Bard God save your grace!

P Hen And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard ⁽²⁰⁾ [to the Page] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle pot's maidenhead?

Page He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window at last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and so peeped through

P Hen Hath not the boy profited?

Bard Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

P Hen Instruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream

P Hen A crown's worth of good interpretation — there 'tis, boy

[Gives money]

Poin O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! — Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee

[Gives money]

Bard An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong

P Hen And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard Well, my lord He heard of your grace's coming to town there's a letter for you

[Gives a letter]

Poin Delivered with good respect — And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard In bodily health, sir

Poin Marry, the immortal part needs a physician, but that moves not him though that be sick, it dies not

P Hen I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog and he holds his place, for look you how he writes
[Gives the letter to Pointz]

Poin [reads] "John Falstaff, knight,"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger but they say, "There's some of the king's blood spilt" "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive The answer is as ready as a bellowers cap,⁽²⁷⁾ "I am the king's poor cousin, sir"

P Hen Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet But to the letter —

Poin [reads]⁽²⁸⁾ "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting" —Why, this is a certificate

P Hen Peace!

Poin [reads] "I will imitate the honourable Roman⁽²⁹⁾ in brevity"—sure he means brevity in breath, short winded—"I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee Be not too familiar with Pointz, for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell Repent at idle times as thou mayest, and so, farewell

"Thine, by yea and no (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him), JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe"

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it

P Hen That's to make him eat twenty⁽³⁰⁾ of his words But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poin God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so

P Hen Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the sprits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us —Is your master here in London?

Bard Yes, my lord

P Hen Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard At the old place, my lord,—in Eastcheap

P Hen What company?

Page Ephesians, my lord,—of the old church

P Hen Sup any women with him ?

Page None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet

P Hen What pagan may that be ?

Page A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's

P Hen Even such kin as the parish heirs are to the town bull—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper ?

Poin I am your shadow, my lord, I'll follow you

P Hen Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph,—no word to your master that I am yet come to town there's for your silence
[*Gives money*]

Bard I have no tongue, sir

Page And for mine, sir,—I will govern it

P Hen Fare ye well, go [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page*]
—This Doll Tearsheet should be some road

Poin I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London

P Hen How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen ?

Poin Put on two leathern jerkins and apions, and wait upon him at his table as drawers

P Hen From a god to a bull ? a heavy descension ! it was Jove's case From a prince to a prentice ? a low transformation ! that shall be mine, for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly Follow me, Ned [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Warkworth Before the castle*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUMBERLAND, and
Lady PERCY

North I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,⁽³¹⁾
Give even way unto my rough affairs
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome

Lady N I have given over, I will speak no more
Do what you will, your wisdom be your guide

North Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it

Lady P O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now,
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear⁽³²⁾ Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers, but he did long⁽³³⁾ in vain
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost,—yours and your son's
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts—he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait,
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant,
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him—so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others—And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave—
Second to none, unseconded by you—
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage, to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible—so you left him⁽³⁴⁾
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone
The marshal and the archbishop are strong
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave

North

Beshrew your heart,

Fare daughter, you do draw my spirits from me

With new lamenting ancient oversights
 But I must go, and meet with danger there ,
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided

Lady N O, fly to Scotland,
 Till that the nobles and the armed commons
 Have of their puissance made a little taste

Lady P If they get ground and vantage of the king,
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger , but, for all our loves,
 First let them try themselves So did your son ,
 He was so suffer'd so came I a widow ,
 And never shall have length of life enough
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
 For recordation to my noble husband

North Come, come, go in with me 'Tis with my mind
 As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
 That makes a still stand, running neither way
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
 But many thousand reasons hold me back
 I will resolve for Scotland there am I,
 Till time and vantage crave my company

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *London A room in the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap*

Enter two Drawers

First Draw What the devil hast thou brought there ?
 apple Johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-
 John

Sec Draw Mass, thou sayest true The prince once set
 a dish of apple Johns before him, and told him there were
 five more Sir Johns , and, putting off his hat, said, " I will
 now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered
 knights " It angered him to the heart but he hath forgot
 that

First Draw Why, then, cover, and set them down and
 see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise , Mistress Tearsheet

would fain hear some music Dispatch —the room where they supped is too hot, they 'll come in straight

Sec Draw Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Pointz anon, and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it Bardolph hath brought woid

First Draw By the mass, here will be old utis it will be an excellent stratagem

Sec Draw I'll see if I can find out Sneak [Exit

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET

Host I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good tempeality your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say "What's this?"—How do you now?

Dol Better than I was —hem

Host Why, that's well said, a good heart's worth gold —Lo, here comes Sir John

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal [singing] When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordan [Exit First Drawer]—[singing] And was a worthy king —How now, Mistress Doll?

Host Sick of a calm, yea, good faith

Fal So is all her sect, an they be once in a calm, they are sick

Dol You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll

Dol I make them! gluttony and diseases make them, I make them not

Fal If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to

When Arthur first in court—And was a worthy king] From a ballad given by Percy under the title of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, in his *Rel. of A. E. P.* vol. 1 p. 214, ed. 1794, where it opens thus

' *When Arthur first in court began
And was approved king &c*

make the diseases, Doll we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you, grant that, my pure⁽³⁵⁾ virtue, grant that

Dol Ay, marry,—our chains and our jewels

Fal “Your brooches, pearls, and ouches” *—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely, to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

Dol Hang yourself, you muddy congei, hang yourself!

Host By my troth, this is the old fashion, you two never meet but you fall to some discord you are both, in good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts, you cannot one bear with another’s confimities What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you [*To Doll*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel

Dol Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogs head? there’s a whole merchant’s venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him, you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold—Come, I’ll be friends with thee, Jack thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares

Re enter First Drawer

First Draw Sir, Ancient Pistol’s below, and would speak with you

Dol Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither it is the foul mouth’dst rogue in England

Host If he swagger, let him not come here no, by my faith, I must live among my neighbours, I’ll no swaggerers I am in good name and fame with the very best—shut the door,—there comes no swaggerers here I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now—shut the door, I pray you

Your brooches pearls and ouches ’] In the collection just quoted are two versions of the ballad entitled *The Boy and the Mantle* in the older one (vol iii p 3) we find

“With brouches and ringes

Full richelye bedone

in the more modern one (vol iii. p 341),

“With brooches, rings and ouches

Full dauntly bedone

Fal Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Host Play you, pacify yourself, Sir John there comes no swaggeers here

Fal Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient

Host Tilly fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, the other day, and, as he said to me,—'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last,—“Neighbour Quickly, says he,—Master Dumb, our minister, was by then,—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he, “receive those that are civil, for,” saith he, “you are in an ill name”—now 'a said so, I can tell whereupon, “for,” says he, “you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what guests you receive receive,” says he, “no swaggering companions”—There comes none here—you would bless you to hear what he said—no, I'll no swaggeers

Fal He's no swaggerer, hostess, a tame cheater, i' faith, you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance—Call him up, drawer

[*Exit First Drawer*]

Host Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater but I do not love swaggering, by my troth, I am the worse when one says ‘swagger’ feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I warrant you

Dol So you do, hostess

Host Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf I cannot abide swaggeers

[*Enter* PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page]

Pist God save you, Sir John!

Fal Welcome, Ancient Pistol Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack do you discharge upon mine hostess

Pist I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets

Fal She is pistol-proof, sir, you shall hardly offend her

Host Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I

Pist Then to you, Mistress Dorothy, I will charge you

Dol Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion What!

you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master!

Pist I know you, Mistress Dorothy

Dol Away, you cut purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, and you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle ale rascal! you basket hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this

Fal No more, Pistol, I would not have you go off here discharge yourself of our company, Pistol

Host No, good Captain Pistol, not here, sweet captain

Dol Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whores ruff in a bawdy house?—He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word "occupy," which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to't

Bard Pray thee, go down, good ancient

Fal Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll

Pist Not I. I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph,—I could tear her.—I'll be revenged of her

Page Pray thee, go down

Pist I'll see her damned first,—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, fators! ⁽⁸⁶⁾ Have we not Hiren here?

Have we not Hiren here? These words quoted also in some other old plays, are most probably from a lost drama by Peele, entitled *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren* [i.e. Irene] the Fair Greek. See *Account of Peele and his Writings* p. 341 prefixed to his *Works*, ed. Dyce, 1861.—The word 'Hiren' was purposely designed by the author to be ambiguous though used by Pistol with reference *only* to his sword. When the hostess replies, 'There's none such here' do you think I would deny her? she evidently conceives that he is calling for some wench. Pistol not regarding her blunder, continues to handle his sword and in his next speech reads [at least re

Host Good Captain Peesel, be quiet, 'tis very late, i' faith I beseech you now, aggravate your choler

Pist These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar † Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words

Bard Be gone, good ancient this will grow to a brawl anon

Pist Die men like dogs! † give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Host O' my word, captain, there's none such here What the good year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet

peats] the motto on it— *Si fortuna me tormenta sperato me contenta* It is to be observed that most of the ancient swords had inscriptions on them and there is no doubt that if diligent search were made the one before us in a less corrupted state would be found On an old French rapier in the author's possession these lines are engraved *Si fortune me tourmente l'esperance me contente* In further illustration the following story [just quoted by Farmer] from *Wits, Manners and Fancies* 1614 4to is added Hamball Gon saga being in the Low Countries overthrowne from his horse by an English captaine, and commanded to yeeld himselfe prisoner list his sword, and gave it to the Englishman saying *Si fortuna me tormenta il speranza me contenta* DOUGL

hollow pumper d jades of Asia

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day] From *Mailowes Tamburlaine the Great Part Second*

Holla ye pumper d jades of Asia!

What can ye draw but twenty miles a day, &c

Mailowes Works p 64, ed Dyce 1858

† *let the welkin roar*] "Part of the words of an old ballad entitled *What the Father Gathereth with the Rake, the Son doth Scatter with the Forke*

Let the welkin roare

He never give ore, &c STEEVENS

† *Die men like dogs*] Stevens having mentioned that he had found this expression in *Ram Alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611, —Mr Grant White states that the expression 'is from *Ram Alley*, &c But surely that comedy (the work of Lodowick Barry) was originally produced at a later period than the present play

Pist Then feed, and be fat, my fau Calipolis *
 Come, give s some sack
Se fortuna⁽³⁷⁾ *mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta* —
 Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire
 Give me some sack —and, sweetheart, lie thou there
 [Laying down his sword
 Come we to full points here, and are *et ceteras* nothing?]

Fal Pistol, I would be quiet

Pist Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif what! we have seen
 the seven stais

Dol For God's sake, thrust him down stais I cannot
 endure such a fustian rascal

Pist Thurst him⁽³⁸⁾ down stais! know we not Galloway
 nags?

Fal Quoit him down, Baidolph, like a shove groat shil-
 ling nay, an a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be
 nothing here

Baid Come, get you down stais

Pist What! shall we have incision? shall we 'imbue?—
 [Snatching up his sword

Then death rock me asleep,† abide my doleful days!

* *Then feed and be fat my fau Calipolis*] From Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*

"*Feed then and faunt not, fair Calipolis*

Feed and be fat &c

Peele's *Works* pp 428 9 ed Dyce, 1861

† *Then death rock me asleep &c*] Here we have the opening words of a song (attributed with great improbability to Anne Boleyn and perhaps with as little likelihood to her brother Viscount Rochford) which was first printed by Sir J Hawkins in his *Hist of Music*, vol iii p 31, where it is given as follows

O Death rocke me on slepe

Bringe me on quiet reste

Let passe my verye [werye] gaitlesse goste

Out of my carefull brest &c

(See a somewhat different text in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c vol 1 p 238 sec ed)—And we can hardly doubt that in this rant of Pistol, our poet had also an eye to a passage of *Buckingham's Complaynt* written by Sackville

And what may boote to stay the *Sisters three*,

When *Atropos* perforce will cut the thred?

The *dolefull day* was come, when you might see

Northampton fieldes with armed men orespred, ' &c

St b (*Mirroure for Magistrates*)

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Thrice ! Come, Atropos, I say !

Host Here's goodly stuff toward !

Fal Give me my rapier, boy

Dol I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw

Fal Get you down stairs

[Drawing, and drawing Pistol out

Host Here's a goodly tumult ! I'll forswear keeping house,
afore I'll be in these truits and fights So, murder, I warrant
now —Alas, alas ! put up your naked weapons put up
your naked weapons *[Leaving Pistol and Bardolph*

Dol I pray thee, Jack, be quiet, the rascal's gone Ah,
you whoreson little valiant villain, you !

Host Are you not hurt in the groin ? methought 'a made
a shrewd thrust at your belly

Re-enter BARDOLPH

Fal Have you turned him out o' doors ?

Bard Yes, sir The rascal's drunk, you have hurt him,
sir, in the shoulder

Fal A rascal ! to brave me !

Dol Ah, you sweet little rogue, you ! Alas, poor ape,
how thou sweatest ! come, let me wipe thy face,—come on,
you whoreson chops —ah, rogue ! in faith, I love thee thou
art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon,
and ten times better than the Nine Worthies ah, villain !

Fal A rascally slave ! I will toss the rogue in a blanket

Dol Do, an thou darest for thy heart an thou dost, I'll
canvass thee between a pair of sheets

Enter Musicians

Page The music is come, sir

Fal Let them play —play, sirs —Sit on my knee, Doll
[Music] A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me
like quicksilver

Dol In faith, and thou followedst him like a church Thou
whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar pig, when wilt thou
leave fighting o' days and forning o' nights and begin to
patch up thine old body for heaven ?

Enter, behind, Prince HENRY and POINTZ disguised as Drawers

Fal Peace, good Doll ! do not speak like a death's head, do not bid me remember mine end

Dol Sirrah, what humour's the prince of ?

Fal A good shallow young fellow 'a would have made a good pantler, 'a would ha' chipped bread well

Dol They say Pointz has a good wit

Fal He a good wit ? hang him, baboon ! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard, there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet

Dol Why does the prince love him so, then ?

Fal Because their legs are both of a bigness, and 'a plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambol faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admires him for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avondupos

P Hen Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off ?

Poin Let's beat him before his whore

P Hen Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot

Poin Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance ?

Fal Kiss me, Doll

P Hen Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction ! what says the almanac to that ?

Poin And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not hisping to his master's old tables, his note book, his counsel keeper

Fal Thou dost give me flattering busses

Dol By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart

Fal I am old, I am old

Dol I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all

Fal What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday shalt have a cap to morrow A merry song, come it grows late, we'll to bed Thou'lt forget me when I am gone

Dol By my troth, thou hast set me weeping, and thou sayest so prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return —well, hearken the end

Fal Some sack, Francis

P Hen } Anon, anon, sir [*Advancing*]
Poin }

Fal Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Pointz his brother?⁽⁹⁾

P Hen Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal A better than thou I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer

P Hen Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears

Host O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome

[*Leaving his hand upon Doll*]

Dol How, you fat fool! I scorn you

Poin My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat

P Hen You whoreson candle mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth

Fal Didst thou hear me?

P Hen Yes, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience

Fal No, no, no, not so, I did not think thou wast within hearing

P Hen I shall drive you, then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you

Fal No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour, no abuse

P Hen Not,—to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread chipper, and I know not what !

Fal No abuse, Hal

Poin No abuse !

Fal No abuse, Ned, i' the world, honest Ned, none I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him,—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it No abuse, Hal,—none, Ned, none,—no, faith, boys, none

P Hen See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close⁽⁴⁰⁾ with us ? is she of the wicked ? is thine hostess here of the wicked ? or is thy boy of the wicked ? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked ?

Poin Answer, thou dead elm, answer

Fal The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph unrecoverable, and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt worms For the boy,—there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too

P Hen For the women ?

Fal For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul !⁽⁴¹⁾ For the other,—I owe her money, and whe ther she be damned for that, I know not

Host No, I warrant you

Fal No, I think thou art not, I think thou art quit for that Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl

Host All victualleis do so what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent ?

P Hen You, gentlewoman,—

Dol What saves your grace ?

Fal His grace says that which his flesh rebels against

[Knocking within

Host Who knocks so loud at door ?—Look to the door there, Francis

Enter PETO

P Hen Peto, how now ! what news ?

Peto The king your father is at Westminster,
 And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
 Come from the north and, as I came along,
 I met and overtook a dozen captains,
 Bare headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
 And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff

P Hen By heaven, Pointz, I feel me much to blame,
 So idly to profane the precious time,
 When tempest of commotion, like the south,
 Boine with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
 And drop upon our bare unarmed heads
 Give me my sword and cloak —Falstaff, good night

[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Pointz, Peto, and Bardolph*]

Fal Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and
 we must hence, and leave it unpicked [Knocking within]
 More knocking at the door!

Re enter BARDOLPH

How now! what's the matter?

Bard You must away to court, sir, presently,
 A dozen captains stay at door for you

Fal [to the Page] Pay the musicians, sirrah —Farewell,
 hostess,—farewell, Doll —You see, my good wenches, how
 men of merit are sought after the undeserver may sleep,
 when the man of action is called on Farewell, good wenches
 if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go

Dol I cannot speak,—if my heart be not ready to burst,
 —well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself

Fal Farewell, farewell [*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph*]

Host Well, fare thee well I have known thee these twenty
 nine years, come peascod time, but an honest and truer-
 hearted man,—well, fare thee well

Bard [within] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host What's the matter?

Bard [within] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master

Host O, run, Doll, run, run, good Doll come [Doll comes
 blubbered], yea, will you come, Doll?⁽⁴²⁾ [*Exeunt*]

ACT III

SCENE I *Westminster A room in the palace**Enter King HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page*

K Hen Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick,
 But, ere they come, bid them o'er read these letters,
 And well consider of them make good speed [*Exit Page*]
 How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep,⁽⁴⁸⁾ O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the⁽⁴⁴⁾ canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch case or⁽⁴⁵⁾ a common 'larum bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,⁽⁴⁶⁾
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?—
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!⁽⁴⁷⁾
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown

Enter WARWICK and SURREY

War Many good mornings to your majesty !

K Hen Is it good mornow, lords ?

War 'Tis one o'clock, and past

K Hen Why, then, good mornow to you all, my lords (48)
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?

War We have, my liege

K Hen Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is, what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it

War It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd
With good advice and little medicine
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd

K Hen O God, that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea ! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips, how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot,
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance But which of you was by—
[*To Warwick*] You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—
When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy ?

“ Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne,”—
 Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow’d the state,
 That I and greatness were compell’d to kiss —
 “ The time will⁽⁴⁹⁾ come,” thus did he follow it,
 “ The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption ”—so went on,
 Foretelling this same time’s condition,
 And the division of our amity

Was There is a history in all men’s lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas’d,
 The which observ’d, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie intreasur’d
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time,
 And, by the necessary form of this,⁽⁵⁰⁾
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you

K Hen Are these things, then, necessities?
 Then let us meet them like necessities,—
 And that same word even now cries out on us
 They say the bishop and Northumberland
 Are fifty thousand strong

Was It cannot be, my lord,
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the fear’d Please it your grace
 To go to bed Upon my soul, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth
 Shall bring this prize in very easily
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv’d
 A certain instance that Glendower is dead
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
 And these unseason’d hours perforce must add
 Unto your sickness

K Hen I will take your counsel

And were these inward waies once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land [Exeunt

SCENE II *Court before Justice SHALLOW'S house in
Gloucestershire*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting MOULDY, SHADOW, WART,
FEEBLE, BULLCalf, and Servants, behind*

Shal Come on, come on, come on, *sil*, give me your hand, *sil*, give me your hand, *sil* an early stunner, by the rood And how doth my good cousin Silence ?

Sil Good morrow, good cousin Shallow

Shal And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow ? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god daughter Ellen ?

Sil Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow !

Shal By yea and nay, *sil*, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar he is at Oxford still, is he not ?

Sil Indeed, sir, to my cost

Shal 'A must, then, to the inns o' court shortly I was once of Clement's inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet

Sil You were called "lusty Shallow" then, cousin

Shal By the mass, I was called any thing, and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too There was I, and little John Dort of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squeale a Cotsol' man, —you had not four such swinge buckles in all the inns o' court again and, I may say to you, we knew where the bonachas were, and had the best of them all at commandment Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk ⁽⁵¹⁾

Sil This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers ?

Shal The same Sir John, the very same I saw him break Slogan's head at the court-gate, when 'a was a crack not thus high and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's inn Jesu,

Jesu, the mad days that I have spent ' and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead '—

Sil We shall all follow, cousin

Shal Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all, all shall die —How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fan?

Sil Truly, cousin, I was not there

Shal Death is certain —Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil Dead, sir

Shal Jesu, Jesu, dead '—'a diew a good bow,—and dead '—'a shot a fine shoot —John o' Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head Dead '—'a would have clapped i the clout at twelve score, and carried you a foie hand shaft a^(s) fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man s heart good to see —How a score of ewes now?

Sil Thereafter as they be a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds

Shal And is old Double dead?

Sil Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him

Bard Good morrow, honest gentlemen I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard My captain, sir, commends him to you, my captain, Sir John Falstaff,—a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader

Shal He greets me well, sir I knew him a good back sword man How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth? *

Bard Sir, pardon, a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife

Shal It is well said, in faith, sir, and it is well said in deed too Better accommodated '—it is good, yea, indeed, is it good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commend

able Accommodated '—it comes of *accommodo* very good, a good phrase

Bard Pardon, sir, I have heard the word Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase, but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated, or when a man is, being, whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing

Shal It is very just —Look, here comes good Sir John

Enter FIRST STAFF

Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand by my troth, you like well,⁽⁶⁾ and bear your years very well welcome, good Sir John

Fal I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow —Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal No, Sir John, it is my cousin Silence, in communion with me

Fal Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace

Sil Your good worship is welcome

Fal Fie! this is hot weather —Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal Marry, have we, sir Will you sit?

Fal Let me see them, I beseech you

Shal Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see So, so, so, so yea, marry, sir —Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call, let them do so, let them do so —Let me see, where is Mouldy?

Moul Here, an't please you

Shal What think you, Sir John? a good limbed fellow, young, strong, and of good friends

Fal Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul Yea, an't please you

Fal 'Tis the more time thou wert used

Shal Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use very singular good!—in faith, well said, Sir John, very well said

Fal [to Shallow] Prick him

Moul I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery you need not to have pricked me, there are other men fitter to go out than I

Fal Go to peace, Mouldy, you shall go Mouldy, it is time you were spent

Moul Spent !

Shal Peace, fellow, peace, stand aside know you where you are?—For the others,⁽⁵⁴⁾ Sir John —let me see,—Simon Shadow !

Fal Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under he's like to be a cold soldier

Shal Where's Shadow ?

Shad Here, sir

Fal Shadow, whose son art thou ?

Shad My mother's son, sir

Fal Thy mother's son ! like enough, and thy father's shadow so the son of the female is the shadow of the male it is often so, indeed, not much of the father's substance⁽⁵⁵⁾

Shal Do you like him, Sir John ?

Fal Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster book

Shal Thomas Wart !

Fal Where's he ?

Wart Here, sir

Fal Is thy name Wart ?

Wart Yea, sir

Fal Thou art a very ragged wart

Shal Shall I prick him, Sir John ?

Fal It were superfluous, for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins prick him no more

Shal Ha, ha, ha !—you can do it, sir, you can do it I commend you well—Francis Feeble !

Fee Here, sir

Fal What trade art thou, Feeble ?

Fee A woman's tailor, sir

Shal Shall I prick him, sir ?

Fal You may but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd

ha' pricked you — Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fle I will do my good will, sir, you can have no more

Fal Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove on most magnanimous mouse — Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow, deep, Master Shallow

Fec I would Wait might have gone, sir

Fal I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble

Fec It shall suffice, sir

Fal I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble — Who is next?

Shal Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf

Bull Here, sir

Fal 'Fore God, a likely fellow! — Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roars again

Bull O Lord! good my lord captain, —

Fal What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man

Fal What disease hast thou?

Bull A whoreson cold, sir, — a cough, sir, — which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir

Fal Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown, we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee — Is here all?

Shal Here is two more called than your number,⁽⁵⁶⁾ you must have but four here, sir — and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner

Fal Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow

Shal O Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?⁽⁵⁷⁾

Fal No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that

Shal Ha, 't was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal She lives, Master Shallow

Shal She never could away with me

Fal Never, never, she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow

Shal By the mass, I could anger her to the heart She was then a bona ioba Doth she hold her own well?

Fal Old, old, Master Shallow

Shal Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old, certain she's old, and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's inn

Sil That's fifty five year ago

Shal Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen '—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow

Shal That we have, that we have, that we have, in faith, Sir John, we have our watch word was, "Hem, boys!"—Come, let's to dinner, come, let's to dinner—Jesus, the days that we have seen!—come, come

[Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, and Silence]

Bull Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here's four Hairy ten shillings in French crowns for you In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care, but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends, else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much

Bard Go to, stand aside

Moul And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she is old, and cannot help herself you shall have forty, sir

Bard Go to, stand aside

Fee By my troth, I care not, a man can die but once, —we owe God a death I'll ne'er bear a base mind and be my destiny, so, and't be not, so no man's too good to serve 's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next

Bard Well said, thou'rt a good fellow

Fee Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE

Fal Come, SH, which men shall I have?

Shal Four of which you please

Bard SH, a word with you —I have three pound⁽⁵³⁾ to free Mouldy and Bullcalf

Fal Go to, well

Shal Come, SH John, which four will you have?

Fal Do you choose for me

Shal Many, then,—Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow

Fal Mouldy and Bullcalf —for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service ⁽⁵⁰⁾—and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it —I will none of you

Shal SH John, SH John, do not yourself wrong they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best

Fal Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow —Here's Wart,—you see what a ragged appearance it is 'a shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket And this same half faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man he presents no mark to the enemy,—the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones —Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph

Bard Hold, Wart, traverse, thus, thus, thus

Fal Come, manage me your caliver So —very well —go to —very good —exceeding good —O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot —Well said, I' faith, Wart thou'rt a good scab hold, there's a tester for thee

Shal He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right I remember at Mile end Green,—when I lay at Clement's inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a would manage you his piece thus, and 'a would about and about, and come you in

and come you in “iah, tah, tah,” would ‘a say, “bounce” would ‘a say, and away again would ‘a go, and again would ‘a come —I shall ne’er see such a fellow

Fal These fellows will do well, Master Shallow — God keep you, Master Silence I will not use many words with you —Fare you well, gentlemen both I thank you I must a dozen mile to night —Bardolph, give the soldiers coats

Shal Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! As you return, visit my house, let our old acquaintance be renewed peradventure I will with you to the court

Fal Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow

Shal Go to, I have spoke at a word Fare you well

Fal Fare you well, gentle gentlemen [*Exeunt Shallow and Silence*] On, Bardolph, lead the men away [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull street, and every third word a lie, due paid to the hearer than the Turk’s tribute I do remember him at Clement’s inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese paring when ‘a was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife, ‘a was so foiloin, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible ⁽³⁰⁾ ‘a was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake a came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies or his Good nights And now is this Vice’s dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o’ Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him, and I’ll be sworn ‘a ne’er saw him but once in the Tilt yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal’s men I saw it, and told John o’ Gaunt he beat his own name, for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel skin, the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court —and now has he land and beeves Well, I’ll be acquainted with him, if I return, and it shall

go hard but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones to me
if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason,
in the law of nature, but I may snap at him Let time shape,
and there an end [Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I *Gaultree Forest in Yorlshire*

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others

Arch What is this forest call'd ?

Hast 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your grace

Arch Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies

Hast We have sent forth already

Arch 'Tis well done

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New dated letters from Northumberland,
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus —
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy, whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland, and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite

Mowb Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces

Enter a Messenger

Hast Now, what news ?

Mess West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy,
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand

Mowb The just proportion that we gave them out
Let us sway on,⁽⁶¹⁾ and face them in the field

Arch What well-appointed leader fronts us here ?

Mowb I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland

Enter WESTMORELAND

West Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster

Arch Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern you coming

West Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by heady youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary,—
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,⁽⁶²⁾
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of bare and bloody insurrection⁽⁶³⁾

With your fair honours You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war,
Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war ?⁽⁶⁴⁾

Arch Wherefore do I this ?—so the question stands
Briefly to this end —we are all diseas'd,
And with our suffering and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,

I take not on me here as a physician,
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men,
 But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
 And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere⁽⁶⁵⁾
 By the rough torrent of occasion,
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in articles,
 Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
 We are denied access unto his person
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong
 The dangers of the days but newly gone
 Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet appearing blood, and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, present now,
 Have put us in these ill beseeeming aims,
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality

West When ever yet was your appeal denied,
 Wherein have you been galled by the king,
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,—
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch My brother general, the commonwealth,
 To brother born an household cruelty,
 I make my quarrel in particular⁽⁶⁶⁾

West There is no need of any such redress,
 Or if there were, it not belongs to you

Mowb Why not to him in part, and to us all

That feel the bruises of the days before,
 And suffer the condition of these times
 To lay a heavy and unequal hand
 Upon our honours?

West O, my good Lord Mowbray,
 Construe the times to their necessities,
 And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
 And not the king, that doth you injuries
 Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
 Either from the king, or in the present time,
 That you should have an inch of any ground
 To build a grief on were you not restored
 To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
 Your noble and right well remember'd fathers?

Mowb What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
 That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
 The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
 Was, force⁽⁶⁷⁾ perforce, compell'd to banish him
 And when that⁽⁶⁸⁾ Henry Bolingbroke and he—
 Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,
 Their arm'd staves in charge, their beavers down,
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together,—
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
 My father from the beast of Bolingbroke,
 O, then⁽⁶⁹⁾ the king did throw his warder down
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw
 Then threw he down himself, and all their lives
 That by indictment and by dint of sword
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke

West You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not
 what

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
 In England the most valiant gentleman
 Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
 But if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry
 For all the country, in a general voice,
 Cried hate upon him, and all their prayers and love

We're set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd and grac'd indeed,⁽⁷⁰⁾ more than the king
 But this is mere digression from my purpose —
 Here come I from our princely general
 To know your griefs, to tell you from his grace
 That he will give you audience, and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them,—every thing set off
 That might so much as think⁽⁷¹⁾ you enemies

Mowb But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
 And it proceeds from policy, not love

West Mowbray, you overween to take it so,
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear
 For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best,
 Then reason wills⁽⁷²⁾ our hearts should be as good
 Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd

Mowb Well, by my will we shall admit no pailey

West That argues but the shame of your offence
 A rotten case abides no handling

Hast Hath the Prince John a full commission,
 In very ample virtue of his father,
 To hear and absolutely to determine
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West That is intended in the general's name
 I muse you make so slight a question

Arch Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
 For this contains our general grievances
 Each several article herein redress'd,
 All members of our cause, both here and hence,
 That are insinew'd to this action,
 Acquitted by a true substantial form,
 And present execution of our wills
 To us and to our purposes confirm'd,—⁽⁷³⁾
 We come within our awful banks again,
 And knit our powers to the arm of peace

West This will I show the general Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet,
And⁽⁷⁴⁾ either end in peace,—which God so frame!—
On to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it

Arch My lord, we will do so [*Exit West*]

Mowb There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand

Hast Fear you not that if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains

Mowb Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action,
That, were our loyal faiths⁽⁷⁵⁾ martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our coin shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition

Arch No, no, my lord Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enrag'd him on⁽⁷⁶⁾ to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the aim
That was uprear'd to execution

Hast Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack

The very instruments of chastisement
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold

Arch

Tis very true

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking

Mowb

Be it so

Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland

Re enter WESTMORELAND

West The prince is here at hand pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies

Mowb Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward

Arch Before, and greet his grace —my lord, we come

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *Another part of the forest*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and others, from the other side, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers and Attendants

P John You're well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray —

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop, —
And so to you, Lord Hastings, —and to all —
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,

In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,
 It is even so Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of God ?
 To us the speaker in his parliament,
 To us th' imagin'd⁽⁷⁷⁾ voice of God himself,
 The very opener and intelligencer
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
 And our dull workings O, who shall believe,
 But you misuse the reverence of your place,
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
 In deeds dishonourable ? You have taken up,
 Under the counterfeit seal⁽⁷⁸⁾ of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father,
 And both against the peace of heaven and him
 Have here up swarm'd them

Arch

Good my Lord of Lancaster,

I am not here against your father's peace,
 But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
 The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
 Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief,—
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,—
 Whereon this Hydia son of war is born,
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
 With grant of our most just and right desires,
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty

Mowb If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man

Hast

And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them,
 And so success of mischief shall be born,
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 Whiles England shall have generation

P John You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
 To sound the bottom of the after times

West Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,

How far forth you do like then articles

P John I like them all, and do allow them well,
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wiested his meaning and authority —
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd,
Upon my soul, they shall If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto them several counties,
As we will ours and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity

Arch I take your princely word for these redresses

P John I give it you, and will maintain my word
And thereupon I drink unto your grace [*Drinks*]

Hast [*to an Officer*] Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace let them have pay, and part
I know it will well please them Hie thee, captain

[*Exit Officer*]

Arch To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland [*Drinks*]

West I pledge your grace [*Drinks*], and, if you knew
what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter

Arch I do not doubt you

West I am glad of it —

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray [*Drinks*]

Mowb You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sudden, something ill

Arch Against ill chances men are ever meriy,
But heaviness foreruns the good event

West Therefore be meriy, coz, since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, ⁽⁷⁹⁾ "Some good thing comes to morrow"

Arch Believe me, I am passing light in spirit

Mowb So much the worse, if your own rule be true

[*Shouts within*]

P John The word of peace is render'd hark, how they
shout!

Mowb This had been cheerful after victory
Arch A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
 For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
 And neither party loser

P John Go, my lord,
 And let our army be discharged too [*Exit Westmoreland*]
 And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains⁽⁸⁰⁾
 March by us, that we may peruse the men
 We should have cop'd withal

Arch Go, good Lord Hastings,
 And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by
 [*Exit Hastings*]
P John I trust, lords, we shall lie to night together

Re enter WESTMORELAND

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
 Will not go off until they hear you speak
P John They know their duties

Re enter HASTINGS

Hast My lord, our army is dispers'd already
 Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
 East, west, north, south, or, like a school broke up,
 Each hurries toward his home and sporting place
West Good tidings, my Lord Hastings, for the which
 I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason —
 And you, lord archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray,—
 Of capital treason I attach you both

Mowb Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West Is your assembly so?
Arch Will you thus break your faith?
P John I pawn'd thee none
 I promis'd you redress of these same grievances⁽⁸¹⁾
 Whereof you did complain which, by mine honour,
 I will perform with a most Christian care
 But for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
 Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours
 Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
 Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence —

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray
God, and not we, hath safely fought to day —
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath [Exeunt

SCENE III *Another part of the forest*

Alarums excursions Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting

Fal What's your name, sir? of what condition are you,
and of what place, I pray?

Cole I am a knight, sir, and my name is Colevile of the
dale

Fal Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your
degree, and your place the dale Colevile shall be still your
name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place,—
a dale deep enough, ⁽⁸²⁾ so shall you be still Colevile of the
dale

Cole Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am Do ye
yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are
the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death there
fore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my
mercy

Cole I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that
thought yield me

Fal I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of
mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word
but my name An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I
were simply the most active fellow in Europe my womb, my
womb, my womb, undoes me —Here comes our general

*Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and
others*

P John The heat is past, follow no further now —
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland

[Exit Westmoreland

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come

These taidy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back

Fal I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus
I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of
valour Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet?
have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought?
I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possi-
bility, I have foundered nine score and odd posts and here,
travel tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate
valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious
knight and valorous enemy But what of that? he saw me,
and yielded, that I may justly say with the hook nosed fellow
of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame

P John It was more of his courtesy than your deserving

Fal I know not —here he is, and here I yield him and
I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this
day's deeds, or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular
ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville
kissing my foot to the which course if I be enforced, if you
do not all show like gilt two pences to me, and I, in the
clear sky of fame, overshadow you as much as the full moon
doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads
to her, believe not the word of the noble therefore let me
have right, and let desert mount

P John Thine's too heavy to mount

Fal Let it shine, then

P John Thine's too thick to shine

Fal Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me
good, and call it what you will

P John Is thy name Coleville?

Cole It is, my lord

P John A famous rebel art thou, Coleville

Fal And a famous true subject took him

Cole I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have

Fal I know not how they sold themselves but thou, like
a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis, and I thank thee for
thee

Re enter WESTMORELAND

P John Now, have you left pursuit?

West Retreat is made, and execution stay'd

P John Send Colevile,⁽⁸³⁾ with his confederates,
To York, to present execution —

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure

[Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords

I hear the king my father is ~~sou~~ sick

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him,

And we with sober speed will follow you

Fal My lord, beseech⁽⁸⁴⁾ you, give me leave to go
Through Glostershire and when you come to court,
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report

P John Fare you well, Falstaff I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve

[Exeunt all except Falstaff]

Fal I would you had but the wit 'twere better than
your dukedom — Good faith, this same young sober blooded
boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh,—
but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine There's never any
of these demure boys come to any proof, for thin drink doth
so over cool their blood, and making many fish meals, that
they fall into a kind of male green sickness, and then, when
they marry, they get wenches they are generally fools and
cowards,—which some of us should be too, but for inflamma-
tion A good sherris sack hath a twofold operation in it It
ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and
dull and crudy vapours which environ it, makes it apprehen-
sive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable
shapes, which, delivered o'er to the voice (the tongue),⁽⁸⁵⁾
which is the birth, become excellent wit The second pro-
perty of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood,
which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale,
which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice, but the
sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to
the parts extreme ⁽⁸⁶⁾ it illumineth the face, which, as a
beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom,

man, to arm, and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage and this valour comes of sheen. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a work, and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sheen, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH

How now, Bardolph?

Bard The army is discharged, all, and gone.

Fal Let them go. I'll through Glostershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE IV *Westminster The Jerusalem Chamber*

Enter King HENRY, Duke of CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others

K Hen Now, lords, if God doth give successful end To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified,
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish.
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy

K Hen Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P Humph I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Wind
sor

K Hen And how accompanied?

P Humph I do not know, my lord

K Hen Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with
him?

P Humph No, my good lord, he is in presence here

Cla What would my lord and father?

K Hen Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas,
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren
Therefore omit him not, blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will,
For he is gracious if he be observ'd
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth,
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—

Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder

Cla I shall observe him with all care and love

K Hen Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla He is not there to day, he dines in London

K Hen And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cla With Pointz, and other his continual followers

K Hen Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them therefore my grief
Stretcheth itself beyond the hour of death
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors
For when his headstrong hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd, which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages

K Hen 'Tis seldom-when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion

Enter WESTMORELAND

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law,
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But Peace puts forth her olive every where
 The manner how this action hath been borne,
 Here at more leisure may your highness read,
 With every course in his particular [Giving packet
K Hen O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
 The lifting up of day — Look, here's more news

Enter HARCOURT

Har From enemies heaven keep your majesty,
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell you of!
 The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Baidolph,
 With a great power of English and of Scots,
 Are by the shrieve of Yorkshure overthrow'n
 The manner and true order of the fight,
 This packet, please it you, contains at large [Giving packet
K Hen And wherefore should these good news make me
 sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
 Such are the poor, in health, or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such are⁽⁸¹⁾ the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not
 I should rejoice now at this happy news,
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy —
 O me! come near me, now I am much ill [Falls back

P Humph Comfort, your majesty!

Cla O my royal father!

West My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up

War Be patient, princes, you do know, these fits
 Are with his highness very ordinary
 Stand from him, give him an, he'll straight be well

Cla No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs
 Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out

P Humph The people fear me, for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature
The seasons change then manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over

Cla The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between,
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandson, Edward, sick'd and died

War Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers

P Humph This apoplex⁽⁶⁸⁾ will certain be his end

K Hen I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber softly, pray

[*They place the King⁽⁶⁹⁾ on a bed a change of scene
being supposed here*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit

War Call for the music in the other room

K Hen Set me the crown upon my pillow here

Cla His eye is hollow, and he changes much

War Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince HENRY

P Hen Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Cla I am here, brother, full of heaviness

P Hen How now! I am within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

P Humph Exceeding ill

P Hen Heard he

The good news yet? tell't him

P Humph He alter'd much

Upon the hearing it

P Hen If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic

War Not so much noise, my lords —sweet prince, speak
low,

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep

Cla Let us withdraw into the other room

War Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P Hen No, I will sit and watch here by the king
 [Exeunt all except *P Henry*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
 O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
 Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
 As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
 Snores out the watch of night O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety By his gates of breath
 There lies a downy feather which stirs not
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move—My gracious lord! my father!—
 This sleep is sound indeed, this is a sleep,
 That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
 So many English kings Thy due from me
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously
 My due from thee is this imperial crown,
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head]
 Which God shall guard and put the world's whole strength
 Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me this from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me [Exit

K Hen Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re enter WARWICK and the rest

Cla Doth the king call?

War What would your majesty? how fares your grace?

K Hen Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you

K Hen The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see
 him

He is not here

War This door is open, he is gone this way

P Humph He came not through the chamber where we stay'd

K Hen Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War When we with hiew, my liege, we left it here

K Hen The pounce hath taken it hence —go, seek him out
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my Lord of Warwick, chide him hither

[*Exit Warwick*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me —See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought,⁽⁹⁰⁾ their brains with
care,
Then bones with industry,
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange achieved gold,
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,⁽⁹¹⁾
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father

Re-enter WARWICK

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War My lord, I found the pounce in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye drops He is coming hither

K Hen But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re enter Prince HENRY

Lo, where he comes — Come hither to me, Harry —
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone

[Exeunt all except K Hen and P Hen]

P Hen I never thought to hear you speak again

K Hen Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chan,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee
Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop my day is dim
Thou hast stol'n that which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then, get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head
Only compound me with forgotten dust,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees,
For now a time is come to mock at form —
Harry the Fifth is crown'd — up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more,
 England shall double gild his treble guilt,—
 England shall give him office, honour, might
 For the Fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
 When that my cue could not withhold thy notes,
 What wilt thou do when not is thy care ?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

P Hen O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,

[*Kneeling*]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far There is your crown,
 And He that wears the crown immortally
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more
 Than as your honour and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
 Which my most inward true and dutious spirit⁽⁹²⁾
 Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending !
 God witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die,
 And never live to show th' incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed !
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,—
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,—
 I spake unto the Crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it “ The care on thee depending
 Hath fed upon the body of my father,
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in medicine potable,
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up ” Thus, my most royal liege,

[*Rising*]

Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it—as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any stain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might⁽⁹⁾ of it,—
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son,

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown, and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,
For all the soil of the achievement¹ goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances,
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered,
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the mode, for what in me was purchas'd,⁽⁹⁴⁾
Falls upon thee in a more fearful sort,
So thou the garland wear'st successively
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green,
And all my foes,⁽⁹⁵⁾ which thou must make thy friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd which to avoid,
 I cut some⁽⁶⁶⁾ off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near unto my state Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me
 How I came by the crown, O God forgive,
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

P Hen My gracious hege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, give it me,
 Then plain and right must my possession be
 Which I with more than with a common pain
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain

K Hen Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster

Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, and others

P John Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father !

K Hen Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John,
 But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare wither'd trunk upon thy sight,
 My worldly business makes a period —
 Where is my Lord of Warwick ?

P Hen My Lord of Warwick !

K Hen Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

War 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord

K Hen Laud be to God !—even there my life must end
 It hath been prophesied to me many years,
 I should not die but in Jerusalem,
 Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land —
 But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie,
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die

[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *Gloucestershire A hall in SHALLOW's house**Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page*

Shal By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to night
—What, Davy, I say!

Fal You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow

Shal I will not excuse you, you shall not be excused,
excuses shall not be admitted, there is no excuse shall serve,
you shall not be excused —Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY

Davy Here, sir

Shal Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy, let
me see, Davy let me see —yea, marry, William cook, bid
him come hither —Sir John, you shall not be excused

Davy Marry, sir, thus, those precepts cannot be served
and again, sir,—shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal With red wheat, Davy But for William cook —
are there no young pigeons?

Davy Yes, sir —Here is now the smith's note for shoe-
ing and plough uons

Shal Let it be cast, and paid —Sir John, you shall not
be excused

Davy Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be
had —and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages,
about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal 'A shall answer it —Some pigeons, Davy, a couple
of short legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little
tiny lickshaws, tell William cook

Davy Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal Yea, Davy I will use him well a friend i' the
court is better than a penny in purse Use his men well,
Davy, for they are ancient knaves, and will backbite

Davy No worse than they are backbitten, sir, for they
have marvellous foul linen.

Shal Well concerted, Davy —about thy business, Davy

Davy I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill

Shal There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor that Visor is an aiant knave, on my knowledge

Davy I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir, but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years, and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir, therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced

Shal Go to, I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy [*Exit Davy*]. Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots —Give me your hand, Master Bardolph

Bard I am glad to see your worship

Shal I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph —[*To the Page*] and welcome, my tall fellow —Come, Sir John

Fal I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow [*Exit Shallow*]. Bardolph, look to our horses [*Reunt Bardolph and Page*]. If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his —they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices, he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in concert, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master —if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another. Therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions,

—which is four terms, or two actions,—and 'a shall laugh without *intervallums* O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal [*within*] Sir John!

Fal I come, Master Shallow, I come, Master Shallow

[*Exit*]

SCENE II *Westminster A room in the palace*

Enter, severally, WARWICK and the Lord Chief Justice

War How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch Just How doth the king?

War Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended

Ch Just I hope, not dead

War He's walk'd the way of nature,

And, to our purposes, he lives no more

Ch Just I would his majesty had call'd me with him

The service that I truly did his life

Hath left me open to all injuries

War Indeed I think the young king loves you not

Ch Just I know he doth not, and do aim myself

To welcome the condition of the time,

Which cannot look more hideously upon me

Than I have drawn it in my fantasy

War Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry

O that the living Harry had the temper

Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!

How many nobles then should hold their places,

That must strike sail to squibs of vile sort!

Ch Just O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

*Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, Duke of CLARENCE, WEST
MORELAND and others*

P John Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good mor-
row⁽⁹⁷⁾

P Humph } Good morrow, cousin
Cla }

P John We meet like men that had forgot to speak

Was We do remember, but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk

P John Well, peace be with him that hath made us
heavy!

Ch Just Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P Humph O, good my lord, you've lost a friend in
deed,

And I dare swear you borrow not that face

Of seeming sorrow,—it is sure your own

P John Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation

I am the sinner, would 'twere otherwise

Cla Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fan,
Which swims against your stream of quality

Ch Just Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul,

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and foistall'd remission

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him

Was Here comes the prince

Enter King HENRY THE FIFTH, attended

Ch Just Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

King This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think —

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear

This is the English, not the Turkish court,

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, by my faith, it very well becomes you

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart why, then, be sad,

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd

I'll be your father and your brother too,

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares
 Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I,
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness

Cla

P John

P Humph

} We hope no other from your majesty

King You all look strangely on me — and you most,

[*To the Chief Justice*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not

Ch Just I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me

King No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great⁽⁹⁸⁾ indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten?

Ch Just I then did use the person of your father,

The image of his power lay then in me

And in th' administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment,

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you — If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the gailand,

To have a son set your decrees at naught,

To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person,

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,

And mock your workings in a second body

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,

Be now the father, and propose a son,

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, so⁽⁹⁰⁾ silencing your son
 After this cold consideration, sentence me,
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty

King You are right, justice, and you weigh this well
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did
 So shall I live to speak my father's words
 "Happy am I, that have a man so bold
 That dares do justice on my proper son,
 And not less happy, having such a son
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice"—You did commit me
 For which, I do commit into your hand
 Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear,
 With this remembrance,—that you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
 As you have done 'gainst me—There is my hand
 You shall be as a father to my youth
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well practis'd wise directions—
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you,—
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections,
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world,
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming—The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty
 Now call we our high court of parliament

And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation,
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand

[*To the Lord Chief Justice*

Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before remember'd, all our state
 And, God consigning to my good intents,
 No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
 God shorten Harry's happy life one day ⁽¹⁰⁰⁾

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Gloucestershire The garden of SHALLOW's house*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and
 DAVY*

Shal Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an
 arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own giassing,
 with a dish of caraways, and so forth —come, cousin Silence
 —and then to bed

Fal 'Foie God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a
 rich

Shal Batten, batten, batten, beggars all, beggars all,
 Sir John —marry, good an —Spiead, Davy, spiead, Davy
 well said, Davy

Fal This Davy serves you for good uses, he is your
 serving man and your husband ⁽¹⁰¹⁾

Shal A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet,
 Sir John —by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at
 supper —a good varlet Now sit down, now sit down —
 come, cousin

Sil Ah, sirrah! quoth a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [*Singing*
 And praise God for the merry year,

Do nothing but eat, &c } This fragment, and the next three fragments
 sung by Silence, are known only from the present play

When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,

And ever among so merrily

Fal There's a merry heart!—Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon

Shal Give Master Budolph some wine, Davy

Davy Sweet sit, sit, I'll be with you anon, most sweet sit, sit—Master page, good master page sit [*Bard and Page sit at another table*]—Proface! What you want in merr, we'll have in drink but you must bear,—the heart's all [*Exit*

Shal Be merry, Master Budolph,—and, my little soldier there, be merry

Sil Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,⁽¹⁰⁰⁾ [*Singing*

For women are shrews, both short and tall

'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,

And welcome merry Shrove tide

Be merry, be merry, &c

Fal I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle

Sil Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now

Re enter DAVY

Davy There's a dish of leather coats for you

[*Setting them before Bardolph*

Shal Davy,—

Davy Your worship?—[*To Bardolph*] I'll be with you straight—A cup of wine, sit?

Sil A cup of wine that's bush and fine, [*Singing*

And drunk unto the leman mine,

And a merry heart lives long a

Fal Well said, Master Silence

Sil And we shall be merry,—now comes in the sweet o' the night⁽¹⁰¹⁾

Fal Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all] "Mr. Warton in his *History of English Poetry*, observes that this rhyme is found in a poem by Adam Davis, called *The Life of Alexander*

'Merry swithe it is in halle

When the herdes waveth alle'' STEEVENS

These words were, in fact, proverbial

Sil Fill the cup, and let it come, [*Singing*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom

Shal Honest Baidolph, welcome if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart — [*To the Page*] Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed too — I'll drink to Master Baidolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London

Davy I hope to see London once ere I die

Bard An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal By the mass, you'll crack a quart together,—ha! will you not, Master Baidolph?

Bard Yea, sir, in a pottle pot

Shal By God's liggens, I thank thee — the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that 'a will not out, he is true bred

Bard And I'll stick by him, sir

Shal Why, there spoke a king Lac^k nothing be merry [*Knocking within*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy*]

Fal Why, now you have done me right

[*To Silence, who has just drunk a bumper*]

Sil Do me right, [*Singing*
And dub me knight
Samingo

Is't not so?

Fal 'Tis so

Sil Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat

Re enter DAVY

Davy An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news

Fal From the court! let him come in

Do me right, &c] "In one of Nashe's plays entitled *Summer's last Will and Testament* 1600, Bacchus sings 'the companions of Bacchus sing' the following catch,

'Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass
In cup in can, or glass
God Bacchus, do me right,
And dub me knight

Domingo' ' STEEVENS

See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol ix p 47, last ed — By 'Samingo' Silence means 'San Domingo'

Enter Pistol

How now, Pistol !

Pist Su John, God save you !

Fal What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?

Pist Not the ill wind which blows no man to good —⁽¹⁰⁴⁾
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm

Sil By a lady, I think a be, but goodman Puff of Baison

Pist Puff !

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base !—

Su John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price

Fal I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world

Pist A fount⁽¹⁰⁵⁾ for the world and worldlings base !
I speak of Africa and golden joys

Fal O base Assyrian knight,* what is thy news ?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof

Sil And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John † *[Singing]*

Pist Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons ?
And shall good news be baffled ?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap

Shal Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding

Pist Why, then, lament therefore

Shal Give me pardon, su —if, su, you come with news
from the court, I take it there's but two ways,—either to
utter them, or to conceal them I am, su, under the king, in
some authority

Pist Under which king, besonian ? speak, or die

Shal Under King Harry

Pist Harry the Fourth ? or Fifth ?

Shal Harry the Fourth

Pist A fount for thine office !—

* O base Assyrian knight &c] Possibly this speech and the preceding one are acted (with alterations) from some drama now unknown

† And Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.] A line (the first word altered) from the ballad of *The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield* &c see Rutson's *Robin Hood*, vol ii p 16

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king,
 Hail the Fifth's the man I speak the truth
 When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me, like
 The bragging Spaniard

Fal What, is the old king dead?

Pist As nail in door the things I speak are just

Fal Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse — Master Robert
 Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine —
 Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities

Bard O joyful day! —

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune ⁽¹⁰⁶⁾

Pist What, I do bring good news?

Fal Carry Master Silence to bed — Master Shallow, my
 Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward
 Get on thy boots we'll ride all night — O sweet Pistol! —
 Away, Bardolph! [*Exit Bard*] — Come, Pistol, utter more
 to me, and, withal, devise something to do thyself good —
 Boot, boot, Master Shallow I know the young king is sick
 for me Let us take any man's horses, the laws of England
 are at my commandment Blessed are they that have been
 my friends, and wo to my lord chief justice!

Pist Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

"Where is the life that late I led?"* say they
 Why, here it is, — welcome this pleasant day ⁽¹⁰⁷⁾ [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV London A street

Enter Beadles, *dragging in* Hostess and DOLL LEAPSHIRT

Host No, thou arrant knave, I would to God that I
 might die, that I might have thee hanged thou hast drawn
 my shoulder out of joint

Fust Bead The constables have delivered her over to
 me, and she shall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her
 there hath been a man or two lately killed about her

Dol Nut hook, nut-hook, you lie! Come on, I'll tell
 thee what, thou damned tripe visaged rascal, an the child I

* "Where is the life that late I led?" A line from some ballad, already
 quoted in *The Taming of the Shrew* see vol. III p. 153, and foot note there

go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper faced villain

Host O the Lord, that Sir John were come ! he would make this a bloody day to somebody But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry !

First Bead If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again, you have but eleven now Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you

Dol I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this,—you blue bottle rogue, you filthy furnished correctioner, if you be not swung, I'll forswear half knites

First Bead Come, come, you she knight errant, come

Host O God, that right should thus overcome might ! Well, of sufferance comes ease

Dol Come, you rogue, come, bring me to a justice

Host Ay, come, you starved bloodhound

Dol Goodman death, goodman bones !

Host Thou atomy, thou !

Dol Come, you thin thing, come, you rascal

First Bead Very well [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V A public place near Westminster Abbey

Enter three Grooms, strewing rushes

First Groom More rushes, more rushes

Sec Groom The trumpets have sounded twice

Third Groom 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation

First Groom Dispatch, dispatch ⁽¹⁰⁸⁾ [*Exeunt*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the Page*

Fal Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow, I will make the king do you grace I will lean upon him as 'a comes by ; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me

Pist God bless thy lungs, good knight

Fal Come here, Pistol, stand behind me!—[*To Shallow*]
 O if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter, this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him,—

Shal It doth so

Fal It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal It doth so

Fal My devotion,—

Shal It doth, it doth, it doth ⁽¹⁰⁰⁾

Fal As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Shal It is most certain

Fal But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him

Pist 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est* 'tis all in every part

Shal 'Tis so, indeed

Pist My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
 And make thee rage
 Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
 Is in base durance and contagious prison,
 Hal'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand —
 Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
 For Doll is in. Pistol speaks naught but truth

Fal I will deliver her

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound*]

Pist There roar'd the sea, and trumpet clangor sounds

Enter the King and his Train, the Lord Chief Justice among them

Fal God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp
 of fame!

Fal God save thee, my sweet boy!

King My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man

Ch. Just Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!
King I know thee not, old man fill to thy prayers,
 How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
 I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
 So suifet swell'd, so old, and so profane,
 But, being awake, I do despise my dream
 Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace,
 Leave goimandizing, know the grave doth gape
 For thee thrice wider than for other men —
 Reply not to me with a fool born jest
 Presume not that I am the thing I was,
 For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turn'd away my former self,
 So will I those that kept me company
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
 Not to come near our person by ten mile
 For competence of life I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will, according to your strength and qualities,
 Give you advancement —Be't your charge, my lord,
 To see perform'd the tenour of our word —
 Set on

[*Exeunt King and his Train*]

Fal Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound

Shal Yea, marry, Sir John, which I beseech you to let me have home with me

Fal That can hardly be, Master Shallow Do not you grieve at this, I shall be sent for in private to him look you, he must seem thus to the world fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that shall make you great

Shal I cannot perceive how,—unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand

Fal Sir, I will be as good as my word this that you heard was but a colour

Shal A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John

Fal Fear no colours go with me to dinner — come,
 Lieutenant Pistol,⁽¹¹⁰⁾ — come, Bauldolph — I shall be sent for
 soon at night

Re enter Prince JOHN, the Lord Chief Justice, Officers, &c

Ch Just Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet,
 Take all his company along with him

Fal My lord, my lord,—

Ch Just I cannot now speak I will hear you soon —
 Take them away

Pist *Se fortuna*⁽¹¹¹⁾ *mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta*
 [*Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bauldolph,*
and Page, with Officers]

P John I like this fair proceeding of the king's
 He hath intent his wonted followers
 Shall all be very well provided for,
 But all are banish'd till their conversations
 Appear more wise and modest to the world

Ch Just And so they are

P John The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord

Ch Just He hath

P John I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
 We bear our civil swords and native fire
 As far as France I heard a bird so sing,
 Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king
 Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt*]

EPILOGUE

Spoken by a Dancer

First my fear, then my court'sy, last my speech My
 fear is, your displeasure, my court'sy, my duty, and my
 speech, to beg your pardons If you look for a good speech
 now, you undo me for what I have to say is of mine own
 making, and what indeed I should⁽¹¹²⁾ say will, I doubt,
 prove mine own marring But to the purpose, and so to
 the venture — Be it known to you, — as it is very well, — I
 was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray
 your patience for it, and to promise you a better I did

mean, indeed, to pay you with this, which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly

One word more, I beseech you If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a be killed with your hard opinions, for Oldcastle⁽¹¹³⁾ died a martyr, and this is not the man My tongue is weary, when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneel down before you, —but, indeed, to pray for the queen

P 314 (1)

pleasant towns

The old eds have *peasant townes* —The alteration which I have now introduced occurred to me long ago suggested itself also to Mr Robson while reading the sheets of the former edition of this work for his own press and moreover is found in Mr Collier's corrected folio Mr Singer indeed (*Shakespeare Vindicated* p 111) reckons it among the crudities of the corrector but one may wonder why Ramon should mention only the *peasant towns* (a most strange expression) as if so busy a personage in the long journey from Shrewsbury to Warl worth had failed to call in at the more important places (That the fact of the folio having a hyphen here—*peasant Townes* —weighs absolutely nothing in support of the old reading my note on the words in *King John* thin bestained cloal ' p 93 will show distinctly)

P 314 (2)

hold

The old eds have *hole*

P 316 (3)

'strand

The old eds have *'strand* See note 1 p 239

P 317 (4)

' That what he fear d is chanced let speak Morton '

Here the folio has *'chanc'd* but the earlier, and in some respects much better edition of this play the quarto of 1600 has *chanced* —Walker (whose acquaintance with the old copies was confined to the folio) declares that Shakespeare certainly did not write *chanced* (*Shakespeare's Imitation &c* p 134) and proceeds to amend by conjecture a line which opposed his theory But compare *The Merchant of Venice*, act v sc 1

You shall not know by what strange accident

I *chanced* on this letter

Ant

I am dumb '

and *Titus Andronicus*, act iii sc 2

I'll to thy closet and go read with thee

Sad stories *chanced* in the times of old

P 318 (5)

'fly not''

The old eds have *"fled not"*—Corrected by Walker (*Crit Dram &c* vol ii p 68)

P 318 (6)

"the"

The old eds have *"that"* (an error perhaps originating in the *that* ' in immediately above)

P 319 (7) *and do speal the truth*

So the folio —The quarto has *and dare speale the truth* hence Mr W N Lettsom would read *and dare speal for truth*

P 319 (8) *the corpses*

i e the corpses the bodies Here the folio has *the Coupes* (This line is not in the quarto) See note 5 p 289

P 321 (9) *as*

So the second folio —The earlier eds have ‘at

P 321 (10) *thorough*

The old eds have ‘through’

P 322 (11) *hunt counter*

So the quarto —The folio has ‘Hunt counter’ —which has been understood as a term of reproach used with a quibble —with an allusion to *hunting counter* (*i e* hunting the wrong way turning and following the scent the way the chase has come), and to the Attendant’s office of catchpole one who *hunts* for the *Counter* prison But Naes (*Gloss* in ‘Hunt counter’) remains ‘It seems to be an error to join the two words into one as if to make a name in this passage Falstaff means rather to tell the man that he is on a wrong scent ‘You are *hunting counter* that is, the wrong way In the old quartos [quarto] the words are disjoined accordingly’’

P 323 (12) ‘Fal’

See Introduction to *The First Part* of this play p 204

P 324 (13) *costermonger*

Both the quarto and the folio add an *s* to this word (Here the folio omits ‘*times*’ —The third folio has *costermongera dayes*’)

P 325 (14) *for by the Lord, &c*

Walker says ‘Write and point ‘for by the Lord I take but two shirts out with me *an* I mean not to sweat extraordinarily—! if it be &c An elliptical threat’ *Crit Exam &c* vol. II p 158

P 326 (15) ‘degrees

Altered by Mr Collier’s Ms Corrector and by Mr Singer’s Ms Connector to—discusses —wrongly

P 327 (16)

lie

The old eds have "hue '—On *Lie* and *live* confounded see *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 209, by Walker who suggests that the error here may have been occasioned by the words quoted in my next note,— *Lives* so in hope

P 327 (17)

*Ies in this present quality of uan —**Indeed the instant action—a cause on foot—**Lives so in hope*

This very difficult passage is not in the quarto —The folio has *Ies if this* &c —from which by altering the punctuation, Mr Knight vainly attempts to extract a meaning—I adopt the emendation of Johnson in which is also that of Mr Collier's Ms Corrector—who in the next line reads '*In deed the instant act and cause on foot* &c

P 327 (18)

'last'

So Capell and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —The old eds have 'least'

P 328 (19) '*To weigh against his opposite or else*'

Capell printed '*How weigh against,*' &c and Mr Staunton proposes *And weigh against* &c —Here '*his*' is equivalent to '*its*' —Before this line Mr Collier's Ms Corrector inserts

A careful leader sums what force he brings

P 328 (20)

*To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd**They baying him at the heels*

So the quarto except that it omits '*To*' —The passage is unskilfully mended in the folio thus

"He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch

Baying him at the heeles'

P 329 (21)

"exion"

Here both the quarto and the folio have 'action,' but, presently after, they agree in making the Hostess say "exion"

P 330 (22)

"a long one"

Theobald substitutes '*a long loan*' Mr Collier's Ms Corrector '*a long score,*' and Mr Grant White '*a long own*' —The alteration on the suggestion of Theobald has been very unnecessarily and improperly made The Hostess means to say that a hundred mark is a long *mark* that is, *score, reckoning*, for her to bear The use of *mark* in the singular number in familiar language admits very well of this equivocal Douce —'I prefer Theobald's *loan,*' though not altogether satisfactory At any rate if Shakespeare had intended to pun on the word *mark* he would have written '*mark,*' not '*one*' ' W N LITTLE

P 331 (23)

Fal

The quarto has ' *Boy* ' the folio Page '—Corrected in the third folio

P 334 (24)

" *Poyntz* "

So here and throughout this scene the name is spelt in the folio See note 1. p 290

P 335 (25)

" *of*

Added by Pope —Capell supplied ' *from* '—The Prince (as Malone observes) is speaking of bastard children wrapt up in old shirts

P 336 (26)

' *Bard*

The old eds have *Poynes* ' and ' *Poin*

P 337 (27)

' *borrower's cap*

The old eds have ' *homowed cap* '—Corrected by Warburton

P 337 (28)

' *Poin* [reads] '

The quarto has *Poynes* ' the folio *Poin* Letter " and both eds make some confusion in the arrangement of this dialogue

P 337 (29)

Roman

The old eds have " *Romanes* " and " *Romaines* "—Corrected by Warburton The words of Julius Cæsar (*veni, vidi, vici*) are here alluded to by Falstaff, who afterwards cites them (p 374)

P 337 (30)

" *twenty*

Steevens considers this as an instance of a certain number put for an uncertain one —Hammer (Warburton) reads (very badly) ' *plenty* '—Mr W N Lettson conjectures " *twenty score*

P 338 (31)

I pray thee loving wife and gentle daughter '

See note 107 on *The Tempest*

P 339 (32)

heart's dear

So the quarto —The folio has ' *heart deere* '—" This compound is a Germanism it does not appear to me in Shakespeare's style and Walker has shown that in a few instances a hyphen has usurped the place of the final *s* ' W N Lettson

P 339 (33)

" *long* "

Altered by Theobald to " *look* , ' which is probably the poet's word

P 339 (34) *Did seem defensible —so you left him*

There is no emphasis on the pronouns and consequently the line is defective W N Lettsom

P 342 (35) *pure*

The old eds have *poore* which I retained in my former edition because *poor* was often used as an epithet of endearment but I now believe that Mr Collier's Ms Corrector was right in altering it to *pure*

P 344 (36) *fators* "

The quarto has 'fater the folo fates — Dyce *Remarks* p 111 adopts the quarto's reading *fators* which he supposes to be a various spelling of *faitours* I think he is right Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 55

P 346 (37) *Se fortuna ' &c*

Here the old eds have "Si fortune me tormente, speiato me contento" (the folo contente) and towards the close of the Fifth Act the quarto has

Si fortuna me tormenta speio contenta while the folio gives Si fortuna me tormento speia me contento' —The Cambridge Editors observe "As the quotation is made by Pistol who has just spoken of Cannibals (for Hanmbals) and of Trojan Greeks, we have left it uncorrected. It would be scarcely consistent to put correct Italian or Spanish into his mouth. All the editors assume that Italian is the language meant and give it, as such, more or less correctly. If Pistol's sword were a Toledo blade the motto would be Spanish &c —See foot note p 344

P 346 (38) *" him'*

Mr W N Lettsom would read " me

P 349 (39) *" Pointz his brother '*

ie Pointz's brother '

P 350 (40) *' close*

Altered by Mr Grant White to "glose," —wrongly see note 170 on *Measure for Measure*

P 350 (41) *" and burns, poor soul '*

'This is Sir T Hanmer's reading Undoubtedly right The other editions had and burns poor souls' The venereal disease was called in those times, the *brennyng* or *burning* " JOHNSON —It is surprising that the earlier editors, Rowe, Pope, and Theobald, did not anticipate Hanmer in this certain emendation and it is still more surprising to find the ridiculous old blunder thrust back into the text in two recent editions —in Mr Collier's and the Cambridge Shakespeare (Falstaff calls Doll poor soul, 'because she was in hell already burning (with the *lues venerea*) about Mrs Quickly's 'damnation he is uncertain)

P 351 (4-) '*come* [Doll comes blubbered] *yea will you come, Doll?*'
 These words are found only in the quarto where they stand thus *come*
shee comes blubbered yea &c —a stage direction (as not unfrequently hap-
 pens in early dramas) having crept into the text

P 352 (43) *O sleep*
 An interpolation I conceive

P 352 (44) '*the*
 M^r Collier's M^s Corrector substitutes *high* —M^r W N Lettsom suggests
 then' (referring to *the great*)

P 352 (45) *on*
 Hammer printed *to* —According to Capell who retains the old reading
Bell in this line is put for the case or box it is hung upon so that the
 comparison is double and this *couch*' as sleepless as the *case of a watch*
man, or of a *sentinel* that tends on a *laum* Notes &c vol 1 P 1 p 175

P 352 (46) *the slippery shrouds,*
 So Pope and M^r Collier's M^s Corrector —The old eds have '*the slippy*'
Clouds which reading I now reject on account of the strange impropriety
 of the epithet '*slippery*' applied to '*clouds*'

P 352 (47) "*Then happy low lie down*"
 Here writes Capell '*lie down*' has the force of—*lie you down*, contented,
 and secure of repose" Notes &c vol 1 P 1 p 175 —On Warburton's inge-
 nious alteration, '*Then happy lowly clown*, see my *Remarks on Mr Col-*
lier's and M^r Knight's eds of Shakespeare, p 113

P 353 (48) "*to you all, my lords*"
 Malone compares *The Second Part of King Henry VI* act ii sc 2, where
 York addressing only his *two* friends, Salisbury and Warwick says, "*as all*
you know" —Theobald substituted '*to you Well, my lords,*' &c

P 354 (49) *will*
 The old eds have "*shall*, —a stark error

P 354 (50) "*this,*"
 Johnson conjectures "*things,*" and Capell prints "*these*"

P 355 (51) "*page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk*"
 See Introduction to *The First Part* of this play, p 204

P 356 (52) "*a*"
 The folio has '*at*' which Mr Grant White pronounces to be right on ac-
 count of the preceding words '*at twelve score*' but the more immediately
 preceding word, "*carried,*" shows that the "*a*" of the quarto is right

P 357 (53) *you like well* ’

So the quarto — The folio has *you looke well* &c — (Compare *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, act v sc 2 vol ii p 218 *Well liking* wits they have gross gross fat fat and *First Part* of the present play act iii sc 3 p 258 “Well, I’ll repent and that suddenly while I am in some *liking*”)

P 358 (54) *the others*

The old eds have *th’ other* and ‘*the other*’

P 358 (55) ‘*not much of the father’s substance*

The quarto has ‘*but much of the father’s substance*’ (where “*but*” is, as it often is a mistake for ‘*not*’) — The folio has *but not of the father’s substance*’ — The Cambridge Editors retain the reading of the quarto understanding much in the nominal sense in which it is often found ’

P 359 (56) *Here is two more called than your number* ’

‘*Two*’ only have been called, and the number required is *four*. Some name seems to have been omitted by the transcriber. The restoration of this sixth man would solve the difficulty that occurs below for when Mouldy and Bull-calf are set aside Falstaff, as Dr Farmer has observed, gets but *three* recruits. Perhaps our author himself is answerable for this slight inaccuracy.” MALONE — ‘Chapell omits the word *two*’ BOSWELL — Mr Swynfen Jervis conjectures ‘*Here is one more*, &c

P 359 (57) “*Saint George’s field?*”

The fourth folio has “*Saint George’s fields?*” But compare

Meet me to morrow in *Saint George’s field* ’ &c

King Henry VI Part Sec act v sc 1

P 361 (58) “*three pound*”

‘Here seems to be a wrong computation. He had forty shillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit.” JOHNSON

P 361 (59)

“*for you, Mouldy stay at home till you are past service*

Tyrwhitt would read ‘*for you Mouldy, stay at home still you are past service*’

P 362 (60)

“*that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible*

In *Every Man in his Humour*, act i sc 3 Cob says, “and they flout him *invincibly*” — on which Gifford has the following note, “I have some doubt whether we rightly comprehend this word as understood by our ancestors. Here, and elsewhere, it is used where we should now write *invisibly*.” He was so forlorn,’ says Falstaff of Justice Shallow, ‘that his dimensions to any thick sight were *invincible*’ This reading Steevens pronounces to be abso-

lutely spurious and adopts with great applause *invisible* the correction of Rowe The correction as it is termed is sufficiently obvious to those who are not conversant with our old writers but not so I should have thought to Steevens However this may be I have met with the expression so frequently that I incline to the opinion of the judicious Ortes and think there is need of more deliberation before it be utterly proscribed *Johnson's Works* vol 1 p 30

P 364 (61)

' *Let us sway on*

I know not that I have ever seen *sway* in this sense but I believe it is the true word and was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body JOHNSON — Nares explains *sway* in this passage press on in motion pass on *Gloss* — Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads (most wisely) ' *Let us away on* ' — Mr W N Lettsom proposes ' *Away* ' let's on

P 364 (62)

' *If that rebellion*

*Came like itself in base and abject routs
Led on by heady youth guarded with rags
And countenanced by boys and beggary —
I say if damn'd commotion so appear'd*

The old eds have ' *Led on by bloody (and bloodie) youth guarded with rage* ' in which line " *heady* " is the emendation of Mr Singer's Ms Corrector and of Warburton and ' *rags* ' the alteration of Mr Collier's Ms Corrector and of Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol 11 p 136) — The old eds have also *commotion* so appear — (Johnson, who once conjectured *moody* instead of ' *bloody* ' afterwards acquiesced in the latter reading explaining it full of blood ' but would Shakespeare have written in the same sentence *bloody youth* ' and *bloody insurrection* ?)

P 364 (63)

*to dress the ugly form**Of bare and bloody insurrection*

The old eds have ' *Of base and* ' &c — Perhaps, says Walker " *bare* " the image seems to require it " *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 280 The alteration is I think necessary

P 364 (64)

' *Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood
Your pens to lances and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war* '

The old eds have ' *Turning your bookes to graues* ' &c — Mr Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated* p 117) says, ' Warburton's correction of *glaves* for *graves* has been adopted by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector yet the reading of Steevens *greaves*, is at least equally probable, and nearer to the old word ' — the fact is, our early authors frequently write " *graves* " when (as here) ' *greaves* ' are meant — In the last line Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads ' — and report of war ' while Mr Singer (*ubi supra*) would substitute ' — and a bruit of war ' — neither of them being aware that ' *a point of war* ' is a not uncommon expression so in Greene's *Orlando Furioso*

Tell him from me false coward as he is
 That Orlando the County Palatine
 Is come this morning, with a band of French
 To play him hunt s up with a point of war &c

Diam Wols p 94 ed Dyce 1861

1864 In a note on his *Shakespeare Fabrications* &c p 6 D1 Ingleby declares that I having the failing of borrowing from others without acknowledgment 'stand indebted to M1 Staunton for the knowledge that *point of war* ought not to be altered Now whence does M1 Staunton adduce his quotations to show that the phrase is right? *From 'Dyce's ed of Greene and from Peele and Shirley authors also edited by me*

P 360 (65) *And are enforced from our most quiet sphere*

So Hammer (Warburton) and his alteration is at least better than the corruption of the folio — *our most quiet* there (though Henley gravely tells us that there refers to the new channel which the rapidity of the flood from the stream of time would force itself into !!) — M1 Collier's Ms Corrector reads — *most quiet chan* but in this line the Arch bishop is evidently talking of his associates as well as of himself — This passage is not in the quarto

P 365 (66) *My brother general the commonwealth
 To brother born an household cruelty
 I make my quarrel in particular*

The second of these lines is not in the folio — The passage being plainly mutilated defies any satisfactory explanation — In *Notes and Queries* for July 21. 1866 is a long article wherein the writer vainly labours to elicit a meaning from it

P 366 (67) *'force*

The folio has "forc'd" — This passage is not in the quarto

P 366 (68) *And when that"*

The folio has *And then that* ' — This is not in the quarto — I give the alteration of Rowe and M1 Collier's Ms Corrector — Pope reads, a little more violently *'And then when'* which, however agrees well with the eleventh line of the speech *'Then, then when,'* &c

P 366 (69) *'then*

So Capell — The folio has *'when* — This is not in the quarto

P 367 (70) *'indeed,*

So Thirlby — The folio has "and did." — This is not in the quarto

P 367 (71) *'think*

Was altered by Hammer to "mark" by Capell to "hint"

P 367 (72) *'wills'*

The old eds have *'will'*

P 367 (73)

confirm d —'

So Hammer — The old eds have ' confinde ' and " confind

P 368 (74)

And

The old eds have At

P 368 (75)

royal faiths

Altered by Hammer to *loyal faiths* — *Royal faith* [as Capell observes] means *the faith due to a king* So in *King Henry VIII* [act iv sc 1] 'The citizens have shown at full their *royal minds* that is their minds well affected to the king' Wolsey in the same play when he discovers the king in masquerade says [act i sc 4] here I'll make my *royal choice* i e not such a choice as a king would make but such a choice as has a king for its object So *royal faith*, the faith which is due to a king which has the sovereign for its object MALONE

P 368 (76)

him on

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector does not scruple to substitute "her man"

P 370 (77)

imagin d

The old eds have imagine "

P 370 (78)

' seal '

The old eds have zeale' — Corrected by Walker (see Preface to *Shakespeare's Versification* &c p xxi) and by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector (Capell in his *Various Readings* has 'seal 1st F' giving, it would seem by mistake, his own conjecture as the lection of the folio)

P 371 (79)

"Serves to say thus"

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 137) would read "Seems to say this"

P 372 (80)

"your trains"

The old eds have our *trains* " which Steevens defends very unsatisfactorily (As to the plural "*trains*", compare the words of the Prince, a few speeches earlier,

"Discharge your powers unto their several counties," &c)

P 372 (81) "I promis'd you redress of these same grievances"

Steevens, objecting to the length of this line, would omit "*these same*" — Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c p 251) would alter "*grievances*" to the contracted plural 'grievance'

P 373 (82) and the dungeon your place — a dale deep enough "

So Tyrwhitt — The old eds have 'and the dungeon your place a place deep

enough (the word *place* 'having been repeated by mistake) — Here Mr Collier's Ms Corrector alters the former as well as the latter *place* to 'dale

P 375 (83)

Coleville

Is a trisyllable Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c p 2

P 375 (84)

'*beseech*

The old eds have 'I *beseech*'

P 375 (85)

to the voice (the tongue)

Hanmer printed *to the voice in the tongue* — '*Tongue* was possibly only an interlineation the poet not having determined whether to adopt '*voice*' or *tongue* STANTON

P 375 (86)

'*extreme*

So the third folio — The earlier eds have 'extremes

P 379 (87)

are"

Omitted by Pope and rightly perhaps

P 380 (88)

apoplex'

The old eds have 'apoplexi and "apoplexie" (The form '*apoplex*' is very common both in the poets and prose writers of Shakespeare's days)

P 380 (89)

"*Into some other chamber softly, pray*

[*They place the King,*" &c

Here the old eds have no stage direction In fact the audience of Shakespeare's time were to suppose that a change of scene took place as soon as the King was laid on the bed — 1864 The Cambridge Editors make the following very odd alteration (marking a new scene without an *Exeunt* preceding it)

Into some other chamber softly, pray

Scene V Another Chamber

The King lying on a bed CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER WARWICK, and others in attendance

King Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,' &c

(Perhaps it is hardly worth noticing that in the acting copy of the play the passage stands thus

"*K Hen* I pray you, bear me to my couch, my sons

[*They support the King to his couch—the Chief Justice lays the King's pillow, and Westmoreland goes behind and lays the mantle over him, then goes to L of Chief Justice—the Princes and L of the couch*

Softly pray

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ' &c)

P 382 (90) ' *I have bin e then sleeps with thought*

The old eds have ——— *with thoughts* (Here the quarto has *sleeps* ' but compare *Hamlet* act iv sc 7 *Breath not you sleeps for that*)

P 382 (91)

Our thigh, with wax our mouths with honey pack'd

The old eds have *Our thigh* (and *thighes*) *pack'd with waxe our mouthes with honey*

P 384 (92) ' *Which my most inward true and dutious spirit*

So the quarto —The folio has *Which my most true and inward dutious Spirit* ' ,

P 385 (93) *might* ' ,

Altered by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector to *weight*

P 385 (94) *purchas'd*

is acquired by unjust and indirect methods *Purchase* in Shakespeare frequently means *stolen goods* or goods dishonestly obtained ' MASON —Here Mr W N Lettsom would read with Mr Collier's Ms Corrector, *purchas'd* ' ,

P 385 (95) *my foes* "

The old eds have ' *thy friends* ' (an error most probably caused by the occurrence of the words *thy friends* at the end of the line) —Tyrwhitt and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector read ' *my friends* ' and Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol i p 300) *thy foes* " —In confirmation of the reading which I have given (and which Mr W N Lettsom also suggested), compare the following passage of *King Henry V* act ii sc 2, in which Grey addresses that prince

those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd them galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal

P 386 (96) ' *some*

So Mason and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —The old eds have ' *them*

P 389 (97) ' *good morrow* "

Seems to be an interpolation

P 391 (98) *So great* "

" ' *So great*, I think ' Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol i p 289

P 392 (99) *so* "

The old eds have ' *soft* ' —When Mr Collier proposed to substitute ' *so*, ' he was not aware that the alteration had been made by Theobald

- P 393 (100) *And God consigning to my good intents
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day'*

As in most of the modern editions the reader will find ' *God consigning* &c and ' *Heaven shorten* &c I think it right to mention that while the quarto has *God consigning* ' &c and *God shorten* ' &c the folio has *heaven consigning* &c and " *Heaven shorten*, &c

- P 393 (101) *' husband*

Altered in the third folio to *husbandman* ' which was given by Rowe &c who did not know how common the word *husband* formerly was in the sense of *husbandman* (We find it in use long before the days of Shakespeare so in *A Lytell Geste of Robin Hode*

But loke ye do no housbonde haime
That tylleth with his ploughe ' Fytte 1)

- P 394 (102) *my wife has all '*

Folmer would read *my wife s as all 1 e my wife is as all women are*

- P 394 (103)

And we shall be merry —now comes in the weete of the night "

So the quarto.—The person who made the transcript of this play used for the folio, being accustomed *passim* to alter *and* ' (1 e an) to *if* misunderstood the force of the word in the present passage and wrote *If we shall be merry* &c but here the *And* of the quarto is not equivalent to *An* (if) —it is the copulative conjunction

- P 396 (104) *no man to good —"*

So the quarto.—The folio has *none to good* '—Pope gave *no man good* — (Malone quotes from *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pretifull* by William Bulleyn 1564 sig F 5

' No winde but it doth turn some man to good ")

- P 396 (105) *'foutia'*

The Cambridge Editors here and in a subsequent speech print *foutie* (the quarto having ' *footie* and ' *fowtie*) But compare ' *A foutia* for promoters' Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—*Wols* vol iv p 33 ed Dyce and

' *Fontra* [*Foutia*] for you!

Moun Fontia [*Fautra*] for mee? *futtia*, *futtra*, *futtia* five thousand *futtia*s for you! *Jacke Drims* *Entertainment* &c sig D ed 1616

- P 397 (106) " *Bard O joyful day!*—

I would not take a lighthood for my fortune "

So this speech stands in the folio and so, most probably Shakespeare intended it to stand—We have before had blank verse from Bardolph, when he was not under such excitement as at present see p 351

P 397 (107) *this pleasant day "*

So Pope and Mr Collier s Ms Corrector (a couplet having been evidently intended here) —The old eds have ' these (and those) *pleasant dayes* '

P 398 (108)

First Groom *More rushes more rushes*

Sec Groom *The trumpets have sounded twice*

Third Groom *It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation*

First Groom *Dispatch dispatch*

So the quarto except that it gives the words ' *Dispatch dispatch*' to the Third Speaker —The folio omits these words, and divides the dialogue between two Grooms

P 399 (109)

Shal *It doth so*

Shal *It doth so*

Shal *It doth, it doth, it doth* '

In the quarto the prefix to these three speeches is "*Pist*" In the folio the first of them is rightly assigned to Shallow but by an oversight the two others are left with the old prefix

P 401 (110)

"*Lieutenant Pistol* "

See note 34 on the next play

P 401 (111)

"*Se fortuna,*" &c

See note 37

P 401 (112)

"*should* "

Surely *shall* both the word *indeed* and the context seem to demand this' Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 139

P 402 (113)

'*Oldcastle* '

See Introduction to *The First Part* of this play, p 205

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

KING HENRY V

A PASSAGE of the Chorus before act v evidently refers to Essex

Were now the general of our gracious empress—

As in good time he may—from Ireland coming &c

and Malone remarks Lord Essex went to Ireland April 15 1599 and re-
turned to London on the 26th of September in the same year So that
this play (unless the passage relative to him was inserted after the piece
was finished) must have been composed between April and September 1599
Supposing that passage a subsequent insertion the play was probably not
written long before for it is not mentioned by Meres (in his *Palladis Tamia*,
&c) in 1598 *Life of Shakespeare* p 360 It was first printed in 1600 & to
with a text wretchedly disfigured and incomplete nor did it appear in its
genuine form till the publication of the folio of 1623 According to Malone

the fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of
this play published in 1600 1602, and 1608 is not that the whole play as
we now have it, did not then exist but that those copies were surreptitious
and that the editor in 1600 not being able to publish the whole published
what he could ' *Ubi supra* p 365 Mr Collier however —while he allows
that the quartos ' bear strong external and internal evidence of fraud —is
of opinion ' that Shakespeare did not originally write his Henry V by any
means as we find it in the folio of 1623 and that it was first produced without
various scenes and speeches subsequently written and introduced ' *Introd*
to King Henry the Fifth —Concerning the earlier anonymous play entitled
The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, &c see ante, p 205

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY the Fifth
 DUKE OF GLOSTER } brothers to the King
 DUKE OF BEDFORD }
 DUKE OF EXETER uncle to the King
 DUKE OF YORK cousin to the King
 EARL OF SALISBURY
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND
 EARL OF WARWICK
 ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
 BISHOP OF ELY
 EARL OF CAMBRIDGE
 LORD SCROOP
 SIR THOMAS GREY
 SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM GOWER FLUELLEN MACMORFIS JAMY officers
 in King Henry's army
 JOHN BATES ALEXANDER COURT MICHAEL WILLIAMS soldiers in the
 same
 PISTOL
 NYM
 BARDOLPH
 Boy
 A Herald

CHARLES the Sixth, king of France
LOUIS, the Dauphin
DUKE OF BURGUNDY
DUKE OF ORLEANS
DUKE OF BOURBON
The Constable of France
RAMBURES GRANDPRE, French lords
Governor of Harfleur
MONTJOY, a French herald
Ambassadors to the King of England

ISABEL queen of France
KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel
ALICE a lady attending on her
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap (formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol)

Lords Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers and Attendants
Chorus

SCENE—During the earlier part of the play in England, afterwards in France

KING HENRY V

Enter Chorus

Chor O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,—
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment But pardon gentles all,
The flat unmaised spirits that have dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields⁽¹⁾ of France ? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place⁽²⁾ a million,
And let us, ciphers to this great account,
On your imaginary forces work
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts,
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance,
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth,—

For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour glass for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history,
Who, prologue like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play

[Exit

ACT I

SCENE I *London An ante chamber in the King's palace*

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Fly

Cant My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question

Ely But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant It must be thought on If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possessions,⁽³⁾
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us, being valu'd thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires,
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied,
And to the coffers of the king, beside,
A thousand pounds by th' year thus runs the bill

Ely This would drink deep.

Cant 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely But what prevention?

Cant The king is full of grace and fair regard

Ely And a true lover of the holy church

Cant The courses of his youth promis'd it not
 The breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too, yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration, like an angel, came,
 And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
 Leaving his body as a paradise,
 T' envelop and contain celestial spirits
 Never was such a sudden scholar made,
 Never came reformation in a flood,
 With such a heady current,⁽¹⁾ scouring faults,
 Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
 As in this king

Ely We are blessed in the change

Cant Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And, all admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You'd say it hath been all in all his study
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter —that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences,
 So that the art and practice part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoretic⁽²⁾
 Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain,
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best

Neighbour'd by fruit of base quality
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness, which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet cressive in his faculty

Cant It must be so, for miracles are ceas'd,
 And therefore we must needs admit the means
 How things are perfected

Ely But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill
 Uig'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
 Incline to it, or no?

Cant He seems indifferent,
 Or, rather, swaying more upon our part
 Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
 Upon our spiritual convocation,
 And in regard of causes now in hand,
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet
 Did to his predecessors part withal

Ely How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant With good acceptance of his majesty,
 Save that there was not time enough to hear—
 As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done—
 The severals and unhidden passages⁽⁶⁾
 Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
 And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
 Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather

Ely What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant The French ambassador upon that instant
 Crav'd audience,—and the hour, I think, is come
 To give him hearing—is it four o'clock?

Ely It is

Cant Then go we in, to know his embassy,
 Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it

Ely I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it [Exeunt

SCENE II *The same The presence chamber in the same*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WEST
MORELAND, *and* Attendants

K Hen Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe Not here in presence

K Hen Send for him, good uncle

West Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

K Hen Not yet, my cousin we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury *and* the Bishop of Ely

Cant God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K Hen Sure, we thank you
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
O! should, or should not, bar us in our claim
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
O! nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth,
For God doth know how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed,
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the sword⁽¹⁾
That makes such waste in brief mortality
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart

That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism

Cant Then hear me, gracious sovereign, — and you
peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne — There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond, —
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
“ No woman shall succeed in Salique land ”
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar
Yet then own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe,
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French,
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law, — to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty six, and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five Besides, then writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as hear general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France
Hugh Capet also, — who usurp'd the crown

Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—
 To fine his title⁽⁸⁾ with some show of truth,
 Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
 Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Louis the emperor, and Louis the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Louis the Tenth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady Eimengue,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
 Was re-united to the crown of France
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Louis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female
 So do the kings of France unto this day,
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
 To bar your highness claiming from the female,
 And rather choose to hide them in a net
 Than amply to imbare⁽⁹⁾ their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this
 claim?

Cant. The sun upon my head, dread sovereign!
 For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,—
 When the man dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter⁽¹⁰⁾ Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
 Look back into your mighty ancestors
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim, invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France,
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill

Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins, and my thrice puissant liege
Is in the very May morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises

Erc Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood
They know your grace hath cause and means and might ⁽¹⁾

West So hath your highness, never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France

Cant O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right
In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors

K Hen We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages

Cant They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers

K Hen We do not mean the couraging snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy ⁽²⁾ neighbour to us
For you shall read that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom

Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 With ample and büm fulness of his force,
 Gallng the gleaned land with hot assays,
 Guidng with grievous siege castles and towns,
 That England, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhoöd

Cant She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my
 liege,

For hear hei but exampled by herself —
 When all hei chivalry hath been in Fiance,
 And she a mourning widow of hei nobles,
 She hath herself not only well defended
 But taken, and impounded as a stray,
 The King of Scots, whom she did send to Fiance,
 To fill King Edward's fame⁽¹³⁾ with prisoner kngs,
 And make hei⁽¹⁴⁾ chronicle as rich with praise
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wreck and sumless treasures

West But there's a saying, very old and true,—

“If that you will Fiance win,
 Then with Scotland first begin”

For once the eagle England being in prey,
 To hei unguarded nest the weasel Scot
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks hei princely eggs,
 Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
 To spoil and havoc more than she can eat

Exe It follows, then, the cat must stay at home
 Yet that is but a curst⁽¹⁵⁾ necessity,
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty⁽¹⁶⁾ traps to catch the petty thieves
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 Th' advised head defends itself at home,
 For government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one concent,
 Congreering in a full and natural close,
 Like music

Cant Time therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion,
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience for so work the honey bees,
 Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The art of order⁽¹⁷⁾ to a peopled kingdom
 They have a king, and officers of sorts
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
 Others, like soldiers, aimed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent royal of their emperor
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold,
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone— I this infer,—
 That many things, having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariously
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,
 Fly to one mark,
 As many several streets meet in one town,
 As many fresh streams run in one salt sea,⁽¹⁸⁾
 As many lines close in the dial's centre,
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat— Therefore to France, my liege
 Divide your happy England into four,
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake
 If we, with three such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried, and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy

K. Hen Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin

[*Exeunt some Attendants*]

Now are we well resolv'd, and, by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,

Or break it all to pieces there⁽¹⁹⁾ we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mutes, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a wren epitaph⁽²⁰⁾

Enter Ambassadors of France, attended

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin, for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king
First Amb May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge,
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K Hen We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons
Therefore with frank and with uncurb'd plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind

First Amb Thus, then, in few
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third (21)
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd, there's naught in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won,—
You cannot revel into dukedoms there
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure, and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you This the Dauphin speaks

K Hen What treasure, uncle?

Ere

Tennis balls, my liege

K Hen We're glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us,
His present and your pains we thank you for

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
 We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard
 Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
 That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
 With chases And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them
 We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
 And therefore, living here,⁽²²⁾ did give ourself
 To barbarous license, as 'tis ever common
 That men are merriest when they are from home
 But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,
 Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,⁽²³⁾
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France
 For that⁽²⁴⁾ I have laid by my majesty,
 And plodded like a man for working days,
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us
 And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun stones, and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
 And some are yet unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal and in whose name,
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
 To vengeance as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well hallow'd cause
 So, get you hence in peace, and tell the Dauphin,
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it —
 Convey them with safe conduct — Fare you well

[*Exeunt Ambassadors*]

Exe. This was a merry message

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
 That may give furtherance to our expedition,
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that run before our business
 Therefore let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
 That may with reasonable swiftness add
 More feathers to our wings,⁽²⁾ for, God before,
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door
 Therefore let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair action may on foot be brought

[*Flourish* *Exeunt*]

Enter Chorus

Chor Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies
 Now thrice⁽²⁶⁾ the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
 Following the muner of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries
 For now sits Expectation in the air,
 And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
 Promis'd to Harry and his followers
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes
 O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men,—
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and the second,
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,

Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
 Have, for the guilt of France—O guilt indeed!—
 Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France,
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton
 Linger your patience on, and well digest
 Their abuse of distance, while we force a play^(c)
 The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
 The king is set from London, and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton,—
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass, for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,⁽²⁸⁾
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene

[Exit

ACT II

SCENE I *London Before the Bear's head Tavern, Eastcheap*

Enter, severally, Nym and BARDOLPH

Bard Well met, Corporal Nym

Nym Good mornow, Lieutenant Bardolph

Bard What, are Ancient Pistol and your friends yet?

Nym For my part, I care not I say little, but when
 time shall serve, there shall be smites,⁽²⁹⁾—but that shall be
 as it may I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out
 mine iron it is a simple one, but what though? it will toast
 cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will
 and there's an end

Bard I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and
 we'll be all three sworn brothers in⁽³⁰⁾ France let't be so,
 good Corporal Nym

Nym Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the cer-

tun of it, and when I cannot live any longer, I will die⁽³¹⁾ as I may that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it

Bard It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly and, certainly, she did you wrong, for you were troth plight to her

Nym I cannot tell —things must be as they may men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and, some say, knives have edges It must be as it may though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod There must be conclusions Well, I cannot tell

Bard Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife —good corporal, be patient here

Enter Pistol and Hostess ⁽³⁾

How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term,
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers

Host No, by my troth, not long, for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needle, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight [*Nym draws his sword*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn! [*Pistol also draws his sword*] Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed ⁽³⁾

Bard Good lieutenant, — good corporal, — offer nothing here ⁽⁴⁾

Nym Pish!

Pist Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword

Nym Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*

[*Sheathing his sword*]

Pist *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face,
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, peidy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels,
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow

Nym I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me I have an humour to knock you indifferently well If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may and that's the humour of it

Pist O biaggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore exhale [*Nym draws his sword*]

Bard Hear me, hear me what I say—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier
[*Draws his sword*]

Pist An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate—
Give me thy fist, thy fore foot to me give
Thy spurs are most tall [*They sheathe their swords*]

Nym I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms that is the humour of it

Pist *Coupe la gorge!*
That is the word I thee defy again
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No, to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazari kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she, and—*Pauca*, there's enough
Go to

Enter the Boy

Boy Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess ⁽³²⁾—he is very sick, and would to bed—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming pan—Faith, he's very ill

Bard Away, you rogue!

Host By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days the king has killed his heart—Good husband, come home presently [*Exeunt Hostess and Boy*]

Bard Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist Let floods o'er-swell, and fiends for food howl on !

Nym You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

Pist Base is the slave that pays

Nym That now I will have that's the humour of it

Pist As manhood shall compound push home

[*Pistol and Nym draw their swords*

Bard By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him, by this sword, I will [Draws his sword

Pist Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course

Bard Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends an thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me too Pri-
thee, put up

Nym I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

Pist A noble shalt thou have, and present pay,

And liquor likewise will I give to thee,

And friendship shall combine and brotherhood,

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me,—

Is not this just ?—for I shall sutler be

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue

Give me thy hand

[*They sheathe their swords*

Nym I shall have my noble ?

Pist In cash most justly paid

Nym Well, then, that's the humour of it

Re-enter Hostess

Host As ever you came of women, come in quickly⁽²⁶⁾ to
Sir John Ah, poor heart ! he is so shaken of a burning quo-
tidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold Sweet
men, come to him

Nym The king hath run bad humours on the knight,
that's the even of it

Pist Nym, thou hast spoke the right,
His heart is fiacted and corroborate

Nym The king is a good king but it must be as it may,
he passes some humours and careers

Pist Let us condole the knight, for lambkins we will
live⁽²⁷⁾

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Southampton A council chamber**Enter L EFER, BLDIORD, and WESTMORELAND**Bed* 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors*Ere* They shall be apprehended by and by*West* How smooth and even they do bear themselves !

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

Crowned with faith and constant loyalty

Bed The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of

Ere Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell

His sovereign's life to death and treachery !

*Trumpets sound Enter King HENRY, CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, GREY,
Lords, and Attendants**K Hen* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard

My Lord of Cambridge,—and my kind Lord of Masham,—

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us

Will cut their passage through the force of Fiance,

Doing the execution and the act

For which we have in head assembled them ?

Scroop No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best*K Hen* I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded

We carry not a heart with us from hence

That grows not in a fair concert with ours,

Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish

Success and conquest to attend on us

Cam Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'dThan is your majesty there's not, I think,⁽³⁸⁾ a subject

That sits in heart grief and uneasiness

Under the sweet shade of your government

Grey True those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal

K Hen We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,

Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to their weight⁽³⁹⁾ and worthiness

Scroop So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services

K Hen We judge no less — Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And, on our more advice, we pardon him ⁽⁴⁰⁾

Scroop That's mercy, but too much security
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind

K Hen O, let us yet be merciful

Cam So may your highness, and yet punish too

Grey Sir,

You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction

K Hen Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy onsons 'gainst this poor wretch !
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us ? — We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd And now to our French causes ⁽⁴¹⁾
Who are the late⁽⁴²⁾ commissioners ?

Cam I one, my lord

You highness bade me ask for it to day

Scroop So did you me, my liege

Grey And me, my royal sovereign ⁽⁴³⁾

K Hen Then, Richard earl of Cambridge, there is
yours, —

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham, — and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours —
Read them, and know, I know your worthiness —
My Lord of Westmoreland, — and uncle Exeter, —
We will aboard to night — Why, how now, gentlemen !
What see you in those papers, that you lose

So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change !
 Then cheeks are paper —Why, what read you there,
 That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
 Out of appearance ?

Cam I do confess my fault,
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy

Grey } To which we all appeal
Scroop }

K Hen The mercy that was quick in us but late,
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy,
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you —
 See you, my princes and my noble peers,
 These English monsters ! My Lord of Cambridge here,—
 You know how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him⁽⁴⁴⁾ with all appertinents
 Belonging to his honour, and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspu'd,
 And sworn unto the practices of France,
 To kill us here in Hampton to the which
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn —But, O,
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
 Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use,—
 May it be possible, that foreign hue
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange,
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it
 Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause,⁽⁴⁵⁾
 That admiration did not whoop at them
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistening semblances of piety,
But he that tempted⁽⁴⁶⁾ thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, "I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's"
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou seem⁽⁴⁷⁾ they gave and learned?
Why, so didst thou come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou or use they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full fraught man⁽⁴⁸⁾ and best indu'd
With some suspicion I will weep for thee,
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man—Then faults are open
Arrest them to the answer of the law,—
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Rich-
ard earl of Cambridge

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord
Scroop of Masham

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey,
knight, of Northumberland

Scroop Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
 And I repent my fault more than my death,
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it

Cam For me,—the gold of France did not seduce,
 Although I did admit it as a motive
 The sooner to effect what I intended
 But God be thanked for prevention,
 Which I⁽⁴⁹⁾ in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me

Grey Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damned enterprise
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign

K Hen God quit you in his mercy! Here your sentence
 You have conspir'd against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers⁽⁵⁰⁾
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death,
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom into desolation
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you—Get you, therefore, hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
 You patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence

[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded*
 Now, lords, for France, the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you as us like glorious
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
 To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now
 But every rub is smoothed on our way

Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition
 Cheerly to sea, the signs of war advance
 No king of England, if not king of France [Exeunt

SCENE III. London. Before the Boar's head Tavern,
 Eastcheap

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, Nym, BARDOLPH, and Boy

Host Pithee, honey sweet husband, let me bring thee to
 Stunes

Pist No, for my manly heart doth yearn —
 Bardolph, be blithe, — Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins, —
 Boy, bristle thy courage up, — for Falstaff he is dead,
 And we must yearn therefore

Bard Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either
 in heaven or in hell !

Host Nay, sure, he's not in hell he's in Arthur's bo-
 som, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A made a fine
 end,⁽⁵¹⁾ and went away, an it had been any christom child, 'a
 parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning
 o' the tide for after I saw him fumble with the shee's, and
 play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers ends, I knew
 there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen,
 and 'a babbled of green fields⁽⁵²⁾ "How now, Sir John !
 quoth I "what, man ! be o' good cheer" So 'a cried out
 "God, God, God !" three or four times. Now I, to com-
 fort him, bid him 'a should not think of God, I hoped there
 was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet
 So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand
 into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any
 stone, then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward,⁽⁵³⁾
 and all was as cold as any stone

Nym They say he cried out of sack

Host Ay, that 'a did

Bard And of women

Host Nay, that 'a did not

Boy Yes, that 't did, and said they were devils incarnate

Host 'A could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never liked

Boy 'A said once, the devil would have him about women

Host 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women, but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon

Boy Do you not remember, 't saw a flea stick upon Baldolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell fire?

Bard Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire that's all the riches I got in his service

Nym Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton

Pist Come, let's away — My love, give me thy lips
Look to my chattels and my movables
Let senses rule, the word is "Pitch and pay,"
Trust none,

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer cakes
And hold fast is the only dog, my duck
Therefore, *cave to* be thy counsellor

Go, clear thy crystals — Yoke fellows in arms,
Let us to France, like horse leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!*

Boy And that's but unwholesome food, they say

Pist Touch her soft mouth, and march

Bard Farewell, hostess [Kissing her]

Nym I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it, but, adieu

Pist Let housewifery appear keep close, I thee command

Host Farewell, adieu [Exeunt]

SCENE IV *France* A room in the French King's palace

Flourish Enter the French King, attended the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, and others

Fr King Thus come the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns

Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,—
And you, Prince Dauphin,—with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant,
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf
It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields

Dau My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe,
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France
And let us do it with no show of fear,
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not

Con O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king
Question your grace the late ambassadors,—
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,—
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate

Dau Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,

But though we think it so, it is no matter
 In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd,
 Which, of⁽¹⁾ a weak and niggardly projection,
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth

F^r King Think we King Harry strong,
 And, princes, look you strongly aim to meet him
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
 And he is bred out of that bloody stain
 That haunted us in our familiar paths
 Witness our too much memorable shame
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales,
 Whiles that his mountain sire,⁽³⁰⁾—on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
 Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see him,
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock, and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him

Enter a Messenger

Mess Ambassadors from Harry king of England
 Do crave admittance to your majesty

F^r King We'll give them present audience Go, and
 bring them

[Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords]

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends

Dau Turn head, and stop pursuit, for coward dogs
 Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
 Runs far before them Good my sovereign,
 Take up the English shout, and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head
 Self love, my hege, is not so vile a sin
 As self neglecting

Re enter Lords, with EXETER and Dauphin

Fr King From our brother England⁹⁶³

Exe From him, and thus he greets your majesty

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,

That you divest yourself, and lay apart

The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,

By law of nature and of nations, 'long

To him and to his heirs, namely, the crown,

And all wide stretch'd honours that pertain,

By custom and the ordinance of times,

Unto the crown of France That you may know

Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,

Pick'd from the worm holes of long vanish'd days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,

He sends you this most memorable line, [Gives a paper

In every branch truly demonstrative,

Willing you overlook his⁹⁷ pedigree

And when you find him evenly deriv'd

From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,

Edward the Third, he bids you then resign

Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held

From him the native and true challenger

Fr King Or else what follows?

Exe Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown

Even in your hearts, there will he take for it

Therefore in fiery⁹⁸ tempest is he coming,

In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,

That, if requiring fail, he will compel,

And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,

Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy

On the poor souls for whom this hungry war

Opens his vasty jaws and on your head

Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,

The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,

That shall be swallow'd in this controversy

This is his claim, his threatening, and my message,

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,

To whom expressly I bring greeting too⁹⁹

Fr King For us, we will consider of this further
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England

Dau For the Dauphin
I stand here for him what to him from England?

Er Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at
Thus says my king an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and wombly vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance ⁽⁶⁰⁾

Dau Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will, for I desire
Nothing but odds with England to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls

Er He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain —that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France

Fr King To-morrow shall you know our mind at full

Er Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already

Fr King You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions

A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence [*Flourish* *Exeunt*]

Enter Chorus

Chor Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought Suppose that you have seen
 The well appointed king at Hampton pier⁽⁶¹⁾
 Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning⁽⁶²⁾
 Play with your fancies, and in them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing,
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd, behold the threaten sails,
 Borne⁽⁶³⁾ with th' invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on th' inconstant billows dancing,
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sterage of this navy,
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and purance,
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege,
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on guded Harfleur
 Suppose th' ambassador from the French comes back,
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms
 The offer likes not and the nimble gunner
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
 [*Alarum, and chambers go off, within*
 And down goes all before them Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind [*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I *France Before Harfleur*

Alarums Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders

K Hen Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,

Or close the wall up with our English dead !
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger,
 Stiffen the sinews, summon⁽⁶⁴⁾ up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height !—On, on, you noble English,⁽⁶⁵⁾
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war proof !—
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument —
 Dishonour not your mothers, now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you !
 Be copy now to men⁽⁶⁶⁾ of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war !—And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture, let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding which I doubt not,
 *For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustie in your eyes
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,

Straining⁽⁶⁷⁾ upon the start The game's afoot
 Follow your spurs, and, upon this charge,
 Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"
[Exeunt Alarum, and chambers go off, withun

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy

Bard On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!
Nym Pray thee, corporal,⁽⁶⁸⁾ stay the knocks are too
 hot, and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives the
 humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain song of it

Pist The plain song is most just, for humours do
 abound

Knocks go and come,^{(69)*} God's vassals drop and die,
 And sword and shield,
 In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame

Boy Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would
 give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety

Pist And I

If wishes would prevail with me,
 My purpose should not fail with me,
 But thither would I hie

Boy As duly, but not as truly,
 As bird doth sing on bough

Enter Fluellen

Flu Got's plood!⁽⁷⁰⁾—Up to the preaches, you rascals!
 will you not up to the preaches? *[Drawing them forward*

Pist Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym These be good humours!—your honour runs bad
 humours⁽⁷¹⁾ *[Exeunt Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol, followed
 by Fluellen*

Boy As young as I am, I have observed these three
 swashers I am boy to them all three but all they three,

* *Knocks go and come &c*] This fragment and the fragments which follow, belong to some ballad (or ballads) no longer extant

though they would seive me, could not be man to me, for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man For Baidolph,—he is white livered and red faced, by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword, by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scoins to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds, for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk They will steal any thing, and call it purchase Baidolph stole a lute case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half pence Nym and Baidolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire shovel I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs I must leave them, and seek some better service their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up *[Exit]*

Re enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following

Gow Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines, the Duke of Gloster would speak with you

Flu To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines, for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the wars ⁽⁷²⁾ the concavities of it is not sufficient, for, look you, th' athversary—you may discuss unto the duke, look you—is diggt himself four yard under the countermines by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions

Gow The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman,—a very valiant gentleman, I' faith

Flu It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow I think it be

Flu By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld ⁽⁷³⁾ I will verify as much in his peard he has no more directions in the

true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy dog

Gow Here 'a comes, and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him

Flu Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th' auncient wars, upon my paticular knowledge of his directions by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'old, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY

Jamy I say gude day, Captain Fluellen

Flu Got den to your worship, goot Captain Jamy ⁽⁷¹⁾

Gow How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac By Chrish, la, tish ill done, the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done, it ish give over I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hou O, tish ill done, tish ill done, by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the wars, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication, partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point

Jamy It sall be vay gude, gude feith, gude captains baith and I sall quit you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, mary

Mac It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes ⁽⁷²⁾ it is no time to discourse The town is beseeched, and the trompet call us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing 'tis shame for us all so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still, it is shame, by my hand and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la

Jamy By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ai'l do gude service, or ai'l lig i' the grund for it, ay, or go to death, and ai'l pay 't⁽⁷⁶⁾ as valoriously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long Mary, I wad full fain heird⁽⁷⁷⁾ some question 'tween you 'tway

Flu Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your collection, there is not many of your nation—

Mac Of my nation⁽⁷⁸⁾ What ish my nation? what ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a basteid, and a knave, and a rascal

Flu Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities

Mac I do not know you so good a man as myself so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head

Gow Gentlemen both, you will⁽⁷⁹⁾ mistake each other

Jamy A' that's a foul fault [A parley sounded]

Gow The town sounds a parley

Flu Captain Macmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so pold as to tell you I know the disciplines of wars, and there is an end

[Exeunt]

SCENE II *The same Before the gates of Harfleur*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls, the English forces below Enter King HENRY and his Train

K Hen How yet resolves the governor of the town? This is the latest parle we will admit Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves, Or, like ~~to~~ men proud of destruction, Defy us to our worst for, as I am a soldier,⁽⁸⁰⁾ A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best, If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your flesh fair virgins and your flowering infants
What is it then to me, if impious war,—
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
Do, with his smutch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon thr' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder,⁽⁶¹⁾ spoil, and villany
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile⁽⁶²⁾ the locks of your shrill shrieking daughters,
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And then most reverent heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody hunting slaughtermen
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gor. Our expectation hath this day an end
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us, that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege Therefore, dread king,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy
 Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
 For we no longer are defensible

K Hen Open your gates — Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur, there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French
 Use mercy to them all For us, dear uncle,—
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais
 To night in Harfleur will we be your guest,
 To morrow for the march are we addrest

[*Flourish* The King, &c enter the town

SCENE III Rouen A room in the palace

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE

Kath Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage

Alice Un peu, madame

Kath Je te prie m'enseigner, il faut que j'apprenne à parler
 Comment appelez vous la main en Anglais ?

Alice La main ? elle est appelée de hand

Kath De hand Et les doigts ?

Alice Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts, mais je me souviendrai
 Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres, oui, de fingres

Kath La main, de hand, les doigts, de fingres Je pense que je suis le bon ecolier, j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vite ment
 Comment appelez vous les ongles ?

Alice. Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails

Kath De nails Ecoutez, dites moi, si je parle bien de hand, de fingres, et de nails

Alice C'est bien dit, madame, il est fort bon Anglais

Kath Dites moi l'Anglais pour le bras

Alice De arm, madame

Kath Et le coude ?

Alice De elbow

Kath De elbow Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent

Alice Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense
Kath Excusez moi, *Alice*, écoutez de hand, de fingres, de nails, de aim, de bilbow
Alice De elbow, madame
Kath O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie ! de elbow Com-
 ment appelez vous le col ?
Alice De neck, ⁽⁸¹⁾ madame
Kath De nick Et le menton ?
Alice De chin
Kath De sin Le col, de nick, le menton, de sin
Alice Oui Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez
 les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre
Kath Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de
 Dieu, et en peu de temps
Alice N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai en-
 seigné ?
Kath Non, je réciterai à vous promptement de hand, de
 fingres, de mails,—
Alice De nails, madame
Kath De nails, de aim, de ilbow
Alice Sauf votre honneur, de elbow
Kath Ainsi dis-je de elbow, de nick, et de sin Com-
 ment appelez vous le pied et la robe ?
Alice De foot, madame et de coun
Kath De foot et de coun ! O Seigneur Dieu ! ce sont mots
 de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour
 les dames d'honneur d'user je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots
 devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde Il faut
 de foot et de coun néanmoins Je réciterai une autre fois
 ma leçon ensemble de hand, de fingres, de nails, de aim, de
 elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun
Alice Excellent, madame !
Kath C'est assez pour une fois allons nous à dîner

[*Exeunt*]SCENE IV *The same Another room in the same**Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Con-
stable of France, and others**Fr. King* 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme

Con And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France, let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people

Dau O *Dieu vaillant*! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spunt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafted?

Bow Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobber and a duty farm
In that nook shotten isle of Albion

Con *Dieu de batailles*! whence have they this mettle?⁽⁸⁴⁾
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A diench for surlein'd jades, their bailey broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant hert?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch,⁽⁸⁵⁾ whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,—
Poor we may⁽⁸⁶⁾ call them in their native lords!

Dau By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth
To new store France with bastard warriors

Bow They bid us to the English dancing schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos,
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways

Fr King Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance —
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field
Charles Delabreth,⁽⁸⁷⁾ high constable of France,
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,

Alençon, Biabant, Bai, and Burgundy,
 Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Berumont, Grandpie, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix,⁽⁸⁸⁾ Lestiale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois,
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,⁽⁸⁹⁾
 For you great seats, now quit you of great shames
 Bru Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner

Con

This becomes the great

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march,
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And, for achievement, offer us his ransom⁽⁹⁰⁾

Th King Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
 And let him say to England, that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give —
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen

Dau Not so, I do beseech your majesty

Th King Be patient, for you shall remain with us —
 Now forth, lord constable, and princes all,
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The English camp in Picardy*

Enter, severally, GOWER and FLUELLEN

Gow How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power—he is not—Got be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the 'old, but keeps the pidge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient there at the pidge,⁽⁹¹⁾—I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the 'old, but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow What do you call him?

Flu He is called Ancient Pistol.

Gow I know him not.

Flu Here is the man.

Enter PISTOL

Pist Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours.
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu Ay, I praise Got, and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
Of⁽⁹²⁾ buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,—
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu By your patience, Ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind, and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation. And her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls—in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him,*
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be,—
A damned death!

* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him] 'Conveys an allusion to the famous old ballad 'Fortune my toe'—

'Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me?' STANTON

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price
Therefore, go speak,—the duke will hear thy voice,
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite

Flu Auncient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning

Pist Why, then, rejoice therefore

Flu Certainly, auncient, it is not a thing to rejoice at
for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desire the duke
to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used

Pist Die and be damn'd! and fies for⁽⁰⁸⁾ thy friendship!

Flu It is well

Pist The fig of Spain!

[Exit

Flu Very good

Gow Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal, I remember him now, a bawd, a cutpurse

Flu I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'oids at the bridge
as you shall see in a summer's day But it is very well, what
he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is
serve

Gow Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and
then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into
London, under the form of a soldier And such fellows are
perfect in the great commanders' names and they will learn
you by rote where services were done,—at such and such a
sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy, who came off
bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy
stood on, and thus they con perfectly in the phrase of war,
which they tick up with new tuned oaths⁽⁰⁴⁾ and what a
beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp,
will do among foaming bottles and ale washed wits, is wonder-
ful to be thought on But you must learn to know such
slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook

Flu I tell you what, Captain Gower;—I do perceive he
is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world

he is if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind
[Drum within] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must
 speak with him from the bridge

Enter King Henry, Gloster, and Soldiers

Got pless your majesty!

K Hen How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the
 bridge?

Flu Ay, so please your majesty The Duke of Exeter
 has very gallantly maintained the bridge the French is gone
 off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages
 many, th' athversary was have possession of the bridge, but
 he is enforced to retue, and the Duke of Exeter is master of
 the bridge I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man

K Hen What men have you lost Fluellen?

Flu The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great,
 reasonable great many, for my part, I think the duke hath
 lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for
 robbing a church,—one Bardolph, if your majesty know the
 man his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and
 flames o' fire and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a
 coal of fire, sometimes blue and sometimes red, but his nose
 is executed, and his fire's out

K Hen We would have all such offenders so cut off —
 and we give express charge that, in our marches through the
 country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing
 taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused
 in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for
 a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner

Tucket sounds Enter Montjoy

Mont You know me by my habit

K Hen Well, then, I know thee what shall I know of
 thee?

Mont My master's mind

K Hen Unfold it

Mont Thus says my king — Say thou to Harry of Eng
 land Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep, advantage
 is a better soldier than rashness Tell him, we could have
 rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to

bruise an injury till it were full ripe —now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom, which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested, which, in weight to re answer, his pettiness would bow under For our losses, his exchequer is too poor, for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number, and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction To this add defiance and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced So far my king and master, so much my office

K Hen What is thy name? I know thy quality

Mont Montjoy

K Hen Thou dost thy office fairly Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment for, to say the sooth,—
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,—
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French,
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march⁽⁹⁵⁾ three Frenchmen —Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your an of France
Hath blown that vice in me, I must repent
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am,
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way There's for thy labour, Montjoy

[*Goes a prisoner*]

Go, bid thy master well advise himself
If we may pass, we will, if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour and so, Montjoy, fare you well

The sum of all our answer is but this
 We would not seek a battle, as we are,
 No, as we are, we say, we will not shun it
 So tell your master

Mont I shall deliver so Thanks to your highness [*Exit*

Glo I hope they will not come upon us now

K Hen We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs
 March to the bridge, it now draws toward night —
 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
 And on to-morrow bid them march away [*Exit int*

SCENE VI *The French camp, near Agincourt*

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, the Duke of Orleans, the Dauphin, and others

Con Tut! I have the best armour of the world — We'll do it were day!

Orl You have an excellent armour, but let my horse have his due

Con It is the best horse of Europe

Orl Will it never be morning?

Dau My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour, —

Orl You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world

Dau What a long night is this! — I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns ⁽⁹⁶⁾ *Ça, ha!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs, *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk — he trots the air, the earth sings when he touches it, the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes

Orl He's of the colour of the nutmeg ⁽⁹⁷⁾

Dau And of the heat of the ginger — It is a beast for Pegasus — he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him — he is, indeed, a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse

Dau It is the prince of palfreys, his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage

Orl No more, cousin

Dau Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey it is a theme as fluent as the sea, turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on, and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus "Wonder of nature,"—

Orl I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress

Dau Then did they imitate that which I composed to my couser, for my horse is my mistress

Orl Your mistress bears well

Dau Me well, which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress

Con *Ma foi*,⁽⁹⁸⁾ methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook you back

Dau So, perhaps, did yours

Con Mine was not bridled

Dau O, then, belike she was old and gentle, and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers

Con You have good judgment in horsemanship

Dau Be warned by me, then they that ride so, and ride not waily, fall into foul bogs I had rather have my horse to my mistress

Con I had as lief have my mistress a jade

Dau I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her⁽⁹⁹⁾ own hair.

Con I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress

Dau *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubrier* thou makest use of any thing

Con Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose

Ram My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to night,—are those stars or suns upon it?

Con Stars, my lord

Dau Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope

Con And yet my sky shall not want

Dau That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away

Con Even as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well, were some of your biags dismounted

Dau Would I were able to load him with his desert!—Will it never be day?—I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces

Con I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English

Ram Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them

Dau 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself [Exit

Orl The Dauphin longs for morning

Ram He longs to eat the English

Con I think he will eat all he kills

Orl By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince

Con Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath

Orl He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France

Con Doing is activity, and he will still be doing

Orl He never did harm, that I heard of

Con Nor will do none to-morrow he will keep that good name still

Orl I know him to be valiant

Con I was told that by one that knows him better than you

Orl What's he?

Con Many, he told me so himself, and he said he cared not who knew it

Orl He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him

Con By my faith, sir, but it is, never any body saw it but his lackey 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate

Orl I'll will never said well

Con I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship

Oil And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due

Con Well placed there stands your friend for the devil have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil

Oil You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot

Con You have shot over

Oil 'Tis not the first time you were overshot

Enter a Messenger

Mess My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents

Con Who hath measured the ground?

Mess The Lord Grandpre

Con A valiant and most expert gentleman—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do

Oil What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con If the English had any apprehension, they would run away

Oil That they lack, for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head pieces

Ram That island of England breeds very valiant creatures, their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage

Oil Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion

Con Just, just, and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils

Oil Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef

Con Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm, come, shall we about it?

Ork It is now two o'clock but, let me see,—by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen [Exeunt]

Enter Chorus

Chor Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the pining dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents,
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name ⁽¹⁰⁰⁾
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice,
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away The poor condemn'd English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank lean cheeks, and war-worn coats, ⁽¹⁰¹⁾
Presenteth ⁽¹⁰²⁾ them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,

And calls them brotheirs, friends, and countymen
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enounded him,
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all watched night,
 But freshly looks, and over bears attaint
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty,
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,⁽¹⁰³⁾
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night
 And so our scene must to the battle fly
 Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be [Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I *France The English camp at Agincourt*

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K Hen Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
 The greater therefore should our courage be—
 Good morrow, brother Bedford—God Almighty!
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out,
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all, admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moial of the devil himself

Enter ERPINGHAM

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish tuif of France

Erp Not so, my liege this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king"

K Hen 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example, so the spirit is eas'd
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legentity
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas — Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp,
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion

Glo We shall, my liege

Erp Shall I attend your grace?

K Hen No, my good knight,
Go with my brothers to my lords of England
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company

Erp The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[Exeunt Gloster, Bedford, and Erpingham]

K Hen God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully

Enter PISTOL

Pist Qui va lu?

K Hen A friend

Pist Discuss unto me, art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K Hen I am a gentleman of a company

Pist Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K Hen Even so What are you?

Pist As good a gentleman as the emperor

K Hen Then you are a better than the king

Pist The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame,
 Of parents good, of fist most valiant
 I kiss his duty shoe, and from my heart stings
 I love the lovely bully —What is thy name?

K Hen Harry le Roi

Pist Le Roy!

A Cornish name art thou of Cornish crew?

K Hen No, I am a Welshman

Pist Know'st thou Fluellen?

K Hen Yes

Pist Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day

K Hen Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours

Pist Art thou his friend?

K Hen And his kinsman too

Pist The fico⁽¹⁰⁴⁾ for thee, then!

K Hen I thank you God be with you!

Pist My name is Pistol call'd

[*Exit*

K Hen It sorts well with your fierceness

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally

Gow Captain Fluellen!

Flu So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower⁽¹⁰⁵⁾

It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient pierogatives and laws of the wars is not kept if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp, I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow Why, the enemy is loud, you heard him all night

Flu If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb,—in your own conscience, now?

Gow I will speak lower

Flu I pray you, and peseech you, that you will

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen*

K Hen Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much cue and valour in this Welshman

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS

Court Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which
breaks yonder?

Bates I think it be but we have no great cause to desire
the approach of day

Will We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I
think we shall never see the end of it — Who goes there?

K Hen A friend

Will Under what captain serve you?

K Hen Under Sir Thomas⁽¹⁰⁰⁾ Elpingham

Will A good old commander and a most kind gentleman
I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K Hen Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to
be washed off the next tide

Bates He hath not told his thought to the king?

K Hen No, nor is it not meet he should For, though
I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am the
violet smells to him as it doth to me, the element shows to
him as it doth to me, all his senses have but human condi-
tions his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears
but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted
than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like
wing Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his
fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are yet, in
reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of
fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army

Bates He may show what outward courage he will, but
I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in
Thames up to the neck, — and so I would he were, and I by
him, at all adventures, so we were quit here

K Hen By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the
king I think he would not wish himself any where but
where he is

Bates Then I would he were here alone, so should he
be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved

K Hen I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him
here alone, howsoever you speak thus, to feel other men's

minds methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company,—his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable

Will That's more than we know

Bates Ay, or more⁽¹⁰⁾ than we should seek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us

Will But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle,⁽¹⁰⁸⁾ shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, "We died at such a place," some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some, upon their wives left poor behind them, some, upon the debts they owe, some, upon their children rawly left I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle,⁽¹⁰⁹⁾ for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection

K Hen So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many unreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation—but this is not so the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant, for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder, some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury, some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before goled the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery Now, if these men have defeated the law and out-run native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God war is his beadle, war is his

vengeance, so that here men are punished for before breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed,—wash every mote out of his conscience and dying so, death is to him advantage, or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare

Will 'Tis certain,⁽¹¹⁰⁾ every man that dies ill, the ill is⁽¹¹¹⁾ upon his own head,—the king is not to answer it

Bates I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him

K Hen I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed

Will Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser

K Hen If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after

Will 'Mass, you'll pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying

K Hen Your reproof is something too round I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient

Will Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live

K Hen I embrace it

Will How shall I know thee again?

K Hen Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet then, if ever thou daiest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel

Will Here's my glove give me another of thine

K Hen There

Will This will I also wear in my cap if ever thou come to me and say, after to morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee & box on the ear

K Hen If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it

Will Thou dardest as well be hanged

K Hen Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company

Will Keep thy word fare thee well

Bates Be friends, you English fools, be friends we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon

K Hen Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to morrow the king himself will be a clipper

[Exeunt Soldiers]

Upon the king!—let us our lives, our souls,

Our debts, our careful wives,

Our children, and our sins, lay on the king!

We must bear all O hard condition, ✓

Twin born with greatness, subject to the breath

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel

But his own winging!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,

That private men enjoy!

And what have kings, that privates have not too,

Save ceremony,—save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth! ✓

What is thy soul, O adoration?⁽¹¹²⁾

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd

Than they in fearing

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose
 I am a king that find thee, and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The intertissu'd robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
 No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched⁽¹¹³⁾ slave,
 Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium, next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hypenion to his horse,
 And follows so the ever-running year,
 With profitable labour, to his grave
 And but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore hand and vantage of a king
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages

Enter ERPINGHAM

Erp My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you

K Hen Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent
 I'll be before thee

Erp I shall do't, my lord

[*Exit*

K Hen O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts,
 Possess them not with fear, take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if th' opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them!⁽¹¹⁴⁾—Not to day, O Lord,
 O, not to day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown!
 I Richard's body have interred new,
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood, and I have built
 'Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul More will I do,
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploping pardon

Enter GLOSTER

Glo My liege!

K Hen My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay,⁽¹¹⁵⁾
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee —
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *The French camp*

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others

Orl The sun doth gild our armour, up, my lords!

Dau *Montez a cheval!*—My horse! *valet*,⁽¹¹⁶⁾ *laquais!* ha!

Orl O brave spirit!

Dau *Va!*—*les eaux et la terre,*—

Orl *Rien puis?* *l'air et le feu,*—

Dau *Ciel!* cousin Orleans

Enter Constable

Now, my lord constable!

Con Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh

Dau Mount them, and make incision in their hides,

That then hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!^(11.)

Ram What, will you have them weep our hoises' blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger

Miss The English are embattled, you French peers

Con To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yond poor and starved band,
And you can show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,—
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation,—
But that our honours must not What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance⁽¹²⁾ and the note to mount
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield

Enter GRANDPRE

Grand Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

With torch staves in their hand, and then poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
 The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouths⁽¹¹⁹⁾ the gimmel bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless,
 And then executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour
 Description cannot suit itself in words
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself

Con They've said their prayers, and they stay for death

Dau Shall we go send them dinners and flesh suits,
 And give them fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them?

Con I stay but for my guidon—to the field!—
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste⁽¹²⁰⁾ Come, come, away!
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day [Exeunt

SCENE III *The English camp*

*Enter the English host, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY,
 and WESTMORELAND*

Glo Where is the king?

Bed The king himself is rode to view their battle

West Of fighting men they have full three score thousand
 sand

Exe There's five to one, besides, they all are fresh

Sal God's aim strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds
 God b' wi' you, princes all, I'll to my charge
 If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully,—my noble Lord of Bedford,—
 My dear Lord Gloster,—and my good Lord Exeter,—
 And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with
 thee!

Exe Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to day
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour ⁽¹²¹⁾

[*Exit Salisbury*]

Bed He is as full of valour as of kindness,
Princely in both

Enter King Henry

West O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to day!

K Hen What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss, and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost,
It yearns me not if men my garments wear,
Such outward things dwell not in my desires
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart, his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian
He that shall live this day, and see old age, ⁽¹²²⁾
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, "To morrow is Saint Crispian"
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day" ⁽¹²³⁾

Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
 Hurray the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd ⁽¹⁹⁴⁾
 This story shall the good man teach his son,
 And Crispin Crispin shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered,—
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accus'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day

Re-enter SALISBURY

Sal My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed
 The French are bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us
K Hen All things are ready, if our minds be so
West Perish the man whose mind is backward now!
K Hen Thou dost not wish more help from England,
 coz?
West God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more help, might fight this battle out!
K Hen Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
 men,
 Which likes me better than to wish us one —
 You know your places God be with you all!

Trumpet Enter MONTJOY

Mont Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
 Before thy most assured overthrow
 For certainly thou art so near the gulf,

Thou needs must be englutted Besides, in mercy,
 The constable desues thee thou wilt mind
 Thy followers of repentance, that their souls
 May make a peaceful and a sweet repose
 From all these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
 Must lie and fester

K Hen Who hath sent thee now?

Mont The constable of France

K Hen I pray thee, bear my former answer back
 Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones
 Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
 The man that once did sell the lion's skin
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt
 Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
 They shall be fam'd, for there the sun shall greet them,
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France
 Mark, then, abounding⁽¹²⁵⁾ valour in our English,
 That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,⁽¹²⁶⁾
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse⁽¹²⁷⁾ of mortality
 Let me speak proudly —tell the constable
 We are but warriors for the working day,
 Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful field,
 There's not a piece of feather in our host,—
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,—
 And time hath worn us into slovenry
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the turn,
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes, or⁽¹²⁸⁾ they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
 And turn them out of service If they do this,—
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
 Will soon be levied Herald, save thou⁽¹²⁹⁾ thy labour,

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,—
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable

Mont I shall, King Harry And so, fare thee well
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more [Exit

K Hen I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom⁽¹³⁰⁾

Enter the Duke of York

York My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward

K Hen Take it, brave York — Now, soldiers, march
 away —

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exeunt

SCENE IV *The field of battle*

Alarums excursions Enter French Soldier, Pistol, and Boy

Pist Yield, cur!

Fr Sol Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne
 qualité

Pist Quality! *Callino*, *castore me* ⁽¹³¹⁾ art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss

Fr Sol O *Seigneur Dieu*!

Pist O, *Signieur Dew* should be a gentleman —
 Perpend my words, O *Signieur Dew*, and mark, —
 O *Signieur Dew*, thou diest on point of fox,
 Except, O *signieur*, thou do give to me
 Egregious ransom

Fr Sol O, *prenez miséricorde!* ayez pitié de moi!

Pist My shall not serve, I will have forty moys,
 Or⁽¹³²⁾ I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
 In drops of crimson blood

Fr Sol Est il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pist Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
 Offer'st me brass?

Fr Sol O, *pardonnez moi!*

Pist Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—
Come hither, boy ask me this slave in French
What is his name

Boy *Ecoutez comment ctes vous appelle* '

Fr Sol *Monsieur le Fer*

Boy He says his name is Master Fer

Pist Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him—discuss the same in French unto him

Boy I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk

Pist Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat

Fr Sol *Que dit il, monsieur?*

Boy *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous pret, car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge*

Pist *Oui, couper la gorge, par ma foi,*
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns,
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword

Fr Sol *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison garder ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents ecus*

Pist What are his words?

Boy He plays you to save his life he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns

Pist Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take

Fr Sol *Petit monsieur, que dit il?*

Boy *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les ecus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le fianchement*

Fr Sol *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre*

Pist Expound unto me, boy

Boy He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks, and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice worthy signieur of England

Pist As I suck blood, I will some mercy show —
Follow me, cur [Exit

Boy *Suivez vous le grand capitaine* [Exit French Soldier] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound Budolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this rousing devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged, and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boys [Exit

SCENE V *Another part of the field of battle*

Alarums Enter Constable, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Dauphin,
RAMBURES, and others

Con O diable !

Orl O Seigneur !—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !

Dau Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded, all !

Reproach and everlasting shame⁽¹³³⁾

Sit mocking in our plumes —O *mechante fortune* !—

Do not run away [A short alarum]

Con Why, all our ranks are broke

Dau O perdurable shame !—let's stab ourselves
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for ?⁽¹³⁴⁾

Orl Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

Bow Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame !
Let's die in honour once more back again,⁽¹³⁵⁾

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate⁽¹³⁶⁾

Con Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives⁽¹³⁷⁾

Orl We are enow, yet living in the field,

To smother up the English in our thiongs,
If any order might be thought upon

Bow The devil take order now! I'll to the thiong ⁽¹³³⁾
Let life be short, else shame will be too long [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Another part of the field*

Alarums Enter King HENRY and Forces, EXETER, and others

K Hen Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field

Exe The Duke of York commends him to your majesty

K Hen Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting,
From helmet to the spur all blood he was

Exe In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain, ⁽¹³⁹⁾ and by his bloody side,
Yoke fellow to his honour owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies
Suffolk first died and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company ⁽¹⁴⁰⁾ to heaven,
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a breast,
As in this glorious and well foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!"

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up
He smil'd me in the face, caught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign"
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips,
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble ending love
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd,
But I had not so much of man in me,

And⁽⁴⁴⁾ all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears

K Hen I blame you not,
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful⁽⁴⁵⁾ eyes, or they will issue too — [*Alarum*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men —
Then every soldier kill his prisoners,
Give the word through [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Another part of the field*

Alarums Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

Flu Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against
the law of arms 'tis as ariant a piece of knavery, mark you
now, as can be offered, in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive, and the
cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this
slaughter besides, they have burned and carried away all
that was in the king's tent, wherefore the king, most wor-
thily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat
O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower
What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was
born?

Gow Alexander the Great

Flu Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the
great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are
all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations

Gow I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon
his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it

Flu I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born
I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I
warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Mace-
don and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both
alike There is a river in Macedon, and there is also more
over a river at Monmouth it is called Wye at Monmouth,
but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other

river, but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander,—God knows, and you know,—in his rages, and his furies, and his wiaths, and his choleis, and his moods, and his displeasures and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his pruns, did, in his ales and his angeis, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly doublet⁽¹⁴⁾ he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks, I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he.—I'll tell you there is goot men poin at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY with a part of the English forces,
WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field, they do offend our sight
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirn away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy—go, and tell them so.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

Enter MONTJOY

K Hen How now ! what means this, herald ? know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom ?
Com'st thou again for ransom ?

Mont No, great king

I come to thee for charitable license
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look our dead,⁽¹⁴⁾ and then to bury them,
To sort our nobles from our common men,
For many of our princes—woe the while—
Lie down'd and soak'd in mercenary blood,
So do our vulgar diench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes, and then⁽¹⁴⁾ wounded steeds
Fiet fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yeak out their aimed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies

K Hen I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field

Mont The day is yours

K Hen Prais'd be God, and not our strength, for it !—
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by ?

Mont They call it Agincourt

K Hen Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus

Flu Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please
your majesty, and your great uncle Edward the Black Prince
of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most
prave battlie here in France

K Hen They did, Fluellen

Flu Your majesty says very true if your majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden
where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps,
which, your majesty knows,⁽¹⁴⁶⁾ to this hour is an honourable

padge of the service, and I do pelieve your majesty takes no
scoin to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day

K Hen I wear it for a memoriable honour,
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman

Flu All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's
Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that Got
pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and
his majesty too!

K Hen Thanks, good my countryman

Flu By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care
not who know it, I will confess it to all the 'orld I need
not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long
as your majesty is an honest man

K Hen God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts—Call yonder fellow hither

[Points to Williams. Enter Heralds with Montjoy]

Exe Soldier, you must come to the king

K Hen Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that
I should fight withal, if he be alive

K Hen An Englishman?

Will An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered
with me last night, who, if alive, and ever dare to challenge
this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear or if I
can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a sol-
dier, he would wear if alive,⁽¹⁴⁾ I will strike it out soundly

K Hen What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this
soldier keep his oath?

Flu He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your
majesty, in my conscience

K Hen It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great
sort, quite from the answer of his degree

Flu Though he be as goot a gentleman as the devil is,
as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your
grace, that he keep his vow and his oath if he be perjured,
see you now, his reputation is as aiant a villain and a Jack
saucy, as ever his plack shoe tied upon Got's ground and his
earth, in my conscience, la

K Hen Then keep thy vow, smiah, when thou meetest the fellow

Will So I will, my liege, as I live

K Hen Who servest thou under?

Will Under Captain Gower, my liege

Flu Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and hto intuned in the wars

K Hen Cull him hither to me, soldier

Will I will, my liege [Exit

K Hen Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person, if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love

Flu Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all, but I would fain see it once, an please Got of his grace that I might see ⁽¹⁴⁸⁾

K Hen Knowest thou Gower?

Flu He is my dear friend, an please you

K Hen Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent

Flu I will fetch him [Exit

K Hen My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heels

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear,

It is the soldier's, I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself Follow, good cousin Warwick

If that the soldier strike him,—as I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,—

Some sudden mischief may arise of it,

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury

Follow, and see there be no harm between them —

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter [Exeunt

SCENE VIII *Before King HENRY'S pavilion**Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS*

Will I warrant it is to knight you, captain

Enter FLUELLEN

Flu Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I perceive you now, come apace to the king there is more goot toward you per adventure than is in your knowlege to dream of

Will Sir, know you this glove?

Flu Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove

Will I know this, and thus I challenge it [*Strikes him*]

Flu 'Splood, an unant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England!

Gow How now, sir! you villain!

Will Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu Stand away, Captain Gower, I will give treason his payment into plows,⁽¹⁴⁰⁾ I warrant you

Will I am no traitor

Flu That's a lie in thy throat—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him—he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER

War How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be Got for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day—Here is his majesty

Enter King HENRY and EXETER

K Hen How now! what's the matter?

Flu My hege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon

Will My liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it, and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap I promised to strike him, if he did I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word

Flu Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's man

hood, what an ungent, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is I hope your majesty is per me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alencon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now

K Hen Give me thy glove, ⁽¹⁰⁰⁾ soldier look, here is the fellow of it

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike,
And thou hast given me most bitter terms

Flu An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it if there is any martial law in the 'orld

K Hen How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will All offences, my liege, come from the heart never came any from mine that might offend your majesty

K Hen It was ourself thou didst abuse

Will Your majesty came not like yourself you appeared to me but as a common man, witness the night, your garments, your lowliness, and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault, and not mine for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence, therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me

K Hen Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow — Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it — Give him the crowns —
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him

Flu By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly — Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of pawls, and piabbles, and quarels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you

Will I will none of your money

Flu It is with a goot will, I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it

Enter an English Herald

K Hen Now, herald, — are the dead number'd?

Hes Here is the number of the slaughter'd French

[*Delivers a paper*

K Hen What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Erc Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king,
John duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciquart
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men

K Hen This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred, of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries,
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles Delabreth,⁽¹⁵¹⁾ high constable of France,
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France,
The master of the cross bows, Lord Rambures,
Great master of France, the brave Sir Guiscard Dauphin,
John duke of Alencon, Antony duke of Biabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward duke of Bai of lusty pearls,
Grandpie and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestale
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of the English dead?—

[Herald presents another paper]

Edward the duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire,
None else of name, and of all other men
But five and twenty —O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Erc

'Tis wonderful!

K Hen Come, go we in procession to the village
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only

Flu Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how
many is killed ?

K Hen Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us

Flu Yes, my conscience, he did us great good

K Hen Do we all holy rites
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais, and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men [*Exeunt*

Enter Chorus

Chor Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them and of such as have,⁽¹⁵²⁾
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented Now we bear the king
Toward Calais grant him there, there seen,⁽¹⁵³⁾
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with⁽¹⁵⁴⁾ wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out voice the deep mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whifflet 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath,
Where that his lords desire him to have boine
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city he forbids it,
Being free from vaunness and self glorious pride,
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,

Quite from himself to God But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working house of thought
 How London doth poue out her citizens !
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
 Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in
 As, by a lower but loving^(as) likelihood,
 Were now the general of our gracious empress—
 As in good time he may—from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him ! much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this Harry Now in London place him,—
 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the King of England's stay at home,
 The emperor^(as) coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them,—and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chance d,
 Till Harry's back return again to France
 There must we bring him, and myself have play'd
 The interim, by remembering you 'tis past
 Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France [Exit

ACT V

SCENE I *France An English court of guard*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

Gow Nay, that's right, but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past

Flu There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower — the rascally, scald, peggary, fousy, praggling knave, Pistol, — which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no

petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pried and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not pried no contention with him, but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey cock.

Flu 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey cocks.

Enter Pistol

Got pless you, Auncient Pistol! you scuiry, lousy knave, Got ples, you!

Pist Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thrust, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu I peseech you heartily, scuiry, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek. Because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu There is one goat for you [*Strikes him*]. Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu You say very true, scald knave,—when Got's will is I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it [*Strikes him again*]. You called me yesterday mountain squire, but I will make you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to. If you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow Enough, captain. You have astonished him.

Flu I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you, it is goot for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist Must I bite?

Flu Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist By this leek, I will most horribly revenge
I eat and eat, I swear—⁽¹⁵⁷⁾

Flu Eat, I pray you will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by

Pist Quiet thy cudgel, thou dost see I eat

Flu Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily Nay, pray you, throw none away, the skin is goot for your poken cox comb When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that is all

Pist Good

Flu Ay, leeks is goot —hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate

Pist Me a groat!

Flu Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat

Pist I take thy groat in earnest of revenge

Flu If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels Got b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate

[*Exit*

Pist All hell shall stir for this

Gou Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and win as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh collection teach you a good English condition Fare ye well

[*Exit*

Pist Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Nell⁽¹⁵⁰⁾ is dead i' the spital

Of malady⁽¹⁵⁰⁾ of France,

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgell'd Well, bawd will I turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal

And patches will I get unto these scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars ⁽¹⁵⁰⁾

[*Exit*

SCENE II *Troies in Champagne In apartment in the
French King's palace*

*Enter, from one side, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER,
WARWICK, WILSMORTHE, and other Lords, from the other
side, the French King, Queen ISABELL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE,
ALICE, other Ladies, and Lords, the Duke of BURGUNDY, and
his Train*

K Hen Perce to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and full time of day,—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine,—
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is continu'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy,—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

F King Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, fairly met—
So are you, princes English, every one

Q Isa So happy be the issue, brother England,⁽⁶¹⁾
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality,⁽⁶²⁾ and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love

K Hen To cry amen to that, thus we appear

Q Isa You English princes all, I do salute you

Bur My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I've labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this fair and royal interview,
Your mightiness' on both parts best can witness
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated, let it not disgrace me,

If I demand, before this royal view,
 What rub or what impediment there is,
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace
 Dear nurse of arts, plenty,⁽¹¹⁷⁾ and joyful births,
 Should not, in this best garden of the world,
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
 Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd!
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
 Corrupting in its own fertility
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies, her hedges even plough'd,
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs, her fallow leas
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
 Do root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
 That should deracinate such savagery,
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The fleckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all⁽¹⁶⁴⁾ unconnected, rank,
 Conveys by idleness, and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, leeksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility
 And as⁽¹⁶⁵⁾ our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
 Even so our houses, and ourselves and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country,
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural
 Which to reduce into our former favour,
 You are assembled and my speech entreats
 That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expel these inconveniences,
 And bless us with her former qualities

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands,

Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands

Hen The king hath heard them, to the which as yet
There is no answer made

K Hen Well, then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer

The King I have but with a cursory eye
O'erglanc'd the articles pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us⁽¹⁰¹⁾ once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept⁽¹⁰²⁾ and peremptory answer

K Hen Brother, we shall —Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloucester,—
Warwick,—and Huntingdon,—go with the king,
And take with you full power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto —Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q Isa Our gracious brother, I will go with them
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on

K Hen Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore rank of our articles

Q Isa She hath good leave

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice*]

K Hen Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love suit to her gentle heart?

Kath Your majesty shall mock at me, I cannot speak
your England

K Hen O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it
brokenly with your English tongue Do you like me, Kate?

Kath *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell what is 'like me'

K Hen An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel

Kath *Que dit il ? qui je suis semblable a les anges ?*

Alice *Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit il*

K Hen I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it

Kath *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies*

K Hen What says she, fair one ? that the tongues of men are full of deceits ?

Alice *Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of de ceits,—dat is de princess* ⁽¹⁶⁸⁾

K Hen The princess is the better Englishwoman I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding I am glad thou canst speak no better English, for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, "I love you" then, if you urge me further than to say, "Do you in faith?" I wear out my suit Give me your answer, i' faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain how say you, lady ?

Kath *Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell* ⁽¹⁶⁹⁾

K Hen Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength If I could win a lady at leap frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack an apes, never off But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation, only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there,—let thine eye be thy cook I speak to thee plain soldier if thou canst love me for this, take me, if not, to say

to thee that I shall die is true,—but for thy love, by the Lord, no, yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncombed constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places.⁽¹⁰⁾ For these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a player, a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a full face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon, or, rather, the sun, and not the moon,—for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou wouldst have such a one, take me—and take me, take a soldier, take a soldier, take a king—and what sayest thou, then, to my love? speak, my fan, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath Is it possible that I should love the enemy of France?

K Hen No, it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate—but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine—and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath I cannot tell what is that.

K Hen No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ai la possession⁽¹¹⁾ de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi*,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath *Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle*.

K Hen No, faith, is't not, Kate—but thy speaking of my tongue, and I think, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English,—Canst thou love me?

Kath I cannot tell.

K Hen Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me, and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate,—as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier breeder shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fan flower-de luce?

Kath I do not know dat

K Hen No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine deesse*?

Kath Your majesty ave faussé French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France

K Hen Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting⁽¹⁷⁹⁾ effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst, and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better—and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress, take me by the hand, and say, "Harry of England, I am thine" which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, "England is thine, Ireland is thine,

France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine," who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, you answer in broken music,—for thy voice is music, and thy English broken, therefore, queen of all Katharines,⁽¹¹⁾ break thy mind to me in broken English,—wilt thou have me?

Kath Dat is as it sll please de roi mon pèr

K Hen Nay, it will please him well, Kate,—it shall please him, Kate

Kath Den it sll also content me

K Hen Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen

Kath *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez ma foi, je ne veus point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une votre indigne serviteur*⁽¹²⁾ excusez moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur

K Hen Then I will kiss your lips, Kate

Kath *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur nocces, il n'est pas la coutume de France*

K Hen Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France, —I cannot tell vat is *baiser* en English

K Hen To kiss

Alice Your majesty *entendre* better que moi

K Hen It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice *Oui, vraiment*

K Hen O Kate, nice customs court'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion—we are the makers of manners, Kate, and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find faults,—as I will do yours for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss—therefore, patiently and yielding [*Kissing her*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate—there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council, and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs—Here comes your father

*Re-enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD,
GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORLAND, &c*

Bur God save your majesty! my royal cousin
Teach you our princess English?

K Hen I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how
perfectly I love her, and that is good English

Bur Is she not apt?

K Hen Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is
not smooth, so that, having neither the voice nor the heart
of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love
in her, that he will appear in his true likeness

Bur Pardon the frankness of my muth, if I answer you
for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a
circle, if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must
appear naked and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a
maid yet cased over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if
she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked
seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid
to consign to

K Hen Yet they do wink and yield,—as love is blind
and enforces

Bur They are then excused, my lord, when they see not
what they do

K Hen Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to con-
sent winking

Bur I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will
teach her to know my meaning. For maids, well summered
and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew tide, blind,
though they have their eyes, and then they will endure hand-
ling, which before would not abide looking on

K Hen This moral ties me over to time and a hot sum-
mer, and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter
end, and she must be blind too

Bur As love is, my lord, before it loves

K Hen It is so. And you may, some of you, thank love
for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for
one fair French maid that stands in my way

F^r King Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the

cities turned into a maid for they are all guiled with maiden walls that wu hath never^d entered

K Hen Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr King So please you

K Hen I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will

Fr King We have consented to all terms of reason

K Hen Is't so, my lords of England?

West The king hath granted every article —
His daughter first and then,^d in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures

Fr Only, he hath not yet subscribed this —
Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of giant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, *Notre très cher fils Henri, roi d'Angleterre, lieutenant de France* and thus in Latin, *Precclarissimus^d filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ*

Fr King Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass

K Hen I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest
And thereupon give me your daughter^d

Fr King Take her, for son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that ne'er was advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France

All Amen!

K Hen Now, welcome, Kate,—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen [Flourish.

Q Isa God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,

Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
 Thrust in between the paction⁽¹¹⁾ of these kingdoms,
 To make divorce of their incorporate league,
 That English may as French, French Englishmen,
 Receive each other !—God speak this Amen !

All Amen !

K Hen Prepare we for our marriage —on which day,
 My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
 And all the peers', for surety of our league —⁽¹²⁰⁾
 Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,
 And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be !

[Sennet Exeunt.

— — — — —
Enter Chorus

Chor Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
 Our bending author hath pursu'd the story,
 In little room confining mighty men,
 Mangling by struts the full course of their glory
 Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
 This star of England Fortune made his sword,
 By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
 And of it left his son imperial lord
 Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
 Of France and England, did this king succeed,
 Whose state so many had the managing,
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed
 Which oft our stage hath shown, and, for their sake,
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take

[Exit

P 121 (1) *titlus*

Altered in the second folio to 'field' which some modern editors prefer — This is not in the quarto

P 421 (2) 'place

Mr W N LITTLETON conjectures 'space

P 122 (3) *possession*

So HAMMER and Mr COLLIER'S MS. CORRECTOR — The folio has 'Possession' — This is not in the quartos

P 123 (4) 'current'

So the second folio — The first folio has 'curiance' — This is not in the quartos (Knight and Grant White derive 'curiance' from the old French *courance* but this (see Cotgrave) means a *flur* and, though Macbeth talks of *scouring* the English out of Scotland with purgative drugs it is plain from the context that in our passage *the scouring of a river* is meant *Current*, therefore, seems much the safer reading' W N LITTLETON)

P 423 (5) 'this theme

"Possibly [with the third folio] *this theme*, at any rate *this* seems odd Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 222

P 424 (6) "The several and unhidden passages

"This line I suspect of corruption though it may be fairly enough explained the *passages* of his *title* are the *lines* of *succession* by which his claims descend *Unhidden* is *open, clear*' JOHNSON — Pope printed *The several and, &c*

P 425 (7) "sword

The folio has "Swords" — This is not in the quartos — Compare just above "The sleeping sword of war"

P 427 (8) "To fine his title"

So the quartos — The folio has 'To find his Title' — Very probably the right reading is 'To line his title' — which was first suggested by JOHNSON

P 427 (9) *Then amply to embrace their crowded titles*

The first two quartos have 'Then amply to embrace' &c, the third quarto has 'Then amply to embrace' &c — The folio has 'Then amply to embrace'

&c —Rowe in his first ed, printed *I than amply to make bare* &c but in his second ed restored the reading of the folio —Pope substituted *I than openly embrace* ' &c —Theobald at Warburton's suggestion gave *I than amply to embrace* [*i e* lay bare] &c —which lection I adopt for want of a better. Nor is it the only doubtful reading in this line indeed Mr W N Lettsom pronounces *amply* to be as sheer nonsense as *embrace*

P 427 (10) *I or in the Boole of Number is it writ —
When the man dies let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter*

By the second line we are to understand —When the man dies, and has no son let the inheritance &c The usual modern reading is that of the quartos

When the sonne dyes &c but whatever had been the authority of the quartos (and they present only a skeleton of the play though their assistance on some occasions is by no means to be slighted) I should have adopted with Mr Knight and Mr Collier, the reading of the folio. The passage in *Numbers* as cited by Holinshed is *When a man dieth* without a sonne let the inheritance descend to his daughter (*Chron* vol iii p 66 ed 1808) and as given in our common version *If a man die* and have no son then ye shall cause his inheritance to pass unto his daughter. Chap xxvii 8 There is not a word in Scripture about the contingency of *the son dying* and the law was declared in consequence of a claim put in by the daughters of Zelophehad, who had no sons —1864 Mr Grant White and the Cambridge Editors agree with me in reading '*When the man dies*.' &c

P 428 (11) '*Thy I now your grace hath cause and means and might* '

The folio, which alone has the present passage makes this line the beginning of the next speech —Corrected by Walker (*Ort Exam* &c vol ii p 186)

P 428 (12) '*giddy*'

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes "greedy"

P 429 (13) *same*

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes *tramm* "

P 429 (14) '*her*'

The quartos have '*your*' the folio has '*then*' "

P 429 (15) '*curst*'

So the quartos —'*is*' says Walker, 'forward perverse' *Ort Exam* &c vol iii p 139 —The folio has "cush'd"

P 429 (16) "*pretty*"

Steevens proposes "*petty*"

P 430 (17)

The art of orde

So Pope and Mr Collier & Mr Conector —The folio has *The Act of Orde* in defence of which Malone cites the corresponding passage of the quartos

creatures that by awe

Ordaine an act of orde to a peopeld kingdom

Mr W N Lettsom remarks Malone's quotation merely shows that the corruption is an old one but what can we think of a critic who imagines that the phrase *ordain an act* justifies the phrase *reach the act* ?

P 430 (18)

*As many arrows loosed several wayes
Fly to one marl
As many several streets meet in one town
As many fresh streams run in one salt sea*

The quartos have

*"As many arrowes loosed severall wayes flye to one marl
As many severall wayes meete in one towne
As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea*

The folio has

*'As many Arrowes loosed severall wayes
Come to one marke as many wayes meet in one towne
As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea*

That in this passage the word 'wayes' was repeated by mistake can hardly be doubted, and I have substituted *streets* at the suggestion of Mr W N Lettsom who compares Fletcher and Shakespeare's *Two Noble Kinsmen* act 1 ad fin

*'This would be a city full of straying streets,
And death is the market place where each one meet*

I may add that *run in one self sea* is good old English — 'in being for me' often used as equivalent to 'into' see note 39 on 1 *you like it*

P 431 (19)

'there'

The folio has "Or there" (the Or having been repeated by mistake) —This is not in the quartos

P 431 (20)

'or else our grace,

*Like Turkish mutes, shall have a tongueless mouth
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.'*

So the folio except that it has "*Like Turkish mute*" —The quartos have

*"Or else like tonguelesse mutes
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph —*

"Read 'mutes,' as the old grammar requires" Waller's *Git Exam &c* vol 1 p 263

P 401 (1)

'King Edward the Third

Pope omitted 'King — I would expunge the and perhaps King
Walker's Crit Exam &c vol iii p 140

P 432 (—)

living here

The folio has '*living* hence' which Mason was quite justified in saying
"cannot be reconciled to sense" — This is not in the quartos — I give
Hammer's reading — Henry observes Mr W N Lettsom means that
poor beggarly England was not his home but that France was — The Ms
no doubt had *heere* which the compositor mistook for *hence*

P 432 (—3)

Be like a King and show my sail of greatness

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes — *my soul of greatness* — to
which Mr Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated* &c p 125) says there is little
objection but may not the metaphorical use of *sail* in the present line
be defended by the following passage concerning another royal personage in
Henry VI Part Third act iii sc 3

'now Margaret

Must *strike her sail* and learn awhile to serve,
Where Kings command "

P 432 (—4)

'For that' &c

'To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station
and studied the arts of life in a lower character' JOHNSON — The quartos
have '*For this*,' &c — Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes '*For here*'
&c — "*That*," say Mr W N Lettsom, 'seems to be a misprint for '*yet*'
is as yet (that—yet)'

P 433 (25)

'That may with reasonable swiftness add

More feathers to our wings '

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector and Mr Singer's Ms Corrector read — *with*
reasonable swiftness ' &c but compare *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii sc 2

"Who marvels then when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword if he do set
The very *wings of reason* to his heels,' &c

P 433 (26)

'thine

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes "strive"

P 434 (27)

'Linger your patience on and well digest

Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play

The folio has

P 435 (33) *O well a day Lady if he be not drawn ' Now
we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed*

The folio has ' —if he be not hewne now we &c —When in my *Remarks on Mr Collier's and Mr Knight's eds of Shakespeare* p 117 I substituted *drawn* for *hewne* I was not aware that Theobald had anticipated me —Compare *Romeo and Juliet* act 1 sc 1

"What art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?"

and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian* act iv sc 4

He's drawn

By heaven I dare not do it! —

The quartos have 'O Lord heeres Corporall Nims (and 'Nim) now shall we haue wilful adultery &c

P 455 (34)

Bard Good lieutenant —good corporal —offer nothing here"

Malone very hastily made this a portion of the preceding speech printing

Good lieutenant *Dardolph* —good corporal offer nothing here —and I have now [1857] to regret that in my *Remarks on Mr Collier's and Mr Knight's eds of Shakespeare* p 117 I found fault with Mr Collier for adhering to the old text —the inconsistency of which may perhaps after all be attributed to the author himself for he has other passages which exhibit the like inconsistency Here of course the difficulty lies in the word "lieutenant" —for which Capell substituted "ancient" but it seems to have escaped the notice of all the editors that a similar impropriety occurs in the *Sec Part of Henry IV*, towards the close of which (p 101) Falstaff says, "Come, Lieutenant Pistol, though earlier in that play Pistol is "ancient" Again, in the present play Baidolph's military title is unaccountably varied at the commencement of this scene Nym calls him "*Lieutenant*", but in act iii sc 1 (p 451) addresses him as "corporal (which "corporal is certainly not to be explained away on the supposition of Mr Knight, or rather, of Zachary Jackson that Nym in his fight forgets his own rank and Baidolph's also) Since therefore, there is a probability that these inconsistencies may have arisen from some inattention on the part of Shakespeare himself I doubt if an editor be justified in doing more than pointing them out to the reader

P 436 (35) 'Boy Mine host Pistol you must come to my master —
a id ybu, hostesse'

The folio has ' —and you Hostesse —The quartos have "Boy Hostes you must come straight to my maister, and you Host Pistol"

I 457 (36) "Host As ever you came of women, come in quickly

The folio has —come of women &c which is corrected in the second folio —The quartos have "Hostes As ever you came of men come in &c — I should not have noticed this had not Mr Knight and Mr Collier replaced in the text the reading of the folio

P 437 (37) 'for lamblins we will live'

ie says Malone, "we will live as quietly and peaceably together as lamblins —So the words stand in the quartos—They are given in the folio thus for (*Lambelins*) we will live

P 438 (38) *I thinl*

Omitted by Pope

P 439 (39) "then w ight"

The quartos have "then cause" the folio has "the waight"

P 439 (40) *And on our more advice we pardon him'*

The old eds have *And on his more advice* &c —' Read with Mr Collier's Ms Corrector, *our* The error proceeded from *him* and 'his' occurring in the neighbourhood Compare *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* ii 4

How shall I do^e on her with *more advice*

That thus without advice begin to love her'

and Measure for Measure v 1

Yet did repent me after *more advice*

In both these passages *more advice* means *further consideration*, ie further consideration in the mind of the speaker. Singer, therefore should not have quoted the latter of these passages in defence of 'his' in the present passage.
W N LITTLESON

P 439 (41) *cause'*

Mr W N Littleton suggests 'cause

P 439 (42) *late*

I explained 'lately appointed' —Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes 'state'

P 439 (43) *Cam I one, my lord*

Your highness bide me ask for it to day

Scroop *So did you me my lady*

Giey *I did me my royal sovereign'*

The last of these speeches stands in the folio, *Cam I my Royall Soueraigne* in the quartos '*Gay And me my Lord*' The reading of the folio (which Mr Knight and Mr Collier have restored) is a very improbable one and hardly to be defended, either on the plea that there is an ellipsis, "And I am one my royal sovereign" or that 'I' was formerly sometimes used inaccurately for 'me' When Shakespeare had once made Scroop say, 'So did you me,' &c it was altogether unlikely that he should fail to write in the next speech, 'And me,' &c —1884 Yet Mr Grant White and the Cambridge Editors print here, with the folio, '*And I, &c*

P 440 (44)

him

Added in the second folio (The quantos have
 You know how apt we were to grace him
 In all things belonging to his honour &c)

P 440 (45)

course

Altered by Mr Collier's Mr. Conjector to 'course —rightly perhaps

P 441 (46)

' *tempted*

Johnson's conjecture —The folio has *temper'd* —This is not in the
 quantos —Mr W N Lettsom observes Steevens's note on this word is
 no answer to Johnson's The context requires *tempted* —Comp note 17.

P 441 (47)

seem

Pope printed 'on *seem*

P 441 (48)

' *To marl the full fraught man*

The folio has ' *To make thee full fraught man* &c —Theobald substituted
 'marl' for 'make' —This is not in the quantos

P 442 (49)

I'

Added in the second folio

P 442 (50)

proclaim'd and from his coffers

Pope threw out "*proclaim'd*" —Mr W N Lettsom would read "*proclaim'd,*
from his coffers"

P 443 (51)

a fine end

The folio has ' *a finer end* ' —This is not in the quantos —Corrected by
 Capell — 'He made a *fine end*' is at this day a vulgar expression when
 any person dies with resolution and devotion MASON — 'The comparative
 degree was evidently a mistake by the printer' COLLIER — 'Surely *fine* is
 the right reading' Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 56

P 443 (52)

' *for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babble of green fields*

The folio has " — *as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields* ' (the correspond-
 ing passage in the quantos is merely '*His nose was as sharpe as a pen* ') —I
 adopt as a matter of course Theobald's emendation, which has now become
 a portion of the established text of Shakespeare and since there is no pro-
 bability that its place will ever be usurped by the reading of Mr Collier's
 Mr. Conjector ' — *as a pen on a table of green fields* I refrain from stat-
 ing the objections to which I conceive the latter variation is liable Let

me only observe that while Theobald does no more than change *table* to *babbled* the Ms Corrector with comparative license, substitutes 'on' for *and* and *fieze* for *fields* —1864 It may be well to subjoin Theobald's account of the origin and progress of this very celebrated emendation 'I have an edition of Shakespeare by me with some marginal conjectures of a gentleman sometime deceased and he is of the mind to correct this passage thus

for his nose was a sharp as a pen and a tall ed of green fields

It is certainly observable of people near death when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of moving as it is of those in a calenture that they have their heads run on green fields The variation from *Table* to *talked* is not of a very great latitude though we may still come nearer to the traces of the letters by restoring it thus

for his nose was as sharp as a pen and 'a babled of green fields

To *bable* or *babble* is to mutter, or speak indiscriminately like children that cannot yet talk or dying persons when they are losing the use of speech ' *Shakespeare restored, &c* (*Appendix*) p 138

P 443 (53) *upward and upward,*

Mr Giant White prints *up and and up and* and adds in a note, ' Thus the original, very characteristically " *What original?*

P 446 (54) *If huch, of '*

Not to mention other alterations made or proposed here, Malone conjectures ' *While off*

P 446 (55) *If hiles that his mountain sue —*

Altered by Theobald to ' *If hiles that his mounting sue* by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector to *If hiles that his mighty sue* — 'Dayton, in the 18th Song of his *Polyolbion*, has a similar thought,

Then he above them all, himself that sought to raise
Upon some mountain top, like a pyramides '

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen* B 1 c vi

'Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side
,Of a great hill, himself like a great hill STEPHENS

P 446 (56) *"As self neglecting*

Re enter Lords with Læxeter and Train

Fi King From our brother England?'

Here the folio has ' *From our Brother of England?* —as it has again in the next page

"Back to our Brother of England

Dolph For the Dolphin, &c

In both passages I have omitted *of* with the two earliest quartos —and I have done so, because the folio afterwards, act v sc 2 (p 499) has

' Unto our brother France and to our Sister &c

Most worthy brother England

' So happy be the Issue brother Ireland (sic) &c

P 447 (57) *his*

So Rowe —The old eds have 'this

P 447 (58) *'jery*

The old eds have ' fierce (a mistake for *jerie*) —Corrected by Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 142)

P 447 (59) *'To whom expressly I bring greeting too*

The folio has *To whom — greeting to* —which if the line be taken without consideration of the context is right enough according to a phraseology not unfrequent in Shakespeare's time But Exeter has already delivered Henry's greeting to the King— thus he greets your majesty p 447, and he now inquires for the Dauphin to whom he brings ' *greeting too* (so the quartos)

P 448 (60) *"ordnance*

Is here used as a trisyllable being in our author's time, improperly written *ordnance* MALONE

P 449 (61) *at Hampton pier*

So Theobald —The folio has "at Dover Pier —The Chorus is not in the quartos

P 449 (62) *'fanning*

The folio has "fayning"

P 449 (63) *"Boine*

"In spite of Singer's hard words, I believe that Collier's Corrector was right in reading 'Blown' For *blown* in this sense see particularly *Penciles*, v 1

'toward Ephesus

Turn our *blown* sails '

W N LITTLESON

P 450 (64) *'summon'*

Rowe's correction —The folio has *commune* —This is not in the quartos

P 450 (65) *On on you noble English*

The folio has '—— Noblish English —a mistake occasioned by the termination of the second word having caught the compositor's eye —The editor of the second folio substituted "—— noblest English" —Mr Knight prints,

most preposterously *On on you nobless English* "—The expression '*noble English*' is quite strong enough as opposed to *good yeomen* —(In *King John* act v sc 4 Melun says to the revolted *lords of England* '*Fly noble English you are bought and sold* ')—This is not in the quartos

P 450 (66) *men* '

The folio has "me '—Corrected in the fourth folio —This is not in the quartos

P 451 (67) '*Straining* '

The folio has '*Straying* —This is not in the quartos

P 451 (68) *Nym Pray thee corporal*

See note 34

P 451 (69) *Anocls go and come &c*

Of the fragments of the ballad (or ballads) quoted here by Pistol and the Boy Mr Collier's Ms Corrector has given as might be expected a complete rimaumento,—which I do not think it necessary to transcribe—One of the editors talks of '*Pistol's song* ' but though Pistol quotes the words of a ballad, he is too dignified to *sing* them

P 451 (70) "*Flu Got's plood* ' &c

This being the first appearance of Fluellen I may observe that the old copies are quite inconsistent in marking his Welsh pronunciation that the modern editors could not with any propriety allow him to say '*bridge* ' and '*pridge*' almost in the same breath—would ' in one scene and '*oid* ' in another and—not to mention other changes of letters—that then substituting throughout his speeches *Got* and '*goot*' for *God* and '*good* ' is warranted by the dialect of Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—In the present speech I follow the quartos —The folio has

"*Flu* Yp to the breach, you Dogges, anaunt you Callions, —

on which Walker (who takes no notice of the reading of the quartos) remarks This speech does not seem particularly in Fluellen's manner nor is blank verse much in his way The folio too, has '*breach*' (this, it is true proves little as the folio is not very accurate in regard to Fluellen's dialect) Fluellen too was not likely thus to address Pistol, whom he considered 'as valiant a man as Mark Antony (iii 6) in such vituperative terms May not this speech belong to some one else—perhaps to the Duke of Exeter or of Bedford, which would give an additional and whimsical aptness to Pistol's quotation?' *Crit Exam* &c vol. ii p 186

P 451 (71) "*your honour runs bad humours* "

The old eds have "*wins* instead of "*runs* " But Capell saw (and vide Malone's note) that "*runs* " is doubtless the true reading Compare "*I will run no base humour,* ' *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i sc 3, "*The king hath run bad humours on the knight,*" the present play, act ii sc. 1

P 452 (72) ' wars '

Here the folio has *Warre* as it has also in three subsequent speeches of Fluellen in the present scene — This is not in the quartos

P 452 (73) as in the old

Qu 'as is in the 'old or 'as any in &c — asks Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol II p 260) — The first of these proposed emendations is no novelty

P 453 (74) ' Jamy

The folio has *James* — This is not in the quartos

P 453 (75) *dukes* '

Altered in the fourth folio to 'duke' — rightly perhaps meaning the Duke of Gloster who as Gower tells us in the preceding page, was altogether directed' by Macmorris

P 454 (76) ' *ai l do gude service, or ai'l lig and ai l pay t* '

The folio has *ayle de gud seruice or Ile ligge and Ile pay t* but just after it has *do* — This is not in the quartos

P 454 (77) ' heard '

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol II p 69) thinks that this is a mistake for 'heare' but is it not equivalent to *have heard*? (Macmorris has just said, 'It is no time to discourse')

P 454 (78) *Mac Of my nation* ' &c

The folio has

Iish Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine and a Basterd and a Knaue, and a Rascall What ish my Nation? Who talks of my Nation —

Here I follow Mr Knight in the transposition which he made at the suggestion of a friend 'This' he observes "is evidently one of the mistakes that often occur in printing The second and third lines changed places, and the 'Ish a' of the first line should have been at the end of what is printed as the third, whilst 'What of the second line should have gone at the end of the first' — There is nothing of this in the quartos — 1864 Mr Grant White aptly remarks, "The change, which the sense requires, is supported by the fact that while all the other clauses are marked as interrogations, the transposed clause has a full point after it"

P 454 (79) "will"

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol III p 143) would read "still."

P 454 (80) "for, as I am a soldier,"

Pope gave "as I'm a soldier"

P 155 (81) *Of heady murder,*
So the second folio —The first folio has *Of headly Murth*, —Malone reads
Of deadly murder” (Capell’s conjecture) which Walker (*Crit Exam* &c
vol iii p 145) pronounces to be insufferably flat’

P 455 (82) *Defile*
So Rowe (in his second) —The folio has *Desue* —This is not in the
quartos

P 407 (83) *‘Alice De neel &c*
It is hardly worth mentioning that here the folio has *Alice De Nick*
&c but Alice evidently was not intended to blunder in the word *she* says
neck (as the quartos have it) and *chin*, —the Princess *nick* and *sin*

P 458 (84) *‘Dieu de batailles’ whence have they this mettle?*
So the folio except that by mistake it has *‘where for whence* —The
quartos have merely *Why whence have they this mettall?* —Here *‘ba*
tailles’ is a trisyllable

P 458 (85) *“houses’ thatch”*
Steevens supposes that Shakespeare wrote “house *thatch*

P 458 (86) *“may”*
Added in the second folio

P 458 (87) *“Charles Delabreth*
Ought properly to be *Charles D Albriet*’ —which the metre will not allow
Shakespeare as Malone observes “followed Holinshed’s Chronicle, in
which the Constable is called *Delabreth* as he here is in the folio —This is
not in the quartos

P 459 (88) *‘Toix,’*
The folio has *‘Loys’* —This is not in the quartos

P 459 (89) *“knights”*
Theobald’s correction.—The folio has *“Kings”* —This is not in the quartos

P 459 (90) *“And, for achievement offer us his ransom”*
“That is, *instead* of achieving a victory over us, makes a proposal to pay
us a certain sum as a ransom” MALONE — ‘Should we not read *‘And fore*
achievement’? The import being, At sight of our army he will be so intimi-
dated as to offer us his ransom before we have captured him” STANFORD

P. 460 (91) *“There is an ancient there at the bridge,”*
The folio has *“There is an ancient Lieutenant there,”* &c but both titles

cannot stand. See note 34 —The quartos have "*There is an ensigne there* &c (In the dialogue which presently follows Fluellen three times calls Pistol '*Annuncient*')

P 460 (92)

Of '

The folio has *And of* —In the quartos this speech is somewhat differen

P 461 (93)

and fico for

The quartos have *and figa for* *and a fig for* ' the folio has *and Figo for* ' But compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor* act 1 sc 3 where Pistol exclaims *a fico* for the phrase '

P 461 (94)

new tuned oaths

Though the more recent editors Malone &c testify no dislike to this reading I think it a very doubtful one —Pope printed *new turned oaths* —Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes *new coined oaths* (In *The Two Gentle men of Verona* act iv sc 4 we have *new found oaths*)

P 463 (95)

march

Mr W N Lettsom would read "*match* '

P 464 (96)

pasterns

The folio has "*postures* ' —Corrected in the second folio —This is not in the quartos

P 464 (97)

He s of the colour of the nutmeg '

"Is this part of the Dauphin's speech?" Walker's *Crit Dram* &c vol ii p 186

P 465 (98)

"*Ma for*

So the quartos which reading the folio misprints *Nay for*

P 465 (99)

"*her*

So the quartos —The folio has *his* —(I mention this variation only in consequence of a mis statement in Mr Collier's note *ad l*)

P 468 (100)

'*name* '

So Tyrwhitt —The folio has "*nam d* " —The Chorus is not in the quartos

P 468 (101) "*Investing lank lean cheeks and war worn coats* "

Hammer reads "*In wasted lank lean* ' &c Warburton '*Invest in lank lean,*' &c Capell, "*And war worn coats, investing lank lean cheeks* " Heath conjectured "*In fashing lank lean,*" &c , Mr Staunton proposes "*Infestive*

P 468 (102)

' *Presenteth* 'The folio has *Presented* — This is not in the quartoP 469 (103) ' *Thawing cold fear Then mean and gentle all* '

The folio has *Thawing cold feare that meane and gentle all* — This is not in the quartos — As this stood it was a most perplexed and nonsensical passage and could not be intelligible but as I have corrected it The poet first expatiates on the real influence that Harry's eye had on his camp and then addressing himself to every degree of his audience he tells them he'll shew (as well as his unworthy pen and powers can describe it) a little touch or sketch of this hero in the night a faint resemblance of that cheerfulness and resolution which this brave prince expressed in himself and inspired in his followers "THEOBALD — 'Theobald supports his reading by two quotations from previous speeches of the Chorus in which the audience are addressed as gentles but this does not justify the supposition that he would address any of them as mean The phrase 'mean and gentle' appears to us to refer to the various ranks of the English army who are mentioned in the previous line Delius's conjecture that a line is lost after the word 'all' seems very probable ' THE CAMBRIDGE EDITORS

P 471 (104)

' *The fico*The quartos have "Figo" the folio has ' *The Figo* ' — See note 93

P 471 (105)

' *lower* '

So the third quarto — The two earlier quartos have "lower" — The folio has fewer '

P 472 (106)

' *Thomas*The folio has ' *Iohn* ' — This is not in the quartos

P 473 (107)

' *By on more &c*

"This sentiment does not correspond with what Bates has just before said The speech I believe should be given to Court MALONE

P 473 (108)

' *in battle,*

The folio "*in a Battaille*" — Corrected in the second folio — Here the text of the quartos is different

P 473 (109)

' *in battle* '

Corrected, as before, in the second folio

P 474 (110)

' *Is certain &c*

Capell conjectures that this speech should be transferred to Court or Bates. Malone thinks it might with propriety be given to Court

P 474 (111)

' *all's* "

Here the "*is*" was added in the fourth folio (The two earliest quartos have "fault on," the third quarto has ' *fault is on* ')

P 475 (112) *What is thy soul, O odoration*

The folio has *What is thy Soul* of Odoration? —The last word is corrected in the second folio —This is not in the quartos —I have adopted Johnson's reading, which, if not altogether satisfactory, is at least preferable to any of the other attempts to amend the passage

P 476 (113) *wretched*

'My knowledge of Shakespeare's manner makes me more than suspect that he wrote *wretched* Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 114

P 477 (114)

*'O God of battles' steel my soldiers' hearts
Possess them not with fear take from them now
The sense of reckoning if th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them'*

In the third line I adopt the slight alteration proposed by Tyrwhitt for point the passage as we will how can the reading of the folio —

'The sense of reckoning of th' opposed numbers —
be otherwise than wrong?—(The quartos have

*"O God of battels steele my souldiers harts
Take from them now the sense of reckoning
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage")—*

Mason objected to Tyrwhitt's alteration that 'if the opposed numbers did actually pluck their hearts from them, it was of no consequence whether they had or had not the sense of reckoning But, as Steevens observes, Mason forgot that "if the sense of reckoning, in consequence of the king's petition was taken from them the numbers opposed to them would be no longer formidable when they could no more count their enemies, they could no longer fear them'

P 477 (115) *Ay "*

Qy *'Ay ay'?*

P 477 (116) *'valet,'*

Most of the modern editors print, with the second folio, "*valet,*" forgetting that "*valet*" is "nom synonyme de celui de page, dans les temps de notre ancienne chevalerie"

for the issue, is quite as intelligible as *dout* or *do out* *extinguish* &c But *English eyes* would hardly be alarmed for the issue and that by *them* we are to understand *English eyes* the context shows as distinctly as language can show — My Knight too in the present passage retains doubt — equivalent to *awe* yet in *Hamlet* act iv sc 7 *when again the folio has the same spelling* doubts he inconsistently prints

I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze

But that this folly *dout* it —

This is not in the quartos

P 478 (118)

"The tucl et sonance"

The folio has *The Tucl et Sonuance* — as we print it would seem either for — *Sonauce* or for — *Sonance* (so earlier in this play p 162 the folio has for when Leontie and Caelius play for a kingdome &c) We find *'sonance* and *sonuance* in our old writers but never I believe *'sonuance* — This is not in the quartos

P 479 (119)

'pale dull mouths

Here *pale* would seem to have been repeated by mistake from the preceding line. — Capell printed (not Lappily) *'palled mouths*

P 479 (120)

Con I stay but for my *quidon* — to the field' —

I will the banner from a trumpet take,

And use it for my haste

The folio has

Const I stay but for my Guard and

To the field I will &c

This passage is not in the quartos — 'The conjectural reading *'quidon* which is attributed by recent editors to Dr Thackeray late Provost of King's College, Cambridge is found in Rann's edition, without any name attached Dr Thackeray probably made the conjecture independently We find it written in pencil on the margin of his copy of *Nares's Glossary* under the word *'Guard* THE CAMBRIDGE EDITORS — This correction has the full approbation of Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 115) — The word *'quidon* (which Cotgrave explains a *'standerl ensigne, or banner* also, he that beares it) is frequently used by our old writers and the passage of Holinshed which Shakespeare certainly had in his thoughts, runs thus

They thought themselves so sure of victory, that diverse of the noble men made such hast towards the battell that they left manie of their servants and men of warre behind them and some of them would not once *stare for their standards* as amongst other the duke of Brebant when his *standard* was not come caused a *baner to be taken from a trumpet* and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him in steed of his *standard* " *Chron* vol iii p 80, ed 1808

P 479 (121)

' Bed Farewell good Salisbury and good luck go with thee '
 Ere Farewell kind lord fight valiantly to day
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it
 For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour

The folio has

Bed! Farewell good Salisbury & good luck o with thee
 And yet I doe thee wrong to mind thee of it
 For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour
 I x^e Farewell kind Lord fight valiantly to day

The transposition was made by Thynby and the corresponding passage of the quartos confirms it

P 480 (122)

' He that outlives this day and comes safe home
 He that shall live this day and see old age

The second of these lines stands in the folio thus

He that shall see this day and live old age

Pope made the transposition — (The quartos have

' He that outlives this day and sees old age

He that outlives this day and comes safe home)

P 480 (123)

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say ' These wounds I had on Cressid's day

The second line is not in the folio — Mr. Collier thinks ' t is quite unnecessary to the completeness of the sentence the defectiveness of which could form the only excuse for such an insertion. But the passage is so abrupt with out it, that, doubtless it was omitted in the folio by mistake — Mr. Knight's statement that ' the line is found in the quarto entirely in a different place, where ' shall gentle his condition ' is incorrect. In the quartos it immediately follows. Then shall he strip his sleeves, and shew his scars ' and, what is more, in the quartos these two lines are accidentally shuffled out of their proper place

We fewe we happie fewe we bond of brothers
 For he to day that shew us his blood by mine
 Shall be my brother be he nere so base
 This day shall gentle his condition
 Then shall he strip his sleeves and shew his scars
 And say these wounds I had on Cressid's day
 And Gentlemen in England now a bed
 Shall thinke themselves accus'd, &c.

P 481 (124)

*Old men forget yet all shall be forgot
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day then shall our names
Familiar in their mouths as household words —
Harry the King Bedford and Exeter
Warwick and Talbot Salisbury and Gloucester —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered*

In the fourth line the folio has '*Familiar in his mouth as*' &c—I adopt with Malone and Mr. Collier [1864, and Mr. Staunton] the far more natural reading of the quartos—'*Familiar in their mouths*' writes Malone i.e. in the mouths of the old man (who has outlived the battle and come safe home) and 'his friends'. This is the reading of the quarto which I have preferred to that of the folio—'*his mouth*' because *their* cups the reading of the folio in the subsequent line would otherwise appear if not ungrammatical extremely awkward—Mr. Knight prefers the reading of the folio Shakespeare he says altered *their* mouths of the quarto to *his* mouth. How beautifully he preserves the continuity of the picture of *the one old man* remembering his feats, and his great companions in arms by this slight change! *His* mouth names Harry the King, as a *household word* though in *their* cups the name shall be freshly remembered. For my own part, I believe that *Shakespeare* did not make the alteration but that it must be attributed to the transcriber or printer—the text of this play in the folio being by no means immaculate. Nor can I regard Mr. Knight's criticism on the passage as any thing else than mere sophistry the names at least of the chief warriors who fought at Agincourt must have been quite as familiar to the veterans' neighbours as to himself.

Since the preceding note was written Mr. John Forster has remarked to me that the *familiar utterance* and the *fresh remembrance* of the names constitute one and the same act and that it is manifestly wrong to assign the former to a single person and the latter to many.

1864 My opinion of the reading of the folio remains unchanged though Mr. Grant White and the Cambridge Editors agree in proclaiming its superiority.

P 482 (125)

"abounding"

Altered by Theobald to 'a bounding' by Mr. Collier's Mr. Conector to 'rebounding' (a conjecture of Mr. Knight's)—The quartos have *abundant*

P 482 (126)

"graving"

So 'the second folio—The earlier eds have 'graving'

P 482 (127)

"clapnet"

Mr. Collier's Mr. Conector reads 'reflex'

P 482 (128)

"or"

Altered by Hammer to "for"

P 482 (19)

thou

An interpolation?

P 483 (130)

I fear thou it once more come again for ransom

The folio has — *for a Ransome* ' but compare the words of Henry a little above *Come thou no more for ransom, &c* and at p 489 *Com st thou again for ransom?* — This is not in the quartos

P 483 (131)

Quality! Callino construe me!

The folio has *Qualitie calme construe me* — This is not in the quartos — Malone first pointed out in Clement Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights* 1681 *A Sonet of a Lover in the priue of his Lady to Calen o cature me* sung at every lines end " and Boswell afterwards showed that *Callino construe me* is an old Irish song preserved in Playford's *Musical Companion* 1678 the words meaning *Little gill of my heart for ever* and ever Boswell adds *They [the words] have it is true, no great connection with the poor Frenchman's supplications, nor were they meant to have any* Pistol, instead of attending to him contemptuously hums a song. — Mr Staunton pronounces all this to be *too preposterous* ' and adopts the reading of Warburton *'Qualitj' cality' construe me'*

P 483 (132)

O!

The folio has *For* — This is not in the quartos

P 30 (133)

'Reproach and everlasting shame'

I suspect that another substantive (*contempt?* or possibly some word beginning with *re*) has dropt out after *'reproach'* Walker's *Crit Dram* vol 11 p 17 — Capell prints *"Reproach, reproach, and"* &c

P 483 (134)

"for"

Perhaps as Mr W N Lettson suggests this word should be omitted compare, in the Chorus p 468,

"The confident and over lusty French
Do the low inted English *play at dice*

P 485 (135)

"Let's die in honour once more back again"

The folio has *'Let us dye in once more lache againe'* — I adopt the reading of Mr Knight, which is probably the true one since the words *"Let's die with honour"* occur in the corresponding scene of the quartos

1864 Mr Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, speaks with great contempt of my 'advocating the insertion of honour here but Mr. Staunton, Mr Grant White, and the Cambridge Editors have adopted it

P 485 (136)

"contaminatc"

The quartos have *'contaminache'* the folio has *"contaminated"*

P 485 (137) *Let us on heaps go offer up our lives*

After this line Steevens added from the quartos Unto these English or else die with fame which in my former edition I also adopted but I now think it an objectionable insertion

P 486 (138) *in our throngs*

I'll to the throng

The repetition is anti Shakespearian Walker's *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 300

P 486 (139) *In which array brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain '*

Need I observe that the alteration made here by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector Larding the plain is utterly wrong and that 'Larding means as Mr Singer explains it (*Shakespeare Vindicated &c* p 132) enriching manuring the plain with his blood ?—(In *The Tempest* act 1 sc 2 the Ms Corrector with equal impropriety changes *He bring thus larded* ' &c to ' *He bring thus loaded &c*)

P 486 (140) *shall thine keep company*

Perhaps 'shall I keep thine company Walker's *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 249

P 487 (141) *And*

So the folio —The quartos have But —Mr W N Lettsom proposes For '

P 487 (142) *mustful*

The folio has 'misfull —This is not in the quartos

P 488 (143) *great pelly doublet "*

i e great belled doublet See note 38 on *Love's Labour's lost*

P 489 (144) *To look our dead "*

So Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —The folio has " *To booke our dead* ' —This is not in the quartos —Mr Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated &c* p 133) very rashly remarks that "unless Shakespeare meant to make Montjoy here speak broken English, to look our dead would be indeed a strange phrase " But so far from being strange, the phrase was very common In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv sc 2, we have ' Mistress Page and I will look some

linen for your head and in *As you like it* act ii sc 5 He hath been all this day to *look you* Compare too Beaumont and Fletcher

— why dost thou peep so ?

Short I am *looking birds nests*

Wit without Money act ii sc 4

Where is the body of my gull ?

Wildb

I know not

I am no conjuror, you may *look the body*

The Night Walker act iii sc 1 —

1864 Mr Grant White who prints here *To look our dead* observes that *To book our dead* is a phrase entirely inconsistent with the customs and necessities of the field of battle and which is due only to the easy mistaking of *l* for *b* The Cambridge Editors also adopt the emendation *look*

P 489 (145)

their

So Malone — The folio has with ' — This is not in the quartos

P 489 (146)

'*if your majesty is remembered of it*

your

majesty knows "

The folio has '*If your Majesties is remembered of it*

your

Majesty know ' — The text of the quartos is different

P 490 (147)

'*who if alive and ever dare*

he would wear if alive

i e who, if alive and he ever, &c The more recent editors alter [with Capell] the first '*alive*' to " a live, " — how improperly the repetition of the word might have shown them — 1864 Since I wrote what precedes, a note on the passage, nearly in the same words has appeared in Mr Grant White's *Shakespeare* nevertheless, I am now inclined to believe that Capell's alteration is right

P 491 (148)

'*I would fain see the man,*

that is all but I

would fain see it once an please God of his grace that I might see "

It is not safe to meddle with the language of Fluellen but qy ' — *that is all I would fain but see it once &c* ? The corresponding passage in the quartos is,

' I would see that man now that should [the third quarto " wold]

challenge this gloue

And it please God of his grace I would but see him

That is all "

P 492 (149)

'*into-plows*

Altered by Capell to "*in plows* " (" Mr Heath very plausibly reads '*in two plows*,' JOHNSON)

P 493 (150) *Give me thy glove*

This reading having been questioned Malone observes The text is certainly right By *thy* glove the king means the glove that thou hast now in *thy* cap i e Henry's glove which he had given to Williams (see act iv sc 1) and of which he had retained the fellow

P 494 (151) ' *Charles Delabreth*

See note 87

P 495 (152) *Vouchsafe to those
and of such as have*

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads

*Vouchsafe all those
and for such as have '*

which last alteration is also made by Capell

P 495 (153) *there seen*

Steevens conjectures "*there seen* a while

P 495 (154) *with*

Was added in the second folio

P 496 (155) *but loving*

The folio has *but by loving* —The quartos have no Chorus — Dele by Waller's *Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 122

P 496 (156) *emperor*

The folio has 'Empeour's —I adopt Heath's conjecture but surely the passage is in other respects corrupt and probably mutilated

P 497 (157) "*I eat and eat, I swear—*"

Johnson's emendation is *I eat and eke I swear—* Mr Giant White's "*I eat and yet I swear—*" and the Cambridge Editors propose *I eat' an I eat I swear—*"

P 498 (158) ' *Nell*

The old eds have "Doll —a ridiculous blunder which Mr Collier retained in the first edition of his *Shakespeare* and which the Cambridge Editors have not banished from their text because 'it is probable that the mistake is the author's own' On the contrary* it is utterly improbable—or rather, it is impossible—that the author could have made such a mistake he might indeed have fallen into the mistake of varying the military titles of Pistol

and Baidolph (see note 34) but he never could have confounded Doll Tearsheet with Nell Quickly — In *The Second Part of King Henry IV* when the Drawer announces that Pistol is below Doll Tearsheet flies at the very name of the swaggering rascal soon after his entrance she assails him with a torrent of abuse nor is she satisfied till he has been thrust down stairs (act II sc 4) In the present play Pistol figures as the husband of the quondam Quickly ' he calls her My NELL (act II sc 1) scornfully bids Nym espouse Doll Tearsheet (*ibid*) and takes a very affectionate leave of his own wife on departing for France (act II sc 3) All this however — the enmity between Doll Tearsheet and Pistol, and the marriage of Pistol and Miss Quickly — had according to the Cambridge Editors escaped the memory of Shakespeare while writing the passage now under consideration!

P 498 (159)

Of malady

The quartos have One [*a misprint for on = of*] *mallydie* — The folio has *of a malady* '.

P 498 (160)

*And patches will I get unto these scars
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars*

So the couplet stands in the quartos (except that in the second line they have *gat*) — The folio has

*And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,
And swore I got them ' &c*

P 499 (161)

' England '

The folio has *Ireland* — Corrected in the second folio — This is not in the quartos

P 499 (162)

*The venom of such looks we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality* '.

See note 116 on *Love's Labour's lost*

P 500 (163)

plenty

The folio has *' plentyies* — ' The error arose (*ut sæpe*) from contagion Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 254 — This is not in the quartos

P 500 (164)

" all "

The folio has *' withall* ' — This is not in the quartos

P 500 (165)

' as '

The folio has *all* Corrected by Roderick — This is not in the quartos

P 501 (166)

' us

Mr W N Lettisom proposes *ours* "

P 501 (167) *Pass our accept ' &c*

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol II p 52) quotes this as correct, and Mr W N Lertson pronounces it to be right — Theobald at Warburton's suggestion printed *Pass or accept ' &c* (which Mr Collier's Ms Corrector also gives) — Malone conjectured *Pass or ccept ' &c* — Mr Swynfen Jarvis would read *Pass our exact ' &c*

P 502 (168) *dat is de princes*

Surely this should be *dat says de princess* — Mason — I believe the old reading is the true one — By *dat is de princess* the lady in her broken English, means that is what the princess has said — STEVENS

P 502 (169) *understand I*

Qy *understand not well*

P 503 (170) *plac's*

It has been suggested to me that the right reading is *paces*

P 503 (171) *'Quand j ai la possession'*

The folio has *Je quand sur le possession*

P 504 (172) *untempting*

So Warburton and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector — The folio has *'untempting* — This is not in the quartos — STEVENS's quotations in support of the old reading are nothing to the purpose — W N LERTSON — Compare note 46

P 505 (173) *queen of all Katharines*

The folio has *Queen of all Katherine* — This is not in the quartos — The emendation now introduced (which is undoubtedly what the author wrote) occurred both to Capell and to Walker — the latter observing 'he calls her before *la plus belle Katharine du monde* (or as Petruchio hath it, *the prettiest Kate in Christendom*)' — *Crit Exam* &c vol I p 260

P 505 (174) *d'une votre indigne serviteur*

The folio has *"d'une nostre Seigneur indigne seruiteur"* — The Cambridge Editors print *'d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur* — which sounds oddly

P 507 (175) *never*

This word, which is necessary for the sense was inserted by Rowe — Capell inserted 'not ' which Mr Collier's Ms Corrector also gives

P 507 (176) *then*

Added in the second folio

P 507 (177)

Præclarissimus

This word which should of course be *Præcarissimus* Shakespeare copied from Holinshed—who is not singular in the mistake But in the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes Henry is styled *Præcarissimus* and in the 22d article the stipulation is that he shall always be called in lingua Gallica hoc modo Nostre ties cher fils Henry &c in lingua vero Latina hoc modo Noster *præcarissimus* filius Henricus &c See Rymers *Fœd* ix 895, 901 'MALONE (the note somewhat altered)

P 507 (178)

"your daughter

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 206) remarks that though the word 'daughter' is sometimes a trisyllable yet in the present passage Shakespeare may possibly have written 'your daughter' here

P 508 (179)

paction

The folio has 'Patton' which was altered in the third folio to 'passion'—This is not in the quartos—Corrected by Theobald

P 508 (180)

league—

The folio has "Leagues —This is not in the quartos —'What 'leagues'? Here, too [see note 163], infection seems to have been at work" Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 255

